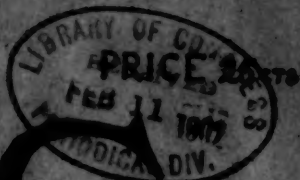


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THE SMART SET

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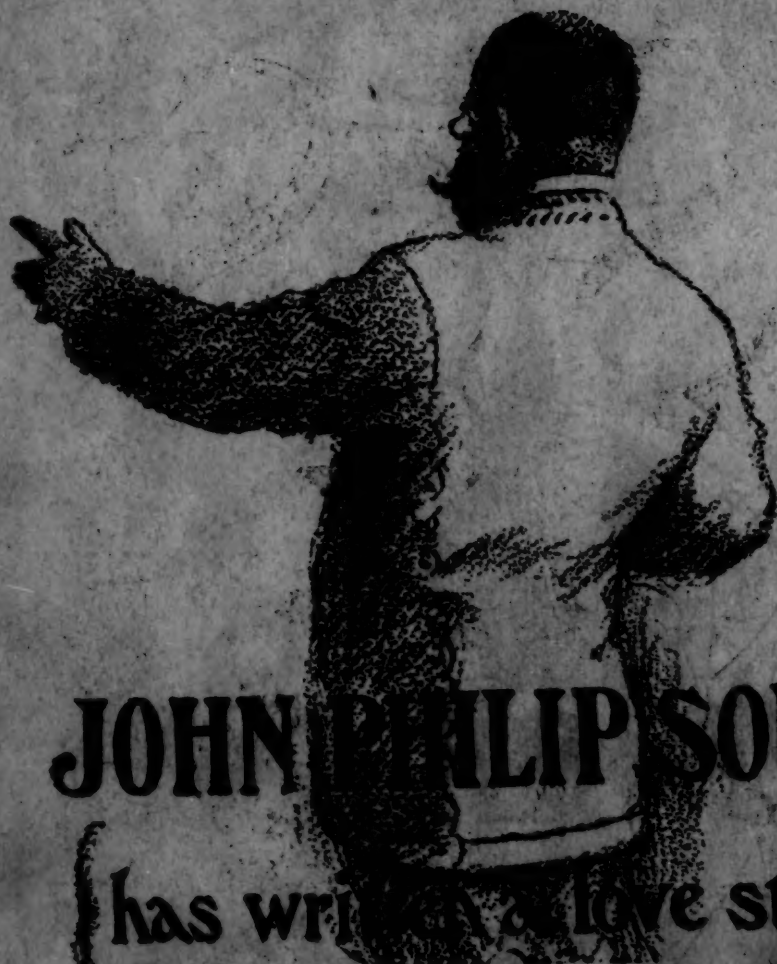
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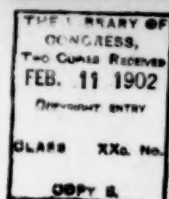
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THE SMART SET

A MAGAZINE

OF
CLEVERNESS

Vol. VI

MARCH, 1902

No. 3

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ARABY

By Baroness von Hutten

"A STRING. At one end of the string Fluffy Daddles, at the other end, Araby!"

T. H. Howard Bax-Drury looked down his long nose and smiled. Mrs. Copeland looked up her short nose and smiled, too. What a difference there is between one smile and another! Bax-Drury's drew his thin, rather well-cut lips neatly back over a row of even white and gold teeth, hardly deranging his heavy mustache. Mrs. Copeland's smile was a flash, a glimpse, a pair of dimples, a shiver of eyelids—a thing over in a second, but long to be remembered.

They stood leaning on the rail, behind them Genoa, opalescent in a seamist; before them the usual uninteresting crowd of fellow-passengers, fellow-sufferers—worst, fellow-feeders. Coming by the Southern route had been a freak of Mrs. Copeland, and a minute before, as she viewed those with whom she was to be thrown into a certain amount of contact for the next ten days, she had regretted it.

"That man with the duck compress about his wrist is going to sit opposite me," she had grumbled, "and he eats with his knife."

"Ever seen him before?"

"No; but he eats with his knife. And there's a woman who makes waxy gray pills of her bread, and leaves the table and hasn't the grace to stay away, but comes back pale—bah!"

Then Bax-Drury had made the remark about the string, Fluffy Daddles and Araby, and they both laughed.

Araby, for her part, looked as if

she never had laughed, never could laugh. Her mouth was drawn into a firm line, the corners deep cut; her heavy, straight brows hid half her upper lids, her soft hat half her forehead. Fluffy Daddles sat by her, his scarlet ribbon limp with the fog, his hair out of curl.

"Isn't she funny!" Mrs. Copeland said, after a pause, during which a fat woman in a sweater photographed the harbor and the city with a six-by-six kodak.

"Uncommon. What's the row this morning?"

"You, me, Fountain, the Lord, Fluffy Daddles—in a word, *toute la boutique*."

"I see! A bad day!"

"A bad day! Good heavens, Baxy, look at that man! What has he in his pocket?" She broke off excitedly, and took a few steps forward, her hand on his arm.

"Which man? The boulder in the bowler?"

"No, the big man—oh, his hat's overboard!"

She burst into a loud laugh of childish glee, and kept on laughing with the insouciance of the fashionably vulgar, as the man in question turned and looked at her.

The hat was gone, and the close-cropped yellow hair, yellower than one often sees on a man, looked very striking, high up above the other heads in their more or less conventional coverings.

Bax-Drury watched with lazy amazement the approach of the hatless one, and the leisurely contemplation by him, through his gold-mounted single glass, of Mrs. Copeland.

"He's going to speak to me," she whispered, a husky excitement in her voice.

And he did. "It's only a marmoset," he said, stopping, and still smiling.

"Only a—what? Your hat?"

"Oh, no; not my hat. That's a rag by this time. What I have in my pocket. I heard you ask." And putting one hand in his pocket, he drew out a wee, blinking monkey, which he held out for Mrs. Copeland's inspection.

II

MRS. COPELAND laughed again, but the faint pink in her cheek deepened a little, as Bax-Drury noticed with amusement. She was used to laughing when amused, and never modified her mirth out of consideration for her fellows; but she had never before been met in quite this way.

The yellow-haired man was as much at his ease as she, and stood holding out the monkey with every appearance of expecting her to take it.

"Oh! Does it—bite?"

"Not often. He is a vegetarian."

The monkey screwed up its face and gave a sudden, comprehensive shiver.

"He feels the fog. His name is Joe C."

Mrs. Copeland put out one finger and stroked Joe C.'s head, gingerly.

Bax-Drury watched.

"And mine," went on the yellow-haired man, "is Yelverton. You seem to have forgotten."

Mrs. Copeland started, and buried her hands in the pockets of her ulster.

"Good gracious! did I know it?"

"Evidently not, Mrs. Copeland. But—how good-natured of you not to snub me when I came up to you!"

Bax-Drury had known her for years, but he had never before seen her utterly at a loss. She blushed scarlet, bit her lips, and then, with a helpless laugh, owned up.

"I *didn't* know I'd ever seen you

before, but I thought if you could see it through, I could—and then there was Mr. Bax-Drury."

Yelverton bowed to Bax-Drury, and put the shivering Joe C. back in his pocket. "It was going over the Bremen, two years ago. It snowed fearfully, and I got your luggage through at Kiefstein. You were smuggling a lot of old snuff-boxes."

"Oh, yes; of course I remember. How kind you were! And we ate a nasty veal-and-porky meal together at some horrible place. I wonder," she added, with a sudden change of tone, "how I happened to forget you."

"Don't flatter, Allegra," Bax-Drury put in. "It's a bad habit, and it grows on you."

Yelverton laughed. "I had a beard about two feet long then. I was coming from the Caucasus. Also, I wore glasses—inflammation caused by the glare on the road. Ever been to the Caucasus?" He turned to the other man.

"Yes, I've been most places."

"The snuff-boxes. Now what did I do with those snuff-boxes?" mused Mrs. Copeland. "I remember showing them to Anthony in Rome, and then—I'll be blessed if I can remember what became—Araby, what did I do with my snuff-boxes?"

Araby, the frown and Fluffy Daddles crossed the deck.

"You gave 'em to the duke."

"Oh, yes; so I did—the Duke of Tackleton," she explained to Yelverton. "He's my husband's cousin—very nice, but quite mad. His wife ran away from him because he made such awful faces at her and insisted on having garlic in all the dishes. What did he give me in return, Araby?"

Araby straightened her hat, thus revealing a strip of fine-grained, white forehead.

"Two hundred and fifty."

Yelverton stared, while Bax-Drury laughed.

"Two hundred—oh, yes, I remember. I bet with Lorrimer Bentley that the Spaniards wouldn't get out

of that harbor—where was it? And they did, and I had only fifty, and owed that. Let's go and get something to eat. Araby, give Fluffy to Fountain and tell her to make us some Bovril. Do you like Bovril, Mr. Yelverton?"

"Bovril is my one vice. Will you not present me to your friend?"

"My cousin, Miss Winship; Mr. Yelverton."

Araby bowed sulkily, and picking up the dog, strode down the deck.

Yelverton stood looking after her for a few seconds, and then, putting his big hand to his head, remembered the loss of his hat.

"I must go and look up a cap of some kind. May I join you in a few moments?"

"Of course. We have the captain's rooms on deck. Poor Araby has to sleep on a sofa-bed as wide as a knife-blade, and there's a bust of the Kaiser; but there is at least air. Just look at that woman! Baxy, did you ever see such a figure in your life?"

III

ARABY'S eyes, deep-set under the heavy brows, were gray-blue, somber, sullen, tiger eyes, with violet marks under them. Her nose, straight and short, had delicate, slim, transparent nostrils, on one of which was a small brown mole. Her mouth, full in the middle and curved daintily, was interesting, for it meant, or was going to mean, much. Yelverton watched her quietly while he flirted with Mrs. Copeland. He saw that she was very young, not more than nineteen; that she considered herself a disagreeable and bad-tempered person, and that she was neither the one nor the other. He noticed, with the keenness of men of his stamp, the curve under the arm, at an age when curves are rare, the line from the hip to the knee, the bend in the throat as she turned her head. Meantime he learned that the party was on its way to Newport, where it was to be entertained by Mrs. Knickerbocker Hare

and shown the international race from the deck of the second largest yacht in the world. Mr. Bax-Drury, Yelverton was informed, had a pot of money on the race, and Mrs. Copeland herself a few pounds. He learned that there was a Mr. Copeland, but that he and Mr. Bax-Drury didn't get on, and as she couldn't get on without Baxy, who was her oldest and dearest friend, Mr. Copeland had stayed at home, which was much the best place for him. He learned that Araby was the daughter of Mrs. Copeland's mother's step-sister, and a very decent sort—not as bad as she looked. Araby had no money, but she lived with Mrs. Copeland, who would be a duchess sooner or later, and it was to be hoped that some title-loving Yankee might marry her for the sake of the connection.

Yelverton learned also that Mrs. Copeland loved pearls and hated diamonds; that she was crazy to taste terrapin because it would be so like eating a snake; that she liked sweet champagne and adored sausage; that Madame Lorraine, of Regent street, made her clothes, but that she never paid for them, as the said Madame Lorraine charged outrageously. He learned that Mrs. Copeland was *really* thirty-one; that she always told the truth about her age, as she was proud of looking four years younger than she was; that she had stopped dyeing her hair when it became so common; that she went to Cowes every year; that she hated hunting, and loved china and small dogs; that she flirted, and saw no earthly harm in it, as she knew when to draw the line; that she didn't believe in any church, but said her prayers; that she had no children; that she loved Tosti's love-songs and the "Symphonie Pathétique;" and that, on the whole, there were worse sorts in England.

Mrs. Copeland was most communicative in her own way. The second day out she even told him Bax-Drury's life-history—in her own way. According to her, Bax-Drury had loved for years a cousin of her own, a Miss Phyllis Cone. Phyllis flouted

him, and he sought the plain joys of friendship with Mrs. Copeland, who loved him devotedly. "Of course, people say that he is my lover, but he isn't; and after all, it really matters so little what people say, doesn't it?"

Yelverton agreed. It mattered particularly little to him what she might say.

That afternoon he pumped Bax-Drury about Araby. Bax-Drury let him pump, and told next to nothing. Araby had no mother, which was sad—a motherless girl was always to be pitied; it was very lucky for her that Mrs. Copeland liked her. Mrs. Copeland was very charming—oh, yes, and a very good sort. And would Yelverton give him a light? And would he have a whiskey and soda?

Yelverton had a very fine profile and rather a disappointing full face. Bax-Drury thought him stunning. Yelverton thought Bax-Drury clever—and dull.

IV

"Why are you always so—?" Yelverton hesitated.

"So what?"

"So savage."

Araby, under the shadow of her capuchin, laughed. He had not seen her laugh before, and he drew a sharp breath.

"Savage? Because I hate it all—everything."

"The whole bag of tricks?"

"The whole bag of tricks."

Yelverton watched her a few moments in silence. They stood aft, looking down at the steerage, where a man had been singing "Marie, Marie!" in a tenor worth listening to. It was half-past eight and a clear night. Araby wore a red silk blouse with an edging of pink round the collar. Pink looked Palais-Royal on Mrs. Copeland, Yelverton reflected, and barbarous on the girl. She might, so far as personality went, be a savage princess of some southern island.

"Did you ever have a fan of eagle

feathers?" he asked, suddenly, as much to his own surprise as to hers.

"Eagle feathers? No. Why?"

"I wondered. It would suit you. And pomegranate flowers in your hair. Who taught you to wear your hair in that loose knot?"

"No one. What queer things you say."

He looked at her, somberly. "The things I say are nothing to the things I—feel."

Her face did not change. It was curiously immobile for so young a face, and yet Yelverton knew that it had the power of infinite expression.

The man in the steerage was singing again. He sat on a barrel, one knee drawn up to support his guitar. His dark face was thrown back in an ecstasy of delight in his own voice.

"That fellow has a million dollars in his throat," said Schimmelbusch, a poker-playing passenger who talked to everyone, as he passed by the two.

"Has he?" Araby questioned, uninterestedly.

"He's got a high C that Reszke ain't got. Reszke's only a high baritone, anyhow. That fellow's a tenor."

"You seem to know a lot about most things," said Yelverton, rather offensively.

"You bet yer life I know a lot about singin'. I run the Thalia Music Hall in Milwaukee. That boy'll be singin' there next year, too."

Araby walked away without a word. Schimmelbusch bored her. A few minutes later she said to Yelverton, "That little girl in the yellow blouse is his wife."

"The singer's?"

"Yes. His name is Gaetano, and hers is Carmé. They are Sicilians."

"How do you know?" asked Yelverton, surprised.

"I watch them, and I listen. I have nothing better to do."

"You know Italian?"

"Yes. My nurse was an Italian; she stayed with me until last year. Allegra sent her away."

"Why?"

"Because she lied. As if that made any difference! I loved her."

Yelverton laughed. "Is Mrs. Copeland such a stickler for the truth?"

The girl looked up at him sharply. "In other people, you mean? She doesn't lie any more than the rest, I suppose."

"No doubt. But you don't lie."

"No; because I'm not afraid of being disagreeable. Do you lie? I mean outside lies of honor?"

"Lies of honor?"

"Yes; lies about women. Every man tells them, I have heard."

Yelverton was about to express his amazement, when something happened in the steerage.

The tenor was striking the opening chords of another song; the girl of whom Araby had spoken, conspicuous in her yellow blouse, stood beside him, nodding her head in time to the music, and smiling. Suddenly, as the man's lips parted to the first note, a woman darted from the crowd. A flash of light fell swiftly, a scream rose above the music, and the girl in the blouse staggered and sank till the singer caught her.

For a little there was uproar. Women shrieked, men clamored wildly, the crowd swayed to and fro. But soon the wounded girl was carried away, and the doctor was summoned to her, while on the scene of the tragedy the third officer held the would-be murderess prisoner. Near by stood the singer, staring blankly down on the slow-spreading stain at his feet.

The prisoner had held a shawl drawn concealingly over her face. Now she loosed it, and it dropped.

"Carolina! Thou!" cried the man in horror.

"As I promised thee, Gaetano!" she replied, coldly.

Her face, now clearly revealed, declared its story of long suffering, of sorrow beyond endurance, ending in relentless hate. Now her emotion was veiled by the apathy of achievement.

When the captain appeared and questioned her she made no answer, but stood silent, drooping. The cap-

tain addressed the singer and asked the name of the woman.

"Carolina Sampestri, my wife!"

A hush of interest fell on the crowd. But now the woman spoke. The captain, unable to understand her Italian, made a gesture of hopelessness, but Araby, leaning over the rail, spoke distinctly:

"If you wish, I will translate to you."

The captain nodded, and Araby continued:

"They stole her money—the wife's money—and ran away together with it. The girl was his mistress. The wife wanted to kill her; she hopes she has. She says nothing more."

The captain gave courteous thanks to Araby, and went away. Immediately the prisoner was removed, and the hum of many voices sounded once more.

"I hope she's dead!" said Araby, readjusting her capuchin and staring sullenly at the people who had come up behind her. "Women are such beasts!"

Yelverton—the impression of her being a savage princess lost in the wilds of civilization stronger than ever on him—drew her hand through his arm and led her away.

"You think she did right in trying to kill her rival?"

"Right? No, I suppose not. But I'm glad she did it."

"Would you do it?"

Something in his voice startled her, and she turned away. "Yes," she said, after a pause; "only, I should have to care a lot first."

"You could care a lot. Most women can't, but you could."

She turned and looked at him.

The crowd was still aft; no one was in sight. Yelverton took the girl in his arms and kissed her.

V

"Just look at Araby, Bax. What can be the matter with her?"

Mrs. Copeland set her lemonade glass down beside her and took up

her embroidery. Her maid was very clever at embroidery, and a strip of needlework is pleasing to men, even if the work is done behind the scenes.

Bax-Drury looked down the deck. "The matter with her?"

"Why, yes; she's laughing."

There was no doubt that Araby was laughing, and what was more, she was laughing with Schimmelbusch, to whom she had been systematically rude ever since they sailed, four days ago. Schimmelbusch's offensively good-natured face was red with surprised pleasure. He was one of the men who look as if they were built of balls of dough, each ball melting shapelessly into the next. He used a toothpick mounted in gold; he cleared his throat; he smoked German cigars. Yet there stood Araby, smiling into his eyes, her cheeks pink, apparently with the pleasure of the interview.

"I have often thought her a little touched, and now I am sure of it," observed Bax-Drury, jerking his deerskin pillow to the small of his back. "She looks very pretty this morning—insanity and Schimmelbusch evidently agree with her."

"Araby is not pretty," returned Mrs. Copeland, "but I sometimes think she is going to be a beauty. She has features, Baxy, and features are nearly extinct these days."

"There's an idea, now!"

"It's true. You have a nose, but—well—" she burst out laughing—"it's hardly a feature. Don't be hurt, but it's more like a *limb*."

Bax-Drury laughed, lazily. "You are unpleasant this morning, Allegra. Well, about your own nose, for instance?"

Mrs. Copeland shook her head and laid down her work, in which she had been pricking holes with an unthreaded needle. "My nose is a mere mistake, not to be considered. I am pretty, but, as I say, Araby may turn out a beauty."

"A beauty in disguise."

"You can't see it because she dislikes you, but it's true. And really, Baxy, you oughtn't to be so hard on

her. It's her idea of loyalty—disliking you. She was always fond of Anthony."

Bax-Drury yawned. "So am I fond of Anthony, but that doesn't make me dislike Araby."

"All of which is beside the question. And to go back to our ba-ba's, Araby is evidently flirting madly with poor Schimmelbusch. There are hopes for her yet. No woman can get on nowadays without knowing how to flirt, and up to this she has looked at men exactly as if they were trees—or women."

Araby certainly was treating Schimmelbusch to a series of glances like anything rather than those bestowed by one woman on another. She wore a white duck blouse, with a leather belt and a red silk cravat. Her cheeks were pink, her lips mobile, as she talked to the obviously bewildered Teuton-American.

Two youths, both of whom had made pleasant tentatives and been ruthlessly snubbed, stared frankly as they passed. The fat woman, on her perennial prowl with the kodak, hesitated, aimed her weapon, and then, mindful of earlier witherings, withdrew noiselessly on her round-soled feet.

It was eleven o'clock, and the deck was full of horizontal mortals, enjoying the lethargy induced by lemonade and cheese sandwiches. A girl from Harbor Beach, Michigan, and an aged-looking boy from Elizabeth were playing shuffle-board to the strains of "The Stars and Stripes Forever," done into German by the band. A girl with a common-sense figure sang as she walked up and down.

As the march ended with a crash and a belated high note from the singer, Yelverton came out of the cabin, his rug over his arm. He turned to the left, bowing perfunctorily to several people, one of whom was Araby, then drew a chair up beside Mrs. Copeland.

"Welcome, little stranger!" said the lady, holding up a small white hand.

Yelverton kissed the hand, a prac-

tice of his since she once lamented, in his hearing, the neglect of that charming custom in England.

"I dreamed of you last night," he said, "but I sha'n't tell you the dream before Mr. Bax-Drury. I am afraid he might—tell your husband."

"Cheeky beggar!" returned Bax-Drury, laughing. "I'll clear out. Either of you like a cocktail?"

Mrs. Copeland ordered two, and settled back in her chair with a little wriggle of contentment.

"I'll take off my cap, that you may enjoy my curls," Yelverton went on, reaching for Bax-Drury's pillow. "Turn this way, so I can see both of your eyes at once."

She turned. "You are a cheeky beggar, as Baxy says. Are you going to make love to me?"

"I am, as soon as I've had a cocktail—Baxy having been so obliging as to clear out."

"I wonder—whether you could make love? I mean, not to me, but seriously."

Yelverton had reason to think he could, and said so.

"How old are you? And what is your first name?"

"I am thirty-six, and my sponsors in baptism named me Patrick."

The steward brought the cocktails, and they drank them leisurely.

"Then I suppose your friends call you Pat?"

"Pat."

"I shall call you Paddy. Do you mind? I have names for all the people I like—all the dear, sympathetic souls, you know."

It was not the first time he had been dubbed Paddy, but he said nothing of this. The beauties of silence were understood by him.

"Well, then, Paddy—you may make love to me."

And Yelverton made love to her—the love that is made under the circumstances.

Schimmelbusch meantime passed with Araby, but Yelverton's eyes were fixed on his empty glass, and he did not look up.

"Araby is having a fine flirtation

this morning," Mrs. Copeland said, laughing softly.

"Surely you don't grudge her that?"

"My dear man, I never grudge anybody anything. I only wonder at her choice. The admirable Schimmelbusch's charms are not obvious to Allegra's little eye."

"Allegra's little eye will please fix itself on my charms. As I was saying——"

And the love-making went on.

VI

YELVERTON was determined not to make an ass of himself. His self-control was as strong as his passions, a combination rare in man, and when added to a certain amount of charm, nearly irresistible to women of deep feeling.

Allegra Copeland found no man irresistible, because in her there was neither strength of will nor strength of passion, and hence no answering chords. She could be mulish, but mulishness is not strength, as everyone knows except the mulish. A four-legged mule plants his feet firmly and lowers his ears and refuses to budge, because it lies in him so to do. Even the most optimistic of animal-lovers, so insistent in the life of to-day, can hardly assert that a mule has a logical reason for balking. And thus with the great run of biped mules. Anthony Copeland had in old days tried to content his wife, but soon gave it up and returned into indifference and Sussex, where he delivered himself to the study of entomology. Scientist as he was, he knew the world and saved himself much utterly useless worry by realizing that that world, so limited of late years, would forgive much more than T. H. Howard Bax-Drury to the future Duchess of Tackleton.

Yelverton, bent on not being an ass, called together all the strength he had and made love to the charming—mule.

And Araby raged. Yelverton had

read her aright. He knew that it would have been impossible for a man of his character and experience to fall in love with a woman lacking passion. He had fallen in love with Araby's sullen, dark face the day he first saw her; and he knew that Araby was capable of the strong feelings he loved. She could hate, she could love; doubtless she could go to the savage length of loving and hating the same man at the same time. Yet Yelverton flirted with Mrs. Copeland, and knew, without looking up, every time the girl came near him.

He held out all day. Then the stars got the better of him, and he met her eyes. After all, in spite of the anger and pride in them, there was a look of childish bewilderment that hurt him, and he rose with a sudden disregard of appearances.

"Come and take a walk, Miss—" he had forgotten her name. She was Araby to him.

"Tell me," he said, abruptly, as they fell in step, "why you look so angry."

"You know why I look angry—why I am angry."

"No, I don't, my dear child, or I shouldn't have asked."

"Then I'll tell you. Because all day you have treated me like a dog."

This form of savage directness rather embarrassed him. "Like a dog? No; if you had been a dog I could have patted you and been with you. You wrong me."

"Perhaps I do. Your monkey is treated kindly enough. Where is he?"

"In my pocket. Want him?"

"Yes," returned the girl.

They stopped in the light of the smoking-room while the transfer from his pocket to her arms was made, and Bax-Drury, seeing them from his corner, came out, still smoking.

"Where's Allegra?" he asked.

"In her chair, alone."

Bax-Drury laughed. "Then I may perhaps be allowed a few minutes' conversation with her? You have

finished, Yelverton?" His manner was that of a rather flattered, half-bored husband.

Yelverton, who knew the manner, was amused by it, and answered in kind. "I'm afraid I bore you stiff. You're awfully kind, Bax-Drury."

Araby watched them.

"Anthony is worth him, and her, and you, all put together," she said, as they crossed the bridge leading to the deserted second-cabin deck.

"I am convinced that Anthony is, of all mortals, the most admirable. Only, he is not here. I am, so please be nice to me."

They sat down on two steamer-chairs in the shadow, and he lighted a cigar without asking her permission. He was a courteous enough man in the rude way of modern Anglo-Saxons, but his nerves were queer, and he forgot.

"Why did you behave—like that?" went on the girl. "Tell me, what had I done?"

"Done? You? Nonsense! If I had done as I wanted to, I'd have brought you out early this morning and kept you for myself all day."

"Why didn't you?"

His cigar did not burn. He lighted a match and held it up to her face.

"Would you have come?"

She looked unblinking across the flame. "You know I'd have come."

And then the thought of Schimmelbusch came to him like a guardian angel. "That's all very well, but—what about Schimmelbusch?"

"Schimmelbusch?"

"Yes. You were flirting like the deuce with him when I came up this morning, and this afternoon you and he disappeared."

"Mr. Yelverton!"

He heard her straighten up in her excitement. "You didn't think I was with that—that beast?"

"Of course, that's just what I did think," he answered, deliberately, but giving up the cigar.

There was a short pause. Then she said, her voice singularly hoarse: "I will tell you where I was. I was

in my cabin, howling! I howled all the afternoon."

Yelverton drew a deep breath. He would not make an ass of himself again. "And—why did you howl?"

"Because you were—with Allegra."

The flap of Yelverton's chair fell down with a bang as he rose. "Then it was a misunderstanding all round, wasn't it? I'll forgive you for flirting with the alluring Schimmelbusch if you'll forgive me for—being with Allegra."

She rose, too, and came out into the light. Her face was as white as stone, her eyes looked sunken. "Let us go back; I am tired."

"Araby! Hang it, you know I'd rather be with you than with Allegra or anyone else. Don't you?" He spoke so rapidly that she hardly understood him. "Don't you?" He took her hand and held it close, watching life come back to her frozen face.

And not only life came, but beauty, hope, triumph—and humility. "Then nothing matters," she said, putting her arms about his neck.

A minute later he was alone, sitting on the end of her chair, his face in his hands. He couldn't tell whether he had been an ass or a demi-god.

VII

La nuit porte conseil—generally bad. Yelverton woke with the full conviction that there had been little godlike, much asinine, about him the previous evening. While he dressed he counted the women he had loved with his whole soul.

There were six, omitting the Cuban in Matanzas, as to whom he was somewhat doubtful. They had been dark, without exception. Brunettes evidently had some curious occult influence on him. Most of them, thank God, had been married. It is so much easier to be whole-souled with those already appropriated. Araby was, unfortunately, not married, but there was no earthly doubt as to her

being number seven. As he brushed his hair he acknowledged that he was madly in love with her.

And she was madly in love with him. He wished that she was older, that he knew something of her way of taking great loves. But she was nineteen and—on deck, no doubt, lying in wait for him.

At noon they were due in Gibraltar. She had never seen it, and was sure to go ashore. He had spent a month there with number four, and would stay on board. If it weren't for the race he would clear out altogether at Gib, but he couldn't give up seeing T. lift the cup.

They were dropping anchor when he went up, Joe C. on his shoulder. Joe C., too, had visited Gibraltar, and now gibbered ecstatically at the view. Araby was nowhere about, but Mrs. Copeland and Bax-Drury stood at the rail, each with a glass.

"Go away, faithless one!" she said. "I am watching for the beautiful hotel tout who gets on here and lures the unsuspecting and susceptible female to the most awful hotel in the world. Anna Vanowski told me of him. He is the handsomest man she ever saw—and that's saying a great deal."

"Do you know Anna Vanowski?" asked Yelverton, faintly. Anna Vanowski was number six, a rose of yesterday.

"Know her? Well, I should rather think I did, poor girl. Do you know her, too?"

"Slightly. She is very pretty, don't you think?"

"Very," returned Mrs. Copeland, flattered, as he meant her to be, by this subtle appeal to her vanity.

"She's been in Switzerland this Summer with an aunt, and I rather fancy she had some thrilling experiences. In fact, I know she had. The aunt has a heart, and can't walk a step, so Anna has to go about alone."

"I see." What he saw was Anna Vanowski's dark face against a background of vivid-green leaves, the back of Anna Vanowski's neck in a low gown, the curve of Anna Vanowski's

red mouth. He drew a long breath and turned to the view.

And then, suddenly, he realized that Anna Vanowski's dark face had been leathery, the back of her neck a bit scrawny, that she would soon have a mustache—for Araby stood beside him.

"Been seeing Schimmelbusch, my dear?" asked Mrs. Copeland, pleasantly, looking at the young girl with benevolent eyes.

"No. Why? What have I to do with Schimmelbusch?"

"Only that you are so radiant, as you were yesterday when you were with him. 'Lesbia hath a beaming eye, but who can tell on whom it beameth?' Perhaps on you, if it wasn't on the lovely Schimmelbusch!" She turned to Yelverton, who laughed and expressed a wish that he might have such luck.

Araby wore a blue gown; there were two flames in her cheeks; her eyes, from which the cloud had lifted, were full of something wonderful. Oh, the wonder that a woman with such dimples rarely laughed!

"Are you going ashore?" Yelverton questioned, determining to ask her name on the first occasion.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you," returned Mrs. Copeland, putting her glass back in the case and fastening the strap. "We are all going—you, too. I've never seen the galleries, and the woman with the very green back-hair tells me we can get tea served somewhere."

"It's going to be scorching hot in that white dust," persisted Yelverton, without hope. But she paid no attention to him, and the health-officer and the famous tout appearing at that minute, she rushed down the deck toward them.

"Vile place, Gib," observed Bax-Drury, and Yelverton loved him for the saying.

"Awful! And as for the hotels!"

He remembered number four's remarks about the eggs at their hostelry. Number four had possessed a ready tongue.

But arguments were powerless

against the feminine fiat, and they went on shore, wandered through the galleries, looked at Queen Isabella's Seat, picked dusty bluebells in the rocks, and left untasted the infusion of hay served to them at a hotel.

Mrs. Copeland's star was in the ascendant. She met a youthful and weary-looking officer on the way up, whom she called Toodles; and he in return called her Lollipop, a playful corruption of her name. Toodles on one side of her, Yelverton on the other, she led the way, followed by Bax-Drury and Araby.

Araby's color had gone, but Yelverton saw with satisfaction that she believed him to be wax in her cousin's hands, a victim to politeness, and therefore to be pitied as much as herself. Once in a dark place he managed to take her hand for a minute. He was ashamed of himself for doing it, but somehow he couldn't help it.

They bought some laces, some coppers and some inlaid boxes. Yelverton was allowed to present Mrs. Copeland with a souvenir of the day in the shape of a tortoise-shell and lace fan. It is to be hoped that she liked it, as she chose it herself.

A wind had come up while they were on land, and the dirty little launch bounded so that several people were sick, notably the fat woman with the kodak, who wept and laid her head on Bax-Drury's arm, which afflicting attention he received stolidly. When they reached the ship, word went round that Carmé, the victim of the stabbing affray, had died that afternoon.

"Poor thing!" said Araby, softly, her eyes full of tears.

Yelverton stared at her. "I thought you hoped—" he began, but she interrupted him, laying her hand on his arm, in the crowd.

"That was before!"

VIII

"HASEL-HUHN!" said Mrs. Copeland, reading the menu, an hour

later. "What on earth is 'hasel-huhn?'"

The doctor smiled nervously at her over his spectacles. "It is a baird—a domestic baird. We have eaten him before."

"We have. We have eaten him many times before. He is tired of being eaten. He is growing old, very old."

The doctor was troubled. "Does the *gnädige Frau* then not like him?" he asked, innocently.

Bax-Drury answered, fearing one of Allegra's hopeless impertinences. "No, doctor. We don't care for hazel-hen. As—ah—a matter of fact, we don't find it quite right. It is a little high, don't you think?"

The doctor, if distressed, was hungry, and partook of the maligned bird with relish. He ate gravy with his knife, but his heart was excellent.

Araby sat silent. Her place was between Yelverton and a schoolmistress from Connecticut, who had been all over Europe with five hundred dollars and black-silk underclothes.

It was very stuffy in the low-ceiled cabin, for, as usual, all the enemies of air were placed, by some malign ingenuity on the part of the head steward, next the port-holes. The band was playing selections from "Die Fledermaus." The third officer, at the head of the next table, sang a few bars from time to time. A pleasant excitement prevailed, owing to the death of the woman in the steerage, but the ship was rocking ominously and several chairs were empty.

Yelverton was not hungry; he was not a particularly good sailor and dreaded rough weather. No one suspected him of this weakness, however, and as the ship gave one lurch, causing a discordant blast of dismay from a French horn, he blessed his sunburn.

Mrs. Copeland rose toward the end of the meal. "*Pax vobiscum!*" she said, "my turn has come. Fresh air or death!"

"Poor Allegra!" murmured Araby, taking some striped green and pink ice, made in New York.

"She'll be all right. She'll have some champagne, you know. She's never very bad," answered Bax-Drury. "Even in the Bay of Biscay she was laid up only about an hour." Seeing Yelverton smile under his mustache, he added, without moving a muscle of his face: "Anthony—I mean Copeland—was too bad for description. I don't believe that he uttered a word for thirty-six hours besides 'My God!' I can hear him yet."

The school-teacher from Connecticut helped herself to a large plateful of almonds. "I have a gentleman-friend who tried to jump overboard once, in seasickness."

"Fancy!" said Bax-Drury, in his most English voice, for she was a very good woman who roused hatred on all sides.

Two more women fled from the room.

"Let's go up," said Yelverton to Araby. "It's vilely stuffy here, and you are pale."

"I'm always pale," she laughed, rising, "but it will be nice on deck."

As he helped her up-stairs he asked her, abruptly: "What the dickens is your name?"

"My name? Araby — Arabella, really; but don't you ever call me that."

"I mean your family name. It is absurd, but I don't know it."

She turned and smiled at him. "Winship. Do you like it?"

"I like it, and you, and everything about you," he answered, in an undertone, "and if you look at me like that I'll kiss you."

"Do." Her face was grave, her voice deep.

Yelverton forgot the motion, he forgot the old youth from Elizabeth who was going down the opposite stairs and watching him. "Heavens, what a woman you are! What a woman!"

"Good evening, Mr. Brannigan," called the girl, suddenly, in a high, cool voice. "Are you ill, that you go so slowly, or is it only interest in me?"

Mr. Brannigan nearly broke his

neck in the hurry of his descent, and Yelverton laughed at the evidence of her unconscious assimilation of smart London cheekiness.

"A regular Paul Pry," he commented, as they came out into the cool evening air.

"Yes. But—well, you were worth looking at for a moment," she returned, pulling her capuchin over her hair and ruffling it into a soft disorder by the act.

"Was I? How did I look?"

The steamer was turning, making for the outside ocean as he spoke. It had begun to rain; the lights of the town were blurred in the gray darkness.

Araby hesitated. "You looked—as Adam might have looked when he first saw Eve; as if you had never seen a woman before, and as if—you weren't sure that she wasn't something to eat."

"I'm not. I'm not sure of—anything. Araby, will you come out to the forward deck with me?"

"Yes, when I've looked after Allegra a bit. Wait here."

He stood in the blowing rain until she came back. "It's pouring. Do you mind being drenched?"

"Not I. Come. She had to go to bed, poor thing. Fountain is with her."

They crossed the bridge and made their way cautiously among the capstans and coils of rope to the peak. The rush of the water below them made it almost impossible to talk, and after shouting a few moments they were silent.

Yelverton held her close to his side, her head against his arm. Only once he spoke, and then with his face close to hers. "Do you love me?" he said.

She drew his head down and almost whispered her answer, the words falling into his ear with a curious distinctness. "I love you with every bit of me. I would die for you, steal for you, kill for you. This is what I was made for. I have wondered; now I know."

He held her closer and gazed into the driving rain.

IX

"THERE is only one consolation; the beastly storm is blowing us in the right direction."

Mrs. Copeland lay in her berth in a pink dressing-gown, and Araby, beside her, held the champagne glass until she should feel up to another sip.

"Yes. The stewardess says we'll be in almost twelve hours ahead of time," returned the girl, absently.

"Many people sick?"

"Oh, yes; almost all the women and lots of the men. Father O'Brien crawled up the day before yesterday to see the Azores, but said they—made him sick. I've not seen him since. The man who has crossed seventeen times is perfectly abject. The deck isn't at all pleasant, Allegra; you needn't pity yourself too much."

Mrs. Copeland laughed, faintly. "I know. What about Paddy, by the way?"

"Paddy?" The girl's face hardened.

"Yelverton. Gie me a wee drappie—internally, please."

"Mr. Yelverton is as bad as the rest. He's not been up since we left Gibraltar."

"Years ago."

"Years ago. Why did you call him Paddy, Allegra?"

"Because that's my name for him. His name is Patrick, so what could be more natural?"

"Do you mean you call him Paddy to his face?"

"Of course I do. I'm not one of those people who say things behind people's backs. Oh, give me some champagne, and don't chatter."

"I wasn't chattering. Allegra, the sun's coming out and the barometer's leaping out of its skin. It will be fair to-morrow."

"Thank the Lord! It is getting smoother. How do I look?"

Araby regarded her with attention. "You look rather yellow—and there are bags under your eyes."

"Oh, rub a little cold cream into me, like a dear, will you?"

Araby massaged Mrs. Copeland's face for half an hour, and then went to look up Fountain, who had done a great deal of very audible dying in the last few days, and had subsisted chiefly on chocolate.

Fountain despatched to her mistress, Araby took a walk with the girl of the common-sense figure, and learned what a perfectly elegant time young ladies have in Rock Island. Araby, who did not possess much sense of humor, listened gravely.

"You'd ought to come out there and see for yourself," the girl informed her, cordially. "The boys would give you a splendid time."

"What boys—your brothers?" asked Araby.

"My brothers! Heavens, no! All of the fellows, I mean. Say, your sister's a widow, isn't she?"

"She's my cousin. I suppose you mean Mrs. Copeland. No, she's not a widow. Do you know what time it is?" she added, hastily.

"After five, some time. I thought she must be one. Or perhaps he's her brother," she added, vague but hopeful.

"Mr. Bax-Drury? You are rather curious, aren't you?"

The girl stared. "Well, yes, I suppose I am. But where's the harm? Is he?"

"No; Mr. Bax-Drury is no relation."

"Then why in kingdom come is she trailing round with him?"

Araby turned on her like a tigress, and then was silent for a moment. She was nineteen and the girl from Rock Island was twenty-three or four, but Araby felt all the bitterness of world-worn experience as she looked into the unsuspecting face beside her.

"We have known him for years," she answered, quietly, choosing her words, "and—he is a great friend of Mr. Copeland."

Araby had lied to spare that bony face a blush.

The blush was on her own cheeks as the girl nodded, sympathetically.

"I see. You're in his care—sort of."

"I am going in now. I am tired," returned the younger girl, her voice

very kind. "Aren't you glad it's going to clear?"

The sun came out only to go down, but it went down in a glow of determined glory, scattering the last of the clouds and bringing gleams of hope to lusterless eyes.

Araby established Allegra just outside the door, ordered her dinner and then started down-stairs.

As she went in Yelverton came out. "Good evening; how are you?" he asked, with a dumb show of utter weakness. "I am a wreck, a poor worm." He was embarrassed, and carried it off by flippancy. It is very irritating to have been seasick for four days.

"Come and lean your head on my shoulder and let us mingle our tears," called Mrs. Copeland, new life in her voice. "We will share each other's sorrows and extra dry."

He sank down by her, still feigning the utmost helplessness, kissing her hand.

Araby went down to dinner, gnawing her lip. There are moments when health is not all in life.

X

SCHIMMELBUSCH, too, made his appearance the next morning. The fat woman, apparently fatter than ever, reappeared in another sweater—red, this time—in which she looked like a peripatetic tomato. Tales were told, notes compared, and the man from Mars, had he been there, and simple-minded, would have believed that seasickness consisted of violent headache and a lack of sea-legs.

Yelverton lay back in his chair all day and talked to Mrs. Copeland and Araby. Once in a while he looked at the girl, which was enough for her but not for him. Something about her upset him as he had never been upset in his life. He could not see her without wanting to kiss her. He dared not be alone with her. He loved her, but he had no intention whatever of marrying her. He was not the man to make a husband. He

was a *grand amoureux*, and a *grand amoureux* he believed himself destined to die. Now it may be possible, but it certainly is not advisable, for a *grand amoureux* to marry. Yelverton knew that Araby transformed into Mrs. Yelverton would pall on him after a certain length of time, and that was bound to be hard on him and harder on her. He knew that she loved him in a way that would last. He could trust her, he realized with a half-audible groan, but he could not trust himself.

Araby pitied him. She believed that he was too weak to walk; she waited on him and, he knew, longed for the moment when he could take her in his arms. Curiously enough, this did not bore or irritate him. She was anything but unmaidenly, yet hers was a primitive, straightforward maidenliness that charmed him.

In the afternoon Mrs. Copeland went in for a nap, and Araby and Yelverton were comparatively alone.

"I wish I could put your head on my shoulder and rest it," she said, promptly.

"My poor head would like nothing better, but think of the poor sensibilities of all these dear souls!"

"Yes. I think Miss Babbitt would die." Miss Babbitt was the girl from Rock Island. Araby laughed as she spoke. "She believes," she went on, nibbling a bit of candied ginger, "that Allegra and I are traveling in Bax-Drury's care. First she thought he was her brother."

"The deuce she did!"

"Yes. She is very simple-minded. Patrick, do you wish I were simple-minded?"

She had never called him by his name before, and no one on earth called him Patrick. He started.

"You? No. You are, in a way, dear child, as far as that's concerned."

"But I mean in her way," insisted the girl.

Yelverton shuddered. "God forbid that you should resemble the excellent Miss Babbitt in any way!"

"I am glad. Still, it would be nice not to—to know things."

"Ignorance isn't innocence," platinized the man, at a loss.

"No. And knowing things hasn't hurt me. I know it hasn't, because I hate it all. Oh, if you knew how I hate it—the lies, the false charity, the deliberate unseeingness. Do you think I'd have come at all, if he hadn't asked me to?"

"He? Who?"

"Anthony, of course. He said I was better than no one, to—to keep up appearances. Anyhow, I don't think appearances matter. No one minds what anyone else does, because they all do it themselves."

She was incoherent, but he understood, and sighed. He pitied her for her poor little half-knowledge, which she believed so comprehensive.

"The worst of it is," the girl went on, sucking the sugar off another piece of ginger, and speaking as calmly as if the subject had been the weather, "that I don't believe they either of them care a straw. It has been going on for years, and they are used to each other, that is all. The girl in the steerage that the other one killed was better than she, in one way, because she did love the man. She died in his arms. The doctor told me. It made the doctor cry."

"Ah, he looks rather tearful, the doctor."

"Don't laugh, dear," she said, solemnly. "It was a tragedy. And he loved her—I mean Gaetano. He promised to send me the papers with the account of the trial. They will let her off, the doctor says. They always do, in Italy, for a crime of passion."

"Poor devils! But I thought you were glad that the wife arranged matters as she did, and here you are pitying the other one!"

Araby looked up at him, that glow in her eyes which always bowled him over. "I do pity her. What if someone should stab me, and I had to stop loving you."

"You won't stop?" he asked, the words coming of themselves.

"Shall I stop?" That was all she said, but it was enough.

XI

THE next night there was a dance. The girl from Rock Island appeared in a muslin frock, cut low and adorned with rosettes of green ribbon, in which she looked, unfortunately, more sensible than ever. Schimmelbusch was in evening clothes, and wore a checked silk handkerchief tucked coquettishly in his waistcoat. Mrs. Copeland, Araby, Bax-Drury and Yelverton sat together and watched the dancing. Mrs. Copeland wore a pink gown, and Araby yellow. Yelverton had bought a stiff fan of some kind of quill-feathers, mounted in ivory, at Gibraltar, and then refrained from giving it to the girl. When he saw her in the yellow gown he went below and fetched the fan.

"Carry this," he said, carelessly, thrusting it into her hand. "It suits your gown. Doesn't it, Mrs. Copeland?"

Allegra laughed. "It does more; it looks like her herself, somehow."

"Brown and stiff, eh?" suggested the girl, laughing. "Thanks, Mr. Yelverton."

She looked older to-night. He had seen but little of her all day, and she showed her resentment in a prim, grown-up way. She was good-humoredly indifferent to him, and he hated it.

He danced twice with Mrs. Copeland, and then asked Araby, who refused.

"May I ask why?"

She looked at him. "For no particular reason—only, I'd rather not." And Schimmelbusch making his bow just then, she finished the waltz with him.

Yelverton was furious. What had got into her? How dared she treat him in that way? He put it down to childish caprice, ignoring the fact that under his guidance the girl had grown into a woman, with a woman's

instinctive ruse. Araby, seeing the anger in his eyes, was delighted, and danced indiscriminately with everyone. At length Yelverton could stand it no longer, and going up to her said, shortly: "Dance with me."

She obeyed without a word, still smiling. The waltz was from "The Singing Girl." He never forgot it.

"How dared you treat me that way?" he whispered.

"Didn't you like it?"

"For a tuppenny-bit I'd punish you this minute. You deserve it. Do you know what I've been enduring?"

She looked into his eyes. "Yes, I know. That's why I did it. I wanted you to know! Why do you make love to Allegra?"

"Do you call that making love? If that is, then—this isn't. I can't get you talked about. Don't you understand that?"

Her face darkened. "That's not the reason. I don't believe you."

"Then what is the reason?" He thought that perhaps she could tell him, for he was beginning to doubt whether there was any reason, after all.

"The reason is, I think, that you are half-sorry you love me. You are afraid of something—afraid!"

They stopped dancing as the music ceased, and passed out from the curtained space into the open.

"You are right," Yelverton said, slowly, his hands in his pockets, his head bent. "I am half-sorry, and I am afraid."

The girl watched him, the old frown settling again on her face, darkening her eyes.

"Then—now's the time to end it. I suppose, in plain English, you're not a marrying man. Very well, good-bye."

He was startled by her measured voice, by her curiously keen insight. She was right; now was the time to end it. He could be offended with her lack of faith, or he could own up, frankly. Which was the better way? In silence he tried to decide, while

she stood and watched him. Either might be the better way, but neither of them was possible.

"I love you!" he said, suddenly, catching her head and holding it to his heart. "You are crazy!"

"Say that again."

"I love you! You know it. Feel my heart beat. I can't touch you without changing color. You are mine and I am yours, Araby!"

She gripped his hand, fiercely. "I wish," she said, hoarsely, "that all those people were dead, that I might kiss you—and kiss you——"

Schimmelbusch, with a shawl, was an anti-climax. Araby walked off with him, without trusting herself to speak, and Yelverton, after a few minutes of staring at the stars, went back to the dancing.

It was done, then. He, Pat Yelverton, aged thirty-six, *grand amoureux* and wanderer, had engaged himself to a miss of nineteen. He did not consider her lack of fortune, though he was not rich himself; he thought only of the great fact that his liberty, after numberless hair-breadth escapes, was gone. He was not sorry. His objections to a future Mrs. Yelverton were gone with the freedom, and he was happy. Only, he was dazed as well.

In the smoking-room, where he went for a drink, he met Bax-Drury. "Miss Winship is an orphan, isn't she?" he asked, abruptly.

Bax-Drury stared. "No; worse luck, poor girl. Her father's mad. Been shut up somewhere for fifteen years. Thinks he's a mule and kicks everybody."

"Disagreeable for his attendants, I should say," returned Yelverton, absently.

XII

YELVERTON sat down at a table in a corner and ordered a cocktail.

When he was a child of ten his mother had married for a second husband a stock-broker named Clancy.

This man Clancy made a fortune, settled it on his wife, and they bought a home in the country and prepared to enjoy life. Instead of enjoying life, however, Clancy went mad—slowly, decorously, a trifle madder each day. Yelverton remembered the horrors of the three years at "The Anchorage," before the day when Clancy caught him in his strong arms and held him out of a second-story window, trying to teach him to fly, the mother seeing all from the garden below.

"Spread your silly arms, my dear, and go through the motions of swimming," the madman had said to him, kindly enough, for he was fond of the boy. "When I let go, you'll be off like a bird!"

Yelverton could feel the warm Summer breeze blow his hair back as his stepfather swung him gently to and fro, and encouraged him to make the attempt. He could see his mother's rigid upturned face, and hear a distant gardener whistling over his work.

He drank the cocktail absently and ordered another. He rarely drank, and was by taste a temperate man, but this was an occasion, he decided, when he must get very drunk.

He remembered his mother's scream when, by some strategy, his old nurse induced his stepfather to postpone the flying lesson, and he was laid on a sofa just within the window.

A week later Clancy was taken away. He had never seen the man again, as the poor wretch killed himself before the year was out.

The smoking-room was empty save for himself. A ship was passing, and most of the men were out watching the signaling.

"Look here, steward; bring me a bottle of dry champagne."

"Ja wohl, sir." The man obeyed, and then he, too, went out on deck. The smoking-room steward on an ocean steamer grows very blunted to surprise over the drinking capacity of the passengers. Julius put Yelverton down as making up for the time lost during his two days' seasickness.

Yelverton remembered his moth-

er's face after her periodical visits to the asylum. That face was one of the things he could never forget. Then came the worst. His half-brother was born—Cecil, they called him. Cecil was never quite right, and the mother and the brother knew it, but never acknowledged it even to each other, until the day when Cecil set the house on fire, when he was twelve, by way of celebrating Guy Fawkes' Day. Fire was his passion. Twice he tried to burn down the house, and then, at fourteen, soaked his own clothes in petroleum and set fire to them. It killed his mother as well, and the tragedy was the direct occasion of Pat Yelverton's first leaving Europe. He went to India, and joining an exploring party into Thibet, was absent about two years. Coming back, at the age of thirty, he had met Mrs. Carberry, the second of his great loves, and to be near her he had wandered about through Europe and America for months, following her and her invalid husband.

He poured out another glass of champagne. It was going to take a great deal to make him as drunk as he felt it necessary he should be. His hand was as steady, his brain as clear as before the first cocktail. He had retrograded a good deal morally since the days of Hilda Carberry, but physically he was perfectly fit.

"I'll jump overboard rather than marry her," he said, under his breath. "Hereditary insanity has no charms for me."

Some of the doctors had attributed Cecil's madness not to heredity but to his mother's terror over the flying lesson, and to her general nervous condition before his birth, but Yelverton had never believed this.

He sat for an hour drinking and dreaming, and then, rising, looked at himself in a mirror. He was pale and looked ill, but he did not look what he was—drunk.

The steward came back and took away the bottles and glasses, and Yelverton paid him, counting the change deliberately.

"Solitary spree, eh?" a man said to

him, laughing, as he reached the door.

Yelverton was surprised, for he had not seen the poker players come in, but he announced quietly, turning up his collar, "One bottle of champagne. The other bottle someone left, and that Dutch steward neglected to take it away." Then he went out.

Mrs. Copeland stood at her cabin door, saying good-night to some people. It was eleven o'clock.

"Come and walk," Yelverton began, abruptly. "It is too fine to turn in."

"I'm game!" She turned to the open door as the sleepy women left. "Araby, chuck me out a cloak, will you? I'm going for a walk."

Araby pulled back the curtain and looked out as she handed her cousin the cloak.

Yelverton did not look at her, and as he wrapped the shawl about the older woman's bare shoulders he bent and kissed her ear.

"You beast!" cried Mrs. Copeland, dodging away and laughing. "Are you mad?"

"Perhaps I am. Come, let us walk."

Araby had seen, and he was glad. He had no conscience, no remorse. It made him glad to hurt the girl who hurt him. Marry a woman with a mad father? Not he! He had had enough of lunatics in his life.

They paced up and down the deserted deck. Mrs. Copeland let her cloak slip back on her shoulders. She was very animated and exceedingly pretty—prettier by far than Miss What's-her-name, the girl with the mad father.

A sailor turned off the electric light, and it was dark.

"This is vile. I can't see you," Yelverton said, and Mrs. Copeland laughed.

"When the saloon is dark I must go in. Araby would slay me. Poor, dear Araby is so proper."

"Send poor, dear Araby to bed."

Then he told Mrs. Copeland that he loved her, that she was driving

him mad, that he wished to God he'd never seen her. He did it well, for it was not the first time.

Her manner was perfection. She did not snub him beyond the point of peace-making, for there were still three days to New York, but she told him he mustn't talk that way. She said that she, at thirty-one, was far older than he at thirty-six; that he must find some nice young girl and marry her. By way of encouraging him to find the nice young girl, she let him kiss her once. And she half-acknowledged that her life was not all roses, and that, perhaps, had things been different—which they were *not*—And then he kissed her again, without being allowed.

He slept, without stirring, until noon.

XIII

WHEN he came up on deck about four o'clock Yelverton thanked the gods that he had had the courage to offend Araby the night before, as he could not have done it to-day.

She was pale and fierce-looking, as she sat holding Fluffy Daddles on her lap—so pale and so fierce that poor Yelverton almost went down on his knees then and there and told her that he didn't care if all her forebears had been gibbering idiots—almost, but not quite. And he had not the courage to go to her and tell her why he wouldn't marry her.

It was Thursday, and Saturday they would reach New York. For that length of time he could keep away from her, and a little wholesome anger on her part would help them both to get over it more quickly. He hoped she would be most unpleasant—that would harden him. So he passed her with a bow, and sat down by Mrs. Copeland, who smiled sadly at him and then looked down. He could keep away from Araby, but he really was not equal to love-making, so he took refuge in a very effective, gloomy silence. He was pale, and Mrs. Copeland enjoyed his pallor.

She called him her poor boy, and gave him a powder to cure the headache.

"I didn't sleep much myself," she admitted, in a low voice.

Yelverton did not move from his chair until dinner-time, and after that meal, at which the hasel-huhn was more reviled than ever, and the unhappy doctor was made to confess that they had run short of ice three days before, he took a walk with Mrs. Copeland.

Bax-Drury watched them with an amused expression in his pale eyes.

"Seems to be rather bad, doesn't he?" he asked Araby.

"No. It looks to me as though she were leading him on to amuse herself."

"That doesn't in the least prevent his being rather bad, my dear."

"I wish you wouldn't call me 'my dear!' I'm not your dear, and I hate it!" retorted the girl, furiously.

Bax-Drury studied her. "What a brute of a temper you have! It'll make you old before your time. Look at Allegra, thirty-one and not a wrinkle. And why? Because she never was angry in her life—because she has no temper."

Araby looked at him, her face suddenly calm. "And no heart and no feelings. Besides," she went on, "she has the inestimable advantage of possessing you." Then she turned and left him.

An hour later Yelverton found her, coiled on a rug in a dark corner of the deck.

"What are you doing there?" he asked, surprised out of his self-possession.

"I was asleep," she lied.

"Araby—you have been crying." He sat down in a chair by her.

"I have not," she answered, shortly. "I never cry. I howl and shriek sometimes. I wish you'd go away and leave me."

He was silent. He was tired out, and afraid to speak lest he should say words he did not wish to say.

"You must think me a beast," he began, at length, lighting a cigar.

She laughed. "No, my dear man; not a beast."

He paused, the lighted match, half-burnt down, still in his fingers.

"Then?"

"Since you ask me, I think you a fool," she returned, promptly.

"A fool!" He tossed away the match with a flirt of the wrist.

"Yes. Even you can't resist Allegra. You love me, and yet you must make love to her—because she chooses to have you."

"So that is it—you think I can't resist Allegra. At least, you must own that Allegra is very seductive."

"But you love me!" she sobbed, suddenly, rolling over and hiding her face in her arms as a child does.

"Me, me, me!"

He was glad she cried, for tears made him angry. They would stiffen his moral backbone.

"If you're going to howl and scream," he said, rising, "I shall clear out."

Scraps of a poem of Hugo's came into his mind as she clasped him about the knees, so fiercely as nearly to throw him down—

*Va, laisse-moi te suivre,
Je mourrai du moins près de toi;
Je serai ton esclave fidèle—*

"No, no; don't go! Don't leave me alone, or I shall die. What have I done to you? I have only loved you!"

Her voice was not the voice of a child, childish as was the action. It was deep, rough, husky, as if it hurt her throat—such a voice as the savage princess would have had—and the light, as she moved, fell on her face.

"For God's sake, get up, Araby!" he said. "Someone will come. And don't—don't be so excited. After all, I can't be rude to your cousin."

She rose obediently, and stood before him with quaintly folded hands—again as the savage princess might have done at a kind word from her master.

"Forgive me. Tell me I am a

fool, and that it is I whom you love."

"You must know that," he answered, roughly.

She recognized the sincerity of his voice and drew a deep breath. "Then it is all right. Sometimes I think I am going mad, when I see you with her."

He had laid his arm across her shoulders, but, as she spoke, drew back as if she had stung him.

"What is it?"

"Someone is coming. I'll go this way." He rushed through the narrow passage to the other side of the steamer and went below at once.

He was behaving like a cad and a brute, and he knew it, yet he could do nothing else. He took Joe C. in his arms and sat for an hour on the edge of his berth, thinking and abusing himself. He loved the girl more than he had ever loved before, but as he could not marry her there was a certain relief in the thought that, after all, his freedom was not gone. He loved her for her beauty, her strength of feeling, her firm character, but fierce passions easily grow to be manias; moreover, they are not to be sought in one's wife. He would love her madly for a year or two; then some day he would fall in love with another woman, and Araby would lead him a horrible life; she would be jealous, exacting, insufferable.

He rubbed Joe C. against his cheek and groaned. He was not proud of himself, and he disliked the mood, for as a rule he considered himself, not without reason, rather a good sort.

"Never fall in love with a young damsel, Joe," he said aloud, as he rose; "it's fatal."

XIV

"Why do you insist on Mr. Yelverton's making love to you?"

Mrs. Copeland looked up from her book and stared. "Insist on Mr. Yelverton's making love to me! My dear child, you are dotty."

"I am not dotty. Why do you want to have every man you meet? Why do you?"

"Why do the heathen rage and the geese imagine vain things? You grow rather vulgar when you are vehement, Araby. You know, I have told you that before."

Araby had gone at once to the cabin when Yelverton left her, and with the savage directness that characterized her, spoke straight to the point.

Mrs. Copeland had put on a dressing-gown and sat with her high-heeled feet on the edge of the divan. The girl stood before her, her hands hanging by her sides.

"I don't care whether I'm vulgar or not. I want you to let Mr. Yelverton alone."

"Oho! So we are to have a *scène de jalousie*! Poor Bax, I wish he didn't have to miss it!" Then she added, kindly enough, for she had a good heart—of its kind: "Sit down, child, and don't excite yourself. What's all this about my Paddy?"

But Araby did not sit down. "I am not excited, and I won't have you call him your Paddy. Paddy is not his name, and he is not yours."

"You are right; he's not mine. Good old Anthony is mine, and no other. As to Yelverton, I hope to goodness you haven't fallen in love with him, Araby."

The girl was silent for a minute, then she sank into a chair, as if too tired to stand.

"Yelverton is charming, and, I should imagine, a very decent sort," went on the older woman, "but he's not a man for a girl to fall in love with."

"Why isn't he?"

Mrs. Copeland watched her with a certain amount of concern in her blue eyes. Araby was queer and uncomfortable, but Araby was her cousin, and useful as well.

"Why? Because a girl should never fall in love with a man she can't marry."

"He isn't married."

"Then you are in love with him.

Poor little thing! Never mind, dear, we land the day after to-morrow, and you'll see lots of men at Newport."

"I'll see him," the girl answered, defiantly.

"See Yelverton? But he's not going to Newport at all. He's going to be in New York with a lot of the racing men."

"He will come to see me. He loves me. He is going to marry me."

Mrs. Copeland stared. "Yelverton loves you? My dear, don't you believe it. What makes you think he does?"

"He told me so. He kissed me."

"Then," exclaimed Allegra Copeland, rising, with a flash of indignation in her eyes, "he is a beast, and ought to be—tarred and feathered! Are you sure?"

The girl laughed. "Am I sure? Am I a fool? Of course I am sure. And—you needn't abuse him."

"I don't wish to abuse him. It is my fault, I suppose. Only, I am so used to having you chaperon me that it never occurred to me to chaperon you."

"I didn't need to be chaperoned, thanks," retorted Araby, shortly. "A man has a right to love a girl, and to tell her so."

"Oh, you idiot! He has the right if he means to marry her, but not unless he does mean to. Yelverton has no more idea of marrying you than he has of marrying—"

"You, perhaps!"

Mrs. Copeland hesitated for a moment. She knew perfectly well that Yelverton was not seriously in love with her, but she knew, too, that he had no intention of marrying Araby. Had he had such an intention his tactics would have been quite different. She was distinctly sorry for the girl, in whom she vaguely felt there was a capacity for suffering that she herself had not, and here was a knife, put into her hand by the man, with which she might possibly operate in time.

"Listen, Araby," she said, laying her hand on the girl's roughened hair, "and don't bite my head off. Yel-

verton is a very charming and agreeable man, and I like him. But, like a great many charming and agreeable men, he's a hopeless flirt. He can't help making love to every pretty woman he meets. Lots of men are like that—Bertie Alling, for instance, and Lord Carstairs."

"Bertie Alling!"

"Yes. Oh, he isn't a splendid blond giant like Pat Yelverton, but they're the same inside. Now, just to prove to you that I'm right, I'll tell you that Yelverton has been making love to me, too." She paused.

"I know it," answered the girl, with a laugh. "Isn't that exactly what I said in the first place? He makes love to you because you are pretty and attractive, and because—you like it."

"I may have an unregenerate fondness for being made love to, but if Yelverton loved you he wouldn't care a hang what I wanted! Can't you see that?"

"I can see that he loves me, and that you—tempt him!"

Mrs. Copeland burst out laughing. "Tempt him! My dear, your language is something classic! You make me feel like Ninon with her grandson. Pat Yelverton tempted!"

"Yes, tempted," persisted the girl, doggedly. "Perhaps you think I don't know enough of the world to understand. Well, I do. He loves me, and yet one side of him can't resist you."

"Rot! The man makes love to me just as he'd make love to any attractive woman who happened along. He can't resist me because he doesn't try—doesn't want to. After all, why should he? I sha'n't do him any harm, little woolly lamb. He'll never think of me again when we've parted, probably with a few appropriate tears—and that is perfectly satisfactory. Only, you would better realize at once that he'll never think of you again, either."

Araby caught the speaker's arm with both hands and held it tight. "That is not true! Not a word of it! I know; I've seen him struggle. He

loves me whether he wants to or not, and I mean to have him. All I ask of you, Allegra Copeland, is to let him alone and not work against me."

"Have you no pride?" asked the older woman, curiously, watching her.

"No; where he is concerned, not one bit. I will fight for him, and I'll win him, for the best of him is on my side. If you weren't blinded by your own conceit, you'd have noticed long ago how his voice changes when he speaks to me, how his eyes—" she broke off, giving Mrs. Copeland's arm a little jerk. "Will you let him alone in the future? You don't care for him. You have—Bax-Drury. Will you promise?"

"I wish you'd go away and leave me in peace!" retorted Mrs. Copeland, a little crossly. "You look like a perfect demon, and yet I can't help being sorry for you. I never heard a girl talk so in my life."

"Will you promise?"

"I'll promise nothing, and if you have any sense you'll forget all this nonsense as soon as possible. Let go my arm!"

Araby dropped the arm and stood staring at the older woman for a moment. "You're much worse than that poor girl the woman stabbed. You don't care for anything; you couldn't if you tried. I can; I can love and I can hate. Once more I tell you to let Yelverton alone."

She turned away abruptly and went out.

ALLEGRA COPELAND had been really amused by Araby's onslaught, and the girl's evident fear of her charms both flattered and surprised her. She was vain, but she had a sense of humor, and knew perfectly that she was no siren of the gigantic proportions attributed to her by Araby's jealous mind. She was sufficiently clear-eyed to see that Araby herself contained more of the material from which modern sirens are made—

and the material has changed since Ulysses's day. The modern siren has no tail, and wears rather more clothes than her old-fashioned sister, but she must possess mysticism and a certain depth of nature. Araby had both, while Mrs. Copeland considered herself, not without reason, a very attractive doll. Bax-Drury's attachment had lasted, to be sure, but had settled long since into a sort of married affection, and that Yelverton was not in love with her she knew quite well. She had meant kindly in telling the girl that Yelverton had made love to her. She believed in heroic treatment for heroic patients. She was sorry the thing had happened, and determined to avoid further trouble. Araby's row would be a hard one to hoe if the girl were going to take every little flirtation seriously. It was a pity, for flirtation, as an art, is so instructive and agreeable.

As she dressed, the next morning, Mrs. Copeland pondered the subject between remarks to Fountain and fleeting caresses bestowed on Fluffy Daddles, and decided that everything would turn out well—things always did. Only, she wished there hadn't been a look in the girl's eyes that reminded her of Mrs. Patrick Campbell in her tragic rôles. She wouldn't mention the matter to Baxy. He had a trick of scolding her once in a while, in a way that good old Anthony never ventured on. If Anthony had been there she would have told him.

"Fountain," she said, "I've just read such a funny book!"

"Indeed, mum."

"Yes. A man in it makes love to two women at once—that is, to a young girl and to her friend, who is married. The girl takes it seriously and—well, cuts up rough."

"Indeed, mum." Fountain was afflicted with a perennially red nose and a broken heart. She was not sympathetic, but she could dress hair, and she never talked.

"The friend—there's where I left off—doesn't know what to do; whether she ought to speak to the man or ignore him. I wonder what she'll

decide. It is a very well-written book."

"Indeed, mum." Fountain, whose one folly was novel-reading, knew perfectly that there was no such book in the party, for she had read every one there was, but she said nothing further.

"I think she will speak to the man," went on Mrs. Copeland, rubbing her nose with a bit of chamois skin. "What do you think?"

"I should say it depends on her character, mum. If she likes amusement, she will. Particularly, if he's a fine man."

Mrs. Copeland laughed. "Oh, yes, he's a fine man. You see, she is puzzled as to whether it would be quite fair to the girl."

"Indeed, mum."

Mrs. Copeland decided that she must really give Yelverton a piece of her mind, and in order to do it effectively she put on a gown that he did not know, a rather demure brown gown, suitable to a serious interview. It was sure to be a very serious interview.

She found him with Joe C. in his arms, reading "*Reflets sur la Sombre Route*."

"I have it in for you, young man," she began, frowning and smiling at him.

"For me?" He rose, pocketed the marmoset and Pierre Loti, and gave her his whole attention. "I think, however, that I have behaved very well."

"Oh, do you?"

They had reached the end of the promenade deck, and now went over the bridge to the second cabin.

"Oh, do you?" she repeated. "Then what about Araby?"

Luckily for Yelverton she was in front of him. "Araby?" he asked. "Don't slip there. What do you mean?"

"I mean, you wretch, that I'm sorry you've been making love to her."

They found the chairs where he and the girl had sat a few nights before, and sat down. Yelverton took Joe C.

from his pocket and held him to his face. "Did you hear that, mudder's pudgums?"

"I never call Fluff mother's pudgums!" exclaimed Mrs. Copeland, with a superior sniff.

"And I never said you did. So you think I've been making love to Miss Winship? Also to the virgin from Connecticut?" He looked at her narrowly, under his cap, as he spoke, and saw that she required no emotionality from him at present. "And I was under the impression that I'd been trying, in my humble way, to make love to you," he went on.

She laughed. "Oh, me! Yes, and I must in justice say that you've done it very well. Only, I'm in earnest now. I suppose it never occurred to your worship that it was hardly fair to whisper soft nothings in such a youthful ear?"

"I'm being asked my intentions, Joseph," he murmured, confidentially, to the marmoset.

"No, you're not," she retorted, promptly, "for no one knows better than I that you have none. But let me tell you that I think it was rather nasty of you."

"May I ask whether you confided to Miss Winship your intention of blowing me up?" he asked, suddenly, plunging the marmoset into his pocket and turning to her.

She was a little frightened, as he meant her to be. "No; certainly not."

"Then let's call it off. I've had enough, and it would surely be most offensive to her. As far as that's concerned, she strikes me as being perfectly capable of taking care of herself. You may be sure that if she had found me presuming she'd have known how to turn me down."

Allegra was disappointed. "I'm sure I hope so," she said, rising, "and no doubt I was mistaken."

"No doubt you were. Shall we drink the cocktail of peace together?"

"No, thanks. I must look up Mr. Bax-Drury and finish our arrangements about landing."

He looked down at her with an

amused smile. "Don't be so fierce. When you are fierce you are too—delicious."

"I don't feel in the least delicious, I assure you."

"You are, nevertheless, and in one minute I shall lose my head. Going, going——"

XVI

YELVERTON passed a most unpleasant afternoon. It never occurred to him that Mrs. Copeland's attack was due to anything more than a formless suspicion, touched with a little jealousy; but it had annoyed him, and the thought of leaving the girl the next morning and never seeing her again was almost unendurable. He went below immediately after dinner and tried to sleep—anything to pass the time. But he could not sleep, and went through a very creditable amount of mental pain, considering his capacities and the unheroic rôle he had adopted.

"I'm behaving like a scoundrel," he told himself, "but I'll be blest if I see any other way out of it. If I tried to explain to her, and she looked at me, I'd be lost."

It was some slight satisfaction to him to see that he looked ill.

What he wanted was Araby. He couldn't have her without forfeiting not only his liberty and his pecuniary comfort, but also the determination, which had grown with his growth, never to marry a woman in the remotest danger of insanity. It was absurd, the strength of his love for the girl. She bowled him over completely, made fiddle-strings of his nerves, and could wind him round her finger, when he was with her. But once away from her and the places associated with her, he would be all right. He told himself this, but it changed nothing. He was wretchedly unhappy; he had never been so unhappy before. It was unbearable, he told the unsympathetic Joe C.; and it was.

At about five the steward brought him a book, with Miss Winship's com-

pliments. The note within it was short:

Allegra says that I am a fool to believe you; that you do not wish to marry me. Is she right? I know you love me, but you must tell me in so many words whether I have misunderstood you.

ARABY WINSHIP.

Yelverton rose and swore. So they had been talking it over! The girl was impossible. Who ever heard of a girl writing such a note? Yet he kissed the paper frantically—then threw it out of the port-hole. It was another chance. He tore a sheet out of his memorandum book and scribbled on it:

God knows I love you with all that is decent of me. But I can't marry you. I shall never marry anyone. Forgive me.

P. Y.

He sent the note in another book. Afterward he lay down and wished he might die. If the steamer would only go faster! A man can distract himself in a big city. She had the note now—she had read it—she—He buried his face in his pillow.

Araby read the message quietly, out on the forward deck. Then she tore it up and dropped the bits into the writhing foam under the prow.

They were due at Hoboken the next morning at ten o'clock. The voyage was over; everything was over.

The girl sat, her chin in her hand, her wide, dry eyes fixed on the sunset into which she seemed to be flying. She looked like some uncanny figurehead, a figurehead, of ill-omen. And she did not move until the first bugle-call for dinner startled her. Then she went and dressed. It was the captain's dinner, an unusually long, unusually bad repast, ending with speeches and illuminated ice cream. Yelverton did not appear.

At last it was over. As they reached the deck Araby left Mrs. Copeland, to whom she had not spoken during dinner, and went up to Yelverton, who was smoking by the rail.

"Thanks for your note," she said. He groaned. "There's no use in my trying to explain—but you may pity me."

"Pity you?"

Yet, truly, he was to be pitied, possibly more than she.

"Yes," he answered. "Please go."

She looked at him for a second. "You think that I don't understand," she said, slowly, "but I do. It is not your fault."

"Then, in heaven's name, whose fault is it?"

She laughed a little. "Allegra's."

"It isn't her fault. She is perfectly innocent. Please go," he repeated, turning his face from the passers-by to the sea.

"Yes, I'm going." And she left him, going to her cabin.

Mrs. Copeland joined him shortly afterward, a cigarette between her lips. "Oh, what ails you? Seasick?"

"No."

"Ah, then it's conscience. Have you seen Araby?"

"Yes. She tells me that you have been meddling. In God's name, what was it to you?" He turned on her fiercely, and before she could answer, left her.

She was a little frightened. She loved making mischief, though she was not malicious; she detested being found out. Araby was a clumsy idiot to reveal her part in the affair. Araby might have known that she meant well. She only hoped neither of them would tell Bax-Drury.

She walked for an hour with a man she had discovered that morning, played cards for another hour, then walked again. Araby was nowhere about, and Schimmelbusch was looking for her. He had the wishbone of a hazel-hen for her as a keepsake.

Mrs. Copeland began to yawn. The fat woman insisted on exchanging cards with her. The girl from Rock Island wanted her picture. Then the lightship appeared far off, low down against the horizon. The crowd drew to the rail. Mrs. Copeland watched for a moment, and having found it like any other light, walked round to

the other side, with a view to getting into her cabin without tiresome good-nights.

Yelverton came out as she appeared. She stopped, and he came up to her, his face white, his hair ruffled.

"Where is she?" he said, roughly. "I can't do it. I've got to tell her. Go and fetch her."

"You mean Araby?" she stammered.

"Yes. Send her to me here."

"I won't. I don't believe you'd make her happy." She was really frightened and conscience-stricken.

Someone passed, and he drew nearer to her, laying his hand on her arm. "Come, be kind to me. I've had enough of this."

There was a whirr of skirts, a hurry of footsteps, a flash in the light from the saloon window; then, an instant later, someone—a woman—leaped over the rail, down into the coil of waters.

There was a splash, a cry. At the same moment Allegra Copeland fell heavily to the deck.

"She has stabbed me!" she screamed.

Yelverton asked no question. He understood all the truth. Silently he let them carry the wounded woman into her cabin; silently he watched the throwing of the explosive buoy, its lurid receding, the lowering of the boat. He heard the regular splash of the oars, felt the throb of the engines as they were reversed. He heard someone saying, with a strong German accent:

"Only a slight flesh wound. She is conscious."

Bax-Drury came out of the cabin, half-fainting, and leaned over the rail beside him.

"No use," he said, thickly. "Araby was sucked under immediately. They always are."

Yelverton nodded.

The boat was coming back; the buoy, miles away, went out; the ship was still. Something soft touched Yelverton's cheek. He put up his hand to the mute caress of sympathy. It was Joe C.



FEBRUARY

HOMELY, with sparse gray hair and oldish look,
 Nothing to fix the unobservant gaze,
 She every morn the path of drudgery took,
 To tread it far beyond the twilight haze.

Yet, now and then, the eye of insight keen
 Might see flit over her set, faded face
 Remembrances of beauty that had been—
 The pressed-rose fragrance of a vanished grace.

And sometimes, when the stress of toil was o'er,
 A smile of youth about her lips would cling,
 As if she looked, through some long-snow-bound door,
 On violets, and song-birds all a-wing.

WILLIAM STRUTHERS.

IN MEMORIAM—A. G.

I THINK the gentle soul of him
Goes softly in some garden place,
With the old smile time may not dim
Upon his face.

He who was lover of the Spring,
With love that never quite forgets,
Surely sees roses blossoming
And violets.

Now that his day of toil is through,
I love to think he sits at ease,
With some old volume that he knew
Upon his knees;

Watching, perhaps, with quiet eyes
The white clouds' drifting argosy,
Or twilight opening flower-wise
On land and sea.

He who so loved companionship
I may not think walks quite alone,
Failing some friendly hand to slip
Within his own.

Those whom he loved aforetime, still
I doubt not bear him company;
I think that laughter yet may thrill
Where he may be.

A thought, a fancy—who may tell?
Yet I who ever pray it so
Feel through my tears that all is well.
And this I know,

That God is gentle to his guest,
And therefore may I gladly say,
"Surely the things he loved the best
Are his to-day."

HER INVESTITURES

By G. Vere Tyler

THE world called Hildegard Raymond merely imaginative. This was not a sufficient compliment. She possessed a power beyond mental images. It was an individuality that stamped itself not only on the products of her brain, but on what she actually beheld. What she saw in reality represented herself rather than the object. Of this, however, she was not aware, no more aware than the great painter is of painting himself in his canvas, so that an old boot under his touch becomes a great picture.

To the majority the conception of the world is commonplace enough; to the few it is something rare, seen only by them. Hildegard belonged to this few. It is safe to say that she never saw anything just as others did. From her own brain emanated light, color, shade, expression, that enveloped whatever was presented to her. She spun auras as a spider spins its web. People and things stood, in consequence, clothed in a kind of mist-like splendor.

She possessed the natural accompaniments of such a temperament, quick senses and sensitive nerves. Being of this impressionable disposition, she received from her association with men and women, especially women, so many sharp stings, bitter disappointments, and such unjust apprehension, that gradually she had, in order to avoid pain and escape self-questioning concerning their estimate of her, retreated from them and become an onlooker in the world rather than a participant. She lived, in fact, an isolated life, and was at

times, in spite of her convictions, very lonely.

This self-imposed loneliness naturally led to oft-repeated introspection, and this finally caused her to regard herself as a mystery of which she was half-abashed and a little afraid. She was abashed by a sense of her inferiority as compared to her aspirations, afraid of the fearful yearning for a realization of them. What these aspirations were was not wholly defined. It was simply a compulsory conviction that she must go beyond her present self. When she demanded explanation for an unsatisfied existence out of tune with its surroundings, a white, empty, glaring road was presented to her, through which she was commanded to rush breathless. Of late she had felt herself on this road, a little dazed, and with her loneliness intensified.

One of the discomforts of her new life, which, in spite of its barrenness, caused exaltation, was the absence of her friends, whom, it seemed, she was constantly being compelled to leave behind her, loitering in the fields on either side and enjoying themselves. When she glanced back she was met with looks of reproach, pity or amusement. In such moments she felt herself ridiculous, and peered ahead into the white road questioningly. Its only answer was to hurt her eyes and suggest nothing. It was in these hours that she forsook the road and returned to her friends; but then it was that they in turn hurt her. She discovered that they did not forgive her for having taken the journey away from them, and would

not believe that the road was bare as she described. She felt, indeed, that they regarded her with suspicion, as if she were a being enjoying secret pleasures, which she would not share. Pained by this, she occasionally sank low in her own estimation by denouncing the road and making much of the fields. This did not better things. The friends exulted over what appeared to be, on her part, surrender. Any defense of herself or explanation was met with incredulity or an avowal of non-comprehension.

Occasionally, in despair, she fought to make herself understood, and thereby obtain the sympathy of which she felt such sore need. This was treated as affectation on her part. She ceased to attempt to explain. Then, as mere consolation, her mind would revert to a time when all was different, and she seemed to float through life in a golden vision, a prayer of adoration on her lips. That, of course, was in her youth. All character was beautiful then, every created being an inspiration. She saw, as I have said, through a self-created mist that caught the colors of her own soul. It was as she grew older that these golden mists parted and left her environment gray. At first she clung to them with outstretched arms, but she discovered that it was useless; they melted out of her hands even as she clutched at them.

She was dazed at the barrenness that came to surround her, but gradually she accepted the world as it was. When despair had expended itself she lifted her eyes to a new thought, and began life over again.

This was the thought. What had been taken away she could remake for herself; in that way the world might still be beautiful. So what she had done unconsciously she now did consciously; she idealized. All the attributes of beauty and nobility, all the heroic emotions that the world lacked she supplied. Once more life became interesting, fascinating. Having selected her subjects, and invested them to her satisfaction, she stood

apart and rejoiced in their performances. All that she now demanded of the beings who had first charmed and then tortured her was that they suggest something that would feed her imagination concerning them.

This came gradually. She herself was unconscious of the changes that pain and injustice had wrought, and stood amazed at herself, sometimes full of condemnation. Could it be possible that out of her had come this coldly understanding critic of a shallow world—out of her who was once a simple child, regarding it with reverential awe? It seemed to her that half the time she walked among people apologetically, as if she herself had wilfully robbed them of the attributes that had made them interesting. How, in their resentments, they strutted and disported themselves before her—this army of beings whom she had denuded of spirit, and caused to become wooden figures, automatons performing automatic feats with the quickness and precision of acrobats! This was the world's revenge. She knew it, and was, in fact, sick of humanity, which she at last understood, though it still fascinated and held her attention. She looked on it coldly and with contempt. What she could not do was to look away from it.

She was fully aware of the sublimity that awaited her gaze if she should ever wholly look away, for when she had occasionally done so, she had seen visions. These visions were the best part of life she had known, but she was only at times capable of enduring them. People were the fleshpots to which she returned. Through them she lashed into response her senses, which the visions made sleep.

As the leader of an orchestra, fresh from musical rhapsodies experienced while alone, returns to be harassed by his performers, so she returned from her ecstasies to be harassed. She knew that these beings, whom she entreated with tingling blood and beating heart to perform for her, enacted her own preconceived dramas, that it was she in reality who was performing through them. None the less, she

convinced herself, and this was the most remarkable and interesting part in her experiences. Perfectly undeceived, she reveled in deception.

At the time of which I write, this rather unusual woman had been living in a small Summer hotel on the sea-shore for about three weeks, with her baton up her sleeve. There were other guests of the hotel who formed, in her opinion, a sufficiently good orchestra, but as yet no soloist had appeared, and so her actual performances had not begun.

She was impatient. The sky, the sea, the lifting and lowering of clouds, the mist rolling in and rolling out, the night fleeing from the waters—all these things suggested dreams to her, the dreams that led her away from men and women, their struggles and their passions; they delayed the advent of her soloist.

One twilight she sat on the porch, wondering if she had, after all, selected the proper place to enjoy her Summer. How uninteresting were not only the men who arrived, but also the women who greeted them!

Her mind here strayed to other places where she had summered, where at this hour the flowers blooming naturally in the hedges gave forth such sweetness, where the little brooks ran over such white pebbles, where the clear stars seemed to fall from the heavens and lie still and sparkling in the rain pools or shimmering in the restless brooks.

She glanced round the corner of the porch into the dining-room, where a tall colored man was lighting the candles on the tables. The guests were beginning to stroll in and seat themselves about the tables. She felt that it was perfectly natural to detest these people, who refused to amuse her. How loudly they talked, how much they drank, how little they knew! A young foreigner passed by her; he had confided to her that he was gathering American impressions. Somehow she felt ashamed; a sudden inclination to make explanations to him took possession of her. Instead, she shrugged

her shoulders. What did it matter? What did anything matter, except, in fact, the mosquitoes that were arriving in droves? What, after all, was the difference between herself and the people she was condemning? She thought beyond them, that was all; she hadn't the courage to live beyond them.

Suddenly, a yellow omnibus, containing a man, a woman and a little boy, stopped before the door. As the man leaped to the ground and busied himself with the valises Hildegard rose and went in to dinner. A few moments later the newcomers were formally ushered in and seated at a table beyond, but exactly opposite her. The man was her *vis-à-vis*. It was rather difficult to look up and not catch his eyes. Hildegard noticed that they were very good eyes—dark, full of electric flashes that, as she failed to release them quickly, brought a sudden warmth to her cheek. A remarkable face altogether, she thought, as, his gaze having shifted in his attentions to the boy, she fell to studying it, a face full of intelligence. She was interrupted by catching his eyes again, but as he looked away, this time discussing a salad with his wife, she decided that it was a sad face in spite of its bright smile, sad with the sadness of hopeless craving.

At this very moment the man broke into a merry laugh over something said by the boy. The laugh was musical and displayed a very even set of dazzling white teeth.

Hildegard noticed the white teeth with pleasure, but in the laugh she had detected a hollow ring. She fixed her eyes on the wife, a small, birdlike creature, who ate with the energetic, contented interest of a bird. She had already entered into conversation with her neighbor, a tall, awkward-looking blonde girl. The impression made by the wife was unpleasant.

After dinner Hildegard strolled into the parlor, the new arrivals, attended by the tall, blonde girl, following close on her heels. Almost immediately the husband re-

quested the wife to play. She demurred, but finally consented. It was a remarkable performance. People loitering out of the dining-room, astonished by the masterful tones, entered the room in groups or thronged the doorways and windows. What the small, timid-looking woman at the piano did was out of all proportion to herself. She had the power not only of playing brilliantly, but of flooding the room with music. It seemed to ascend to the ceiling and shower down, causing one to tremble.

During the performance the husband sat listening as in a trance. His eyes closed as the scales ascended, or opened suddenly with a crashing chord; his countenance worked emotionally, his frame quivered. The boy stood motionless between his knees, his eyes fixed on his mother adoringly, his sensitive little face full of wonder.

Hildegard never once took her eyes from the two. "It is false attention," she said, finally, as at the close of the piece she rose and left the room. She took her seat on the porch again, in the chair she had occupied before dinner. Placing her arms above her head, and rocking slowly, she began to think.

The woman continued to play. A full moon was rising over the rooftops—enormous, pale, inquisitive. People were passing the house in groups. Hildegard, her eyes fixed before her in a rapt expression, saw and heard nothing.

That attention, she was thinking, that kind of strained attention, such as a child is forced to give to a much-feared teacher, what did it mean? How interesting he was, yet how contemptible in his obsequious deference! Why was he leading this life of deception? A creature of impulse, evidently a man of intelligence and rare emotional nature! It was plain to see that in all things concerning his wife he was a slave, living a lie.

The music ceased. People came out and seated themselves about her,

all commenting on the performance and the performer. Finally the little pianist herself appeared, wrapped now in a heavy golf-cape. The husband was admonishing her not to take cold, the boy was attempting to get hold of her hand. The three passed from the house, taking the direction of the beach. Hildegard followed them with her eyes, encouraging a feeling of pity for the man and resentment toward the woman. To her there appeared to be something vulgar in the self-composure of such an insignificant person. She had arrived, eaten ravenously, showed off her attainments, and was now going to enjoy herself on the beach. And the other two? Their part was to follow at her heels, see to her comfort, yield to her inclinations. Hildegard had not the least doubt that it was the wife who had proposed the beach. It is only fair to the subject of her soliloquy to say that Hildegard had no understanding whatever of a woman absolutely void of self-consciousness.

With something of an effort to keep up with the long strides of her tall husband, this little being was exclaiming how delightful it was to be away from the city, how hot the flat with all the windows down must be, that they must enjoy every moment of their stay. The man was taking in the sea air with explosive breaths, which presently caused them all to break into laughter.

II

Two weeks passed rapidly, during every day of which Hildegard studied with feverish interest her soloist, who was beginning to perform to her entire satisfaction.

They had met. Once or twice they had enjoyed a delightful conversation. To her the man was brilliant. Considering her own charms as compared to those of the woman whose life was united to his, she fell to pitying him more and more. Passing him, her lifted eyes would fill with tears; at

the table they would rest on his face long and hungrily.

Once, in the hall, she stopped impulsively, and stretching forth her hands, forced him to take them in his own. Looking into his face with infinite tenderness, she said, faintly: "I understand—I understand all." Then she left him suddenly, and the man stood for a moment gazing after her.

"What a strange woman that is!" he said to his wife a little later, as Hildegard entered the dining-room and took her place opposite them.

"It would seem strange if she kept her eyes off you a minute, Fred," the wife replied.

The man laughed heartily, and Hildegard again enjoyed a glimpse of the dazzling teeth. She was about to feast herself on the fine eyes, also, when she suddenly caught those of the wife rather defiantly fixed on her.

"How I detest her!" Hildegard breathed, as, coloring, she looked down into her plate.

When she lifted her soup-spoon she muttered the word "tyrant" under her breath. She thought with contempt of the consideration unjustly squandered on women. It was the men who, like this one, bore such burdens day after day, and were never sympathized with, never understood. Them she pitied. She glanced furtively at him now. Yes, she pitied him with all her heart, as one pities the helpless, the oppressed. At this moment she caught his eyes. The man thought there was a pathetic expression in her own that made them very beautiful. This his gaze revealed. Her eyes would have answered, but the wife turned her head. What she saw was Hildegard gazing intently out of the window into a light rain that was falling.

When they went out from dinner, the evening, though the rain had ceased, continued very damp. Those who did not leave for outside entertainments at the larger hotels remained within doors.

The wife played. Hildegard, who never paid her the compliment of re-

maining in the parlor to join in the applause, wrapped herself in a warm garment, and in spite of the dampness sat on the porch. Instinctively she listened, and instinctively her eyes sought the listening man inside. He was seated by a centre-table; his arm rested on it, and his face was on his hand. The reflection of a red lamp-shade fell on him. Hildegard, regarding him thus enveloped in the scarlet glow, experienced the sensation of a necromancer whose powers are suddenly awakened by auspicious conditions. It seemed to her that this being who had mystified her was at once in her power; at the word of command he must speak and reveal his whole life. This she intensely desired, and immediately she fixed on him a compelling, burning gaze. As though in response he changed his position, and turning his face toward her, looked straight through the window into her eyes, while perfectly unconscious of her presence there.

The music went on. Terrible chords were crashing and exploding under the small, hard hands demanding their expression. Hildegard glanced for a moment toward the performer. She felt that, in a way, their powers were the same; the only difference was that she chose the animate rather than the inanimate to perform on. Men and women were her instruments, and this creature, rare as were the results produced from long practice, had not more assiduously fingered her keyboard than Hildegard had fingered the keyboard of the human heart. She had a right to demand and to expect results. She knew that this man before her would, while no more conscious of it than the sounding-board of the piano, yield himself up at her command.

"Speak!" she whispered, again fixing her gaze on him. "Tell me why you married her, and why you live the life of a slave!"

Distinct and sharp her brain gave the response: "I think that was the cause!"

"What?"

"The music!"

"Ah, go on. Tell me of it."

"I cannot!"

"Why?"

"It would not be right."

"Few things are. It might relieve you."

"A man should be entitled to relief; I am not!"

"How do you know to what you are entitled? Who defines that for you?"

"You are cruel."

"It is you who are cruel to yourself!"

"No, madam, it is fate who is cruel—fate who made her this mistress of sound to madden and dement one!"

Hildegard caught her breath sharply.

The man, wholly ignorant of the part he was taking in a conversation, rose at this moment, and wiping his brow, came over and took his seat by the window.

"How do they do it?" Hildegard now heard him say, distinctly, as he fixed his eyes on his wife. "These musicians, they are all inexplicable, without feeling, without passion, without brain; they draw all those things out of cold ivory or a tense string, and madden one. Do you understand it?"

"Only partly."

"What was I saying?"

"You were telling me of how fate made such a slave of you."

"Oh!"

"Go on."

"You would despise me!"

"Possibly I despise you now."

"Well, then, listen. It may be as you said; it might relieve me."

"Go on," said Hildegard again, so loudly that the man suddenly looked up, and seeing her, smiled. Then he looked away again toward the piano, and Hildegard heard again the words that burst from him: "Yes, I will tell you—I will let another sit in judgment on me! God knows, I am tired out with sitting in judgment on myself!"

For a while she allowed him to sit thinking. When he spoke she put

into his voice a sharp ring. "It was eight years ago, eight years ago this very day—isn't this the 17th?"

"Yes."

"We were in the South—why, does not matter now. I believe that fate, inexorable and determined, moves whole families thousands of miles sometimes to entangle one man in a mesh. Do you think that?"

"Perhaps," Hildegard whispered.

"The night—the night of which this one is the anniversary—was hot, like last night; and, ah! the breath of the flowers—that dense, languorous odor of the magnolia, the honeysuckle and the jasmine! Have you been in the South? Do you know the charm of it all?"

"Yes, I have been there; I know it."

"You also know how it pervades one, filling the being with dreams and desires, sweet as its own breath! You know how it causes the eyes to close, and the visions that pass beneath those shut lids! What long breaths one draws, and how it keeps emptying itself on the air, pouring into your parted nostrils and through all your pores, as it were, taking your strength away! It was that kind of a night; and above the night, above the gloom, above all the sweetness, above the grasses and sleeping animals, above all this drowsiness, the moon, red, red as a piece of overheated iron in a smouldering sky! The earth, the trees, the flowers, all dying in a sultry heat and leaving you in a ghost-like vision that drifts away to even fairer scenes, bearing you fainting with it; and suddenly, all unawares, you are filled with longing for another to go with you on that voyage!"

He paused, and then continued, excitedly: "She was inside at the piano. The light of the lamp, a lamp shedding a glow like that one over there, the color of the red moon above, fell on her. She wore a white dress, a soft, beautiful white dress; she never wears such things now—never did, it seems to me, but that once. Sometimes I think the devil dressed her thus to tempt me. She

was young; there was a white rose in her hair, and she kept playing, playing that maddening music of hers—kept ringing it out, those clear, mournful, bird-like, joyful notes of Chopin, on that dense, dying atmosphere, that world of glory that was drifting away and bearing me with it! Remember, I was mad, drunk, insane with the sweetness of things; and then that terrible desire for companionship, communion, mutuality—that desire for another to enter into this dream and go with me on this voyage of great joy—that need of another soul to complete my happiness! She was there with that music in her—at least, I thought it was in her. The scene before me, the music, herself, myself—these made the whole of the world. You see, I was in a dream, a trance—whatever you will. I rushed in, dragged her from the piano, covered her face with kisses, and begged her to be my wife! She consented. I did not love her; I knew it the next day—that very night. But," Hildegard heard him gasp, "what could I do? We were married, and then—" his voice grew very tender—"the boy came, and since that I have felt it my duty to be the coward, the slave that you have declared I am."

At this moment the boy himself dashed out on the porch and rushed up to Hildegard.

"Is my papa here?"

With a start Hildegard glanced through the window and discovered that the man to whose voice she had been listening had really left the room and that the music had ceased.

"Why, no," she replied to the child; "have you lost him?"

"I don't know. Mamma sent me to look for him."

"Did she tell you to ask me for him?"

"No, but she told me to see if he was talking to you, and if he was, to tell him she wanted him."

Hildegard laughed. "You can tell her he is not here," she replied. But as the boy darted off, "Harry!" she called.

"What?" asked the child, returning.

"Tell me," said Hildegard, taking his narrow little hands in a warm grasp, "do you love your papa very, very dearly?"

"Why, yes."

"That is right," said Hildegard, "for, child, you little dream how he loves you, or all that he does for you."

"Mamma does things for me."

"Yes, I know she does the things that you can touch and see; she buttons your shoes and fastens your little jackets. But your papa does things that you can't see and never will know about."

"Does he?" asked the boy, in surprise.

"Oh, yes; and it is for these things that you must love him."

"Do you love my papa?"

"I feel very, very sorry for him," Hildegard replied. "And now will you kiss me, darling?"

The child put his fragile arms about her neck and pressed his little dewy lips to her mouth.

"Thank you, sweetheart," she murmured. "How frail he is!" she breathed, following his vanishing form; "he will not live! Ah, the horror of it! They will lay him away in his little grave, and then—then *he* will see the vanity of it all—his wasted, wasted life!"

"I say, Mrs. Raymond," exclaimed a young man, stepping out on the porch at the moment, "won't you come in and sing for us?"

Hildegard started; then, looking up with a smile, shook her head.

"Come, now, you aren't very accommodating about your music, are you? Do give us one song."

Hildegard continued to shake her head. "I'm afraid not to-night."

"Then can't I sit here by you awhile? I've been awfully bored inside, and you seem, if you don't mind my saying it, a bit so yourself."

"Oh, no, I am not; and then what will Miss Meredith say?"

"Miss Meredith!" the young man

returned, surprised. "Why Miss Meredith?"

"You don't forget that I have been the *vis-à-vis* of you two at table for several weeks, do you?"

"Certainly not. May I sit down? Thanks. Do you know what you have said seems awfully funny? Why, the fact is I simply detest Miss Meredith. We are seated together. One must be polite; and then, occasionally, she amuses. She thinks herself so awfully clever, don't you know, while I consider her—you won't betray me?—a frightful little prig."

"Why, I thought——"

"Yes, I know. Say, aren't you just a bit imaginative, Mrs. Raymond?"

"Perhaps." Hildegard laughed.

"You just give me the impression that you are always thinking out things about people."

"Oh, I generally see through them at once."

"Or think you do?"

"Isn't it the same thing?"

"To you, yes."

"To them it hardly matters, does it, since they never know of it?"

"Except what they feel; sometimes you make them feel a good deal. I confess I've been a little restless at times, wondering what you were thinking out about me—and now I know! Miss Meredith! Really, that is awfully good."

"I am pleased to have amused you," Hildegard replied, good-naturedly. "I don't often amuse myself."

"I say, pardon me, you know, but don't you sit by yourself, dreaming, too much? Shouldn't you mix more with the crowd? You're an immensely lovely woman, and everybody is dying to see more of you. Why do you keep yourself so aloof?"

"Really," said Hildegard, "people don't interest me. Don't you find them disappointing?"

"Disappointing! On my word, I never consider anyone sufficiently to think whether I am disappointed or not. If they entertain or amuse me, well and good; if not, I seek others who do."

"Doesn't that keep you flying about a good deal?"

"Certainly; but I like flying about. It's the staying still that bothers me."

"And are you never wounded by them?"

"Wounded!" The young man laughed, merrily. "Why, I would like to meet the person who could wound me! Haven't you seen Miss Meredith try it?"

"I have thought at times she was rather severe on you."

"But you didn't suppose I minded?"

"Certainly I did."

"Nonsense! That's when she amuses me. The whole fact of the matter is, Mrs. Raymond, you're awfully clever and all that, and I simply delight in hearing you talk; but you do see a lot of smoke when there is no fire, and build a good many houses out of blocks."

"Blockheads, possibly." Hildegard laughed, and the young man joined in.

"Nothing personal?"

"Oh, no."

"Seriously, now, do take my advice and stop building; at any rate, while you are at the sea-shore—there are more profitable employments. Since you won't sing, come across to the hotel and give me a waltz. I watched you dancing the other night with Fred Alden, and ever since I've been just wild to waltz with you. On my word, you did look divine."

"I feel divine, in a kind of trance, when I waltz," said Hildegard, dreamily.

"Oh, I know; and you shut your eyes and see angels and all that kind of thing—that is, that's how you looked. Will you go?"

"I will if you really wish it. But, to tell you the truth, I am not feeling in the mood for gaiety."

"No?"

"I am morbidly blue on account of a poor man whose life is such a terrible sacrifice. I was thinking of him as you came up."

"Someone here?"

"Oh, that is not important."

"May I guess who it is?"

"Certainly," Hildegard replied; "only, you never could. To the world he appears all happiness and content."

The young man took up her wrap, lying on the chair, and put it about her shoulders. "Isn't it Mr. Hill?"

Hildegard looked surprised. "It is, but pray how did you know?"

Standing tall and handsome above her, he smiled into her eyes, mischievously. "You have remarked that you were my *vis-à-vis*; don't forget that I am yours. You look over my head occasionally—not that I mind, but then—"

"Nonsense!" Hildegard said, quickly; "I simply pity the man!"

"But for what?" he asked, as they left the porch.

"Because he allows that little creature to dominate him and control his life, to make a slave of him."

"You mean his wife?"

"Yes."

"Does she do that?"

"Certainly."

"Well, that is too bad."

"Too bad! Why, it's a tragedy!"

"Oh, not so serious."

"It is! It amounts to a tragedy when a charming man like that one is so weak!"

"I see how you view it."

"Yes," said Hildegard, hotly, as they reached the plank walk and fell in line with an army of strollers, "any man is weak who permits himself, under any circumstances, to be domineered over by a woman!"

"And yet most of us do permit it."

"But not by that kind of woman."

"Oh, say, now confess. Aren't you a bit jealous of her?"

"Jealous!"

"Pardon me. What I mean is, that to me she seems the tiny wife, quite a nice little thing, rather adorning than despotic."

"Absurd! She is simply selfish. Selfishness invariably stands for love in a being like that. Why, she actually lays traps for him!"

"Not really?"

Hildegard was talking quite excitedly. "Do you know why she allows him to devote himself to that tall, awkward girl at their table?"

"No; does she do that?"

"She does, and with quite a sly purpose in view. Otherwise she would never permit him to look at her."

"And what is that purpose?"

"Can't you imagine?"

"No, I can't."

"To keep him from noticing more attractive women."

"Oh!" The young man broke into a hearty laugh. "This is simply immense! Do go on!"

"You believe what I have said?"

"I do. But then I would believe anything under heaven you told me, if you looked up at me like that!"

"Don't be silly!" said Hildegard, removing her hand from his arm.

"But on my word, I would!" he replied, pulling her hand back. "So it is a manifestation of wisdom that permits the poor, deluded man to talk to the poor, deluded blonde girl." He laughed again.

"Yes, and they are both as blind as yourself, and don't see a thing. They are puppets in her hands! Ah!" she breathed, stopping suddenly and facing the ocean, rolling in angrily since the rain; "if only I could go to him and reveal the truth as it is! If only just once I could explain to him that there are higher things in life than being a slave to duty, even though not simply a mistake but a crime were to be expiated! Really," she said, turning to her companion, "to me that poor man is like a being on whom some terrible structure has fallen, so that he lies buried under the débris. I would like to feel that I was the workman liberating him, calling courage to him, while one by one I lifted the stones that were crushing him down! Once liberated from false duties, there would be no limit to his possibilities."

"By Jove, I wish I could inspire you to think such things of me!"

"You aren't unhappy; you haven't

made a mistake that has warped your whole life!"

"Thank heaven, no! But really, now, he doesn't look a bit that kind of fellow to me. He seems spirited, and——"

Hildegard interrupted him. "That is because you can't see; we can't all see the truth, you know."

"Of course not. I don't care to as long as that moon up there continues to shine on you this way! You haven't the least bit of an idea how lovely you look!"

"Nonsense!" Hildegard replied, moving on again. "I'm afraid I've been boring you."

"Not at all. You see, as I told you, I just love to hear you talk. If Mr. Hill inspires you, then I ought to feel indebted to Mr. Hill. Don't you think so?"

"And you agree with me," she replied, as they mounted the broad steps to the gay and crowded hotel, "that the only way to get anything out of this life is by living above our mistakes—beyond them, not in them?"

"Oh, I know that much by experience. Shall we have our dance right away? They are playing a heavenly waltz."

"Yes, in a moment. I want to explain something first. You are all wrong about supposing that personally I feel any interest in Mr. Hill."

"Yes?"

"I don't! It's this way. Can't you understand how a person might want to take the blinders off a horse—a horse he didn't own, never wanted to own, that was being persecuted?"

"Is that really all?" the young man replied, impatient lest the waltz end, and thinking that she actually must be smitten with Hill. A moment later they were among the dancers.

"How long are you going to remain?" he asked, as he slipped his arm about her waist and bore her off.

"Oh, several weeks. I am going to the mountains in August."

"You waltz like a dream!"

"Do I?"

"How do you like the music?"

"Perfect."

"And my step, does it suit you?"

"Oh, don't talk!" said Hildegard, whose eyes had closed.

III

A CERTAIN Thursday morning broke wondrously fair. All the sky was a most charming pale blue. The sun shone so brightly that the white sand was blinding to the eye, and the placid sea rippled and sparkled with frivolous gaiety. In the extreme distance, however, three small but positive clouds, looking like suspended lumps of lead, hung sullenly in the air.

The entire village seemed reveling on the beach, when suddenly, without warning and in the midst of the dazzling clearness, a terrific peal of thunder sounded afar. In fifteen minutes the brightness of the day was obscured. The three sullen clouds in the distance united, spread and traveled rapidly toward the shore, bringing the thunder with them as well as startling lightning.

The crowds of people rushed pell-mell for any place offering shelter. Hildegard found herself one of many in a large pavilion, standing next to Mr. Hill. As the shower broke furiously, they looked at each other and smiled.

"Was ever anything so sudden!" asked Hildegard.

"I think not. Drinking pavilions are not always the worst of places. Shelter as well as good cheer they give to-day."

She laughed.

"Do you know, Mrs. Raymond," Mr. Hill remarked, changing the subject abruptly, "that you puzzle me very much?"

"Yes?" said Hildegard, affecting an expression that rendered her face sweetly interesting. "Why?"

"What did you mean by saying the other evening in the hall that you understood everything? What do you understand?"

"Do not ask me," she said; "to tell you would be a liberty."

"Take it."

The rain beat in their faces, and they moved back and took seats at a table in the rear of the pavilion, against the wall.

"You have said that I puzzle you," began Hildegard, leaning her elbows on the table and placing her chin in her palms. "You interest me."

Mr. Hill smiled. "Thank you."

"May I ask you a question?"

"Certainly."

"Do you think that one should spend his whole life in expiating an act of forgetfulness, a mistake?"

"I certainly do not."

"And yet, aren't you doing that?"

"What?"

"Making a slave of yourself to an idea, an idea of what you consider right?"

"Pardon me, but I haven't the faintest conception of what you mean."

"Don't you allow people to take an unfair advantage of you?"

"Not when I can help it."

"Ah, that is it! Constituted as you are, sensitive, alive to a keen sense of honor——"

Mr. Hill interrupted her. "Oh, wait! I am not entitled to such compliments."

"Ah! you have learned to feel that you are not entitled to anything. That's why I feel about you as I do; that's what I meant by telling you that I understood."

Mr. Hill looked puzzled.

"Yours is the artistic nature," continued Hildegard, "the artistic temperament that allows itself to be trampled on."

"You are a very sweet flatterer," said Mr. Hill, smiling, "but I doubt if you are a very good judge of human nature. Now, my wife has the artistic temperament, while I——"

"Your wife!"

"Yes; with her views she thinks I am practical to the point of terror."

"Do you think she understands you?"

"Perfectly. I know she does."

"Why, she isn't capable of understanding that much of your little

finger," exclaimed Hildegard, measuring off her own.

"Oh, come now! You don't know her."

"You don't!"

Mr. Hill laughed.

"And therein lies the whole trouble," said Hildegard, conclusively.

"Well, we won't discuss my wife. Tell me some more about myself. No man can resist that, you know."

"Do you know what freedom means?"

"I hope I do."

"Embrace it!"

"Gladly; I have done so. Now what?"

"Live up to your highest self."

"What is it that I don't live up to?" He was amused.

"I have told you—your artistic qualifications, that in you which responds to the unseen, the invisible."

Mr. Hill laughed again, and so heartily that some acquaintances at a near-by table looked over and smiled. One lady shook a finger at him. The pretty widow, who conducted herself so mysteriously, was captivating him.

"Have you never painted?" continued Hildegard, who had observed nothing.

"Never."

"Nor written?"

"Never."

"What do you do?"

"The best part of my life has been spent at the wharves, in the shipping department."

"Oh!" gasped Hildegard.

"Does that shock you?"

"Doesn't it shock you—that is the point—every day, every hour of your life?"

"I never think of it. At first it was a necessity; now I suppose it is habit, second nature."

"And she is willing that you should spend your life thus?"

"Who?"

"Your wife, of course."

"Why, I don't suppose she ever thinks of it, either."

"It has stopped raining," said

Hildegarde, looking out over the heads of the people.

"Yes; we are going to have a beautiful day, after all."

"Do you admire her very much?"

"My wife?"

"Yes."

"Well, to tell the truth, I'm afraid I feel about her pretty much as I do about the shipping department. My admiration for her is a kind of second nature, too, and I don't think much about it. I do admire her. Yes, in fact, since you have brought up the question, I think her the loveliest woman in the whole world."

"She makes you think so."

"Perhaps, but that doesn't alter or affect the fact in any way. It's what every wife should do. Don't you think so?"

"I don't know," said Hildegarde, rising impatiently. "Let us go. You have disappointed me."

"Because I'm such a practical, everyday fellow?"

"I don't know. You no longer interest me."

Mr. Hill laughed again, softly this time. "What a strange woman you are!" he said, looking at her, tenderly.

"What a strange man you are!" she replied.

They left the pavilion and walked home in silence beneath a scorching sun. At the door they parted. Hildegarde, without a word, passed in ahead of him and went up the steps to her room.

A few moments later he entered his. Mrs. Hill was standing before the mirror, arranging her hair. "Why, Fred," she exclaimed, without looking round, "how long you have been!"

"Yes, the storm detained me."

"Have you seen Harry?"

"No."

"He went out with the Marsh children."

Mr. Hill seated himself beside a table and took up a magazine. Opening it, he gazed over it, thoughtfully. Beyond, he could see

himself fully outlined in the long mirror of the closed folding-bed. For a while he studied himself, glancing up and down at his slender, graceful form, and then into his handsome, interesting face. After a while he shifted his gaze to his wife. She was still arranging her hair. The uplifted arms were thin, the little hands, carefully placing the hairpins, hard and claw-like. There was a hollow between her shoulders, and the shoulder-blades protruded sharply. There was no attempt to shield her imperfections, none of the refinements of decoration that accompany coquetry. Just a plain, ordinary, neat little being, whom for years, without having considered one way or the other, he had loved, just as he had eaten and slept and breathed.

For the first time he saw the contrast between them, and just how they appeared in the eyes of others. Suddenly an unexpected wave of tenderness swept through him, and his eyes filled with tears. He was thinking of the day Harry was born, how near to death she was, and how exultantly she had cried out that she was willing to die, now that she had laid the boy in his arms. How completely he had lived in this woman and their child since then, yet how unmindful of it! He smiled at the manner in which his awakening had come. It was through the woman who, possibly, had intended to rouse the opposite effect in his mind. This was a fleeting thought, quickly banished as an injustice to her and a pandering to his own vanity.

Deliberately, in his mind's eye, he placed her by the side of his wife and studied the two, comparing and contrasting them. All that one lacked the other possessed; this he plainly saw—and with what tact and taste the lovely woman enhanced her possessions! The wife stood as a hard fact, the other as an alluring vision. And yet, strange to say, it was through this vision that the fact had become of infinite value; it was through this

perfect being that he had been brought to a complete realization of his devotion to his wife.

At this moment she turned, and impulsively he stretched forth his arms to her. "Lucille," he said, his voice trembling with emotion, "come here."

She went, and he drew her down on his lap.

"What is it, dear?"

He held her before him, his two hands pressing her thin shoulders. "I want you to feel how much I love you," he said, fervently. "I want you to feel it every hour, every moment of your life; keep saying it over to yourself; wake up saying it; go to sleep saying it. Never let anything, any being, any circumstances rob you of the conviction."

"Why, Fred, there are tears in your eyes!"

"Are there? Lucille, I think you are the loveliest woman in the world! I mean the *prettiest*! Do you understand?"

"You haven't gone crazy, have you, Fred?" his wife asked, smiling into his eyes.

Mr. Hill laughed. "Perhaps! Don't mind me! Hurry now and dress; it's lunch time!"

He pushed her from him.

"Mamma!" cried Harry, bursting into the room, bearing a huge bunch of roses. "Look!"

"Harry! Where did you get those lovely flowers?"

"They are for you!" said the child, placing them in her hands. "Mrs. Raymond sent them!"



BY CONTRARIES

'TIS strange, but ominously true,
When we are bright the skies are blue;
But, let them change their livery,
And, in a moment, blue are we.

JOHN B. TABB.



ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

GRAVITY—A stratagem invented to conceal lack of intellect.

Wisdom—That which is greater than gold, provided it is our wisdom and some other person's gold.

Temper—Something that at once gets the best of a man and betrays the worst of him.

Sour Grapes—A kind of disagreeable fruit we would rather taste ourselves than have someone else reach.

Argument—A device generally employed to convince ourselves that we are right.

Holiday—A thing happily conceived to make us appreciate the restfulness of work.

Eccentric—A term applied to those whom we cannot afford to call fools.

N. C. G.



"THEY say she takes care of her own baby all the time."
"How unnatural!"

A LITTLE SUPPER IN SAN FRANCISCO

By Gelett Burgess

THEY were talking of the frothy little town
That is builded on innumerable hills,
Where the cable-cars go climbing up and down,
And the lodger doesn't always pay his bills;
Where the sea fogs hurry-scurry in to cloak
All the city in a mantle of romance;
Where life is light as smoke, and love is but a joke,
And the devil leads his most amusing dance!
Little Dulcie sat demurely—none suspected Dulcie, surely—
But she smiled a smile unnoticed by her aunts.

There was gossip of the day of pioneers,
When the vigilance committee played its game;
When the millionaire whom everyone reveres
Didn't have a half a dollar to his name;
When they set a lively pace on Rincon Hill,
When Mrs. T. was asked to leave the Grand,
When the hardihood to kill was a test of honor still,
And they bet a thousand on a poker hand.
In her eye a twinkle hovered—Little Dulcie's tracks were covered—
And her aunts assumed she couldn't understand!

There were tales of racy revels after dark;
There were stories that were slightly indiscreet;
For the city, from the ferry to the Park,
Has a fairy tale for every blessed street!
There were whispers of the gallants of the past;
There were flings at merry maidens who had strayed;
And the scandals came so fast that it really seemed at last
Almost everybody's secret was betrayed.
Dulcie gazed upon them shyly. Oh, she played her cards so slyly
That her aunts believed they'd shocked the modest maid!

There was little Henriette, who ran away;
There was Freddy, shot for love of Rosalinde;
There was Mrs. Montmorency, who, they say,
Did unmentionable things—but never mind!
There were parties down at Menlo—were you there?—
And that trip to Sacramento—*what* a row!
Then at Marchand's—oh! but hush! for you're making Dulcie blush!
But it used to be exciting, anyhow.
Little Dulcie colored sweetly, and she dropped her eyes discreetly,
For her aunts were sure that nothing happened *now*!

IN PURSUIT OF THE DUCHESS

By Emeric Hulme-Beaman

NED FOSTER was sitting in his office in Burton & Holland's, Cushion Court, one March morning, very much immersed in stock-quotations and other Eleusinian mysteries of finance, when the door of his private room was suddenly thrown open, and a young man, evidently somewhat flurried and excited, entered hastily, and without ceremony flung down his hat and said:

"By gad, I think we've got her!"

Foster looked up wearily—it was his normal business expression—pushed his fingers through his hair, and observed, in an even tone:

"Got whom?"

For reply the newcomer snatched a crumpled envelope from his pocket and, with something of triumph, hurled it on the table in front of Foster's eyes. Foster glanced at it, picked it up and read the superscription.

"It is addressed to you," he remarked; "a private letter, apparently."

"Read it," said the other, briefly.

"It's about—well, read it."

Foster extracted the letter and ran his eyes over it. Then he started, and the weary business expression left his face like magic. He jumped from his chair and cried:

"By Jove, Frank, here's a go! She's at St. Raphael!"

"I thought the intelligence would interest you," replied his friend, drily.

"At St. Raphael," repeated Foster.

"That's—ahem—that's not very far from——"

He stopped and caught Frank Tolmarsh's eye. Both men flushed a little, guiltily.

"Exactly," agreed Tolmarsh; "it's quite close to—in fact——"

"Monte Carlo," said Foster.

"Ah, Monte Carlo," repeated Tolmarsh, in an off-hand manner. He took up the letter and placed his finger on a small newspaper-cutting that was pinned to it. "Deuced smart of Talbot to think of sending it," he observed.

"Deuced!" Foster assented. "Let's see, what does he say?"

"He says," replied Tolmarsh, reading, "'I am forwarding a paragraph from the *Petit Niçois* that I think may please you. You have expressed a wish to *déterrer* the lady more than once. Perhaps Foster, too, might care to see the thing through. The news was sent to me by a man who happened to be passing through Nice. He has seen madame, and from his description I have no doubt of her identity. You will observe that she calls herself the Duchess of Beaulieu. There certainly was a French duke of that name, who died some six months ago—a not too reputable aristocrat, either. Possibly her charms were too much for this ancient roué! She is unquestionably a lovely woman.'"

"By Jove, yes!" mused Foster.

"As lovely as an angel and as——"

"Immaculate as a devil," suggested Tolmarsh. "The paragraph says: 'Among the new arrivals at the *Hôtel des Anges*—an appropriate name!—'is Madame de Beaulieu, an English lady of exceptional charm, who was recently left a widow by the late Duc de Beaulieu.'"

"The question is," said Foster, "how long will that English lady of

exceptional charm remain at St. Raphael?"

Tolmarsh drummed on the table with his fingers.

"Precisely. We would better—don't you think?—start at once."

"Start at once? for—?"

"For Monte—for St. Raphael, of course," Tolmarsh corrected himself.

"For St. Raphael, undoubtedly," agreed Foster. "After all, it's not far from—"

"Ahem—perhaps as a *point d'appui* Monte Carlo might be more convenient."

"I think perhaps it might," Foster assented, impartially, yet without looking up.

"Of course we won't play," said Tolmarsh. "This trip is purely a matter of business, not pleasure."

"Of course not," Foster replied, with severity. "The meeting would then appear accidental," he added, a little irrelevantly. "One would not wish to pose as a kind of pursuing vengeance."

"Certainly not," Tolmarsh asserted, with emphasis. "It would look horribly bad form. A debt of honor, too!"

"Of which, by the way, I hold the written acknowledgment," Foster observed, grimly.

"She can afford to discharge it."

"And I can't afford to lose it."

"Nor I. We stood together. Twelve thousand pounds! Dash it! I am a poor man, and can't run to six thousand pounds—even for an angel!"

"And I thought she was in America!" murmured Foster.

"I was not myself sure that she wasn't in heaven," said Tolmarsh, piously. "No trace of her for eighteen months! And now to come on her track suddenly—almost providentially—like this! Monte Carlo—thirty-six hours! Yes, we will start to-night."

"The boat train used to leave Charing Cross at about half-past eight."

"It does still. You will meet me then at the station—without fail?"

"Without fail," Foster promised,

and Tolmarsh hurried away to make his preparations.

That night they crossed the Channel, and two days later the morning sunlight glancing through the window of a railway carriage caused Tolmarsh to stir in his *coupé-lit* and open his eyes with a suggestion of warmth pleasant and new. He yawned and stretched himself. Presently he woke Foster and pointed toward the sun-kissed inlets of the Mediterranean, whose shores the train was now skirting in leisurely fashion.

"St. Raphael," he remarked.

"St. Raphael?" questioned Foster, half-awake. Then, remembering, "Ah," he added, "the duchess!"

"It looks a very fitting abode for angels," murmured Tolmarsh, poetically.

"In half an hour we shall be there."

"At St. Raphael?"

"At Monte Carlo," said Foster, who was thinking more of his breakfast than of the scenery.

An hour later they descended at the entrance of the Paris Hôtel.

"Now," said Tolmarsh, as they sat opposite each other at *déjeuner*, after enjoying the luxury of a postponed toilette, "we must lose no time. By Jove, how delightful this is! Sun, warmth, a deep-blue sky, an azure sea, music and brightness! Who would live in dismal, wintry fog-girt England, with all this waiting for him here? Till this moment it positively seems as if I had been merely existing. Now, at length, I live!"

"Yes," agreed Foster; "but, as you just observed, we must lose no time."

"No, of course not. We will go over to St. Raphael this very afternoon. Otherwise she may slip through our fingers again."

"This very afternoon," assented Foster, lighting a cigar.

"There is no train before two," said Tolmarsh. "I inquired. Suppose we toddle across to the Casino?"

"It will pass the time," replied his companion, indifferently.

They crossed the open stretch of garden that divides the Paris from the Cercle, and ascending the wide flight of steps, entered the building.

"Ah," said Foster, drawing a deep breath as they paused in the gorgeous vestibule, "what a place this is! How one's blood tingles at sight of these stately colonnades! How one's senses swirl again at the half-forgotten sound of the distant——"

"Steady!" said Tolmarsh, a little nervously. "No highfalutin. Remember the duchess!"

"She may be in the rooms," suggested Foster, with alacrity. "Perhaps it would be as well just to look in and see."

"It would be simply a precaution," agreed Tolmarsh; and they turned into the office to procure their *cartes d'entrée*.

"For one day," said Foster. "We leave to-morrow."

"For one day, monsieur," said the clerk, handing them their cards.

They deposited their hats and sticks in the cloak-room, and sauntered through the folding-doors into the palace of play. The *salles de jeu* were already crowded, for the season was still at its height. The two Englishmen paused at the first roulette table, and glanced idly at the game.

"*Rien n'va plus!*" came the monotonous cry of the *croupier*. An old lady, over-zealous, pushed her stake on *zéro*. "*Rien n'va plus, madame!*" insisted the *chef*. The next moment the ball fell in *zéro*.

"Bad luck," said Foster, over his shoulder. But Tolmarsh had disappeared in the throng. "He's sampling the crowd," thought Foster, and looked at his watch. "There's half an hour yet," he muttered. Somebody rose from his chair. "*Marquer la place!*" said Foster, flinging down a coin briskly, and a moment later he had settled himself in the vacated seat.

When it occurred to him to consult his watch again, Foster was surprised to find it nearly four o'clock. "The dickens!" he muttered; "I've missed

the train." He got up and made his way to the vestibule, where he lighted a cigarette. As he was in the act of doing so, Tolmarsh joined him.

"A deuce of a run on low numbers!" observed the latter. "*Manque* fourteen times, with only two breaks! I have won about sixty or seventy pounds."

"I fancy I have cleared only about forty," said Foster. "Let's go over to the Café de Paris and have a seltzer."

They strolled out of the Casino into the brilliant sunshine, and sat down at a table near the orchestra.

"By the way," remarked Tolmarsh, suddenly, "the duchess!"

"Eh—what—where?" exclaimed Foster, looking round.

"I mean, we've somehow forgotten to catch the train to St. Raphael," explained his friend.

"So we have!" said Foster, innocently. "How negligent of us, to be sure! I had no idea it was so late. She didn't happen to be in the rooms, did she?" he asked, as an afterthought.

"I didn't see her. I—I—in fact, I forgot to look," replied Tolmarsh.

"She was not at my table," said Foster, with decision, and in the tone of a man who had done his full duty.

"Nor at mine," returned Tolmarsh, promptly. "It's too late to go to St. Raphael this afternoon. We'll have to go to-morrow."

"Without fail," said Foster.

"Without fail," repeated Tolmarsh.

And the next morning they both conscientiously reminded each other of their mutual resolution. But as they chanced to stroll past the post-office half an hour afterward, their attention was attracted by an English yacht that had just anchored in the bay.

"I seem to recognize the lines of that boat," observed Foster, gazing critically at the yacht. "It's devilish like Cantelupe's."

It was Cantelupe's. And Cantelupe himself came on shore an hour later, and met Tolmarsh and Foster

as they were on the point of setting off to the station to catch the train to St. Raphael.

"Well, I'm blown!" said Cantelupe, stopping short. "Foster, as I'm a living man! What are you doing here?"

"Going to the station," said Foster. "We're in an awful hurry. This is my friend Tolmarsh. Mr. Tolmarsh, Mr. Cantelupe. Good-bye."

"Station?" said Cantelupe. "Nonsense! I've not seen you for a twelvemonth, my dear fellow! You must both dine with me to-night on my yacht. I've got a new French cook, a treasure. This evening, if you like," he added, confidentially, "I'll introduce you to the Private Club. We can have a little flutter up-stairs. Baccarat."

"There are points about the proposal," observed Foster, meditatively. "What do you say, Frank? I think—perhaps—we might postpone our trip to St. Raphael till—er—to-morrow?"

"Well, perhaps we might," said Tolmarsh, gazing abstractedly across the bay.

And they did. That evening they dined with Cantelupe on his yacht, doing ample justice to the creations of his French cook, and bringing appreciative palates to the discussion of his choice vintages, till ten o'clock, when they climbed into a boat and were rowed to shore, singing sentimental songs in independent keys. At eleven they adjourned to the Club Privé, and returned to the Paris Hôtel at three in the morning, no longer singing songs.

"I wish we had gone to St. Raphael," growled Foster, as he went to his room.

"We will make a point of going to-morrow," said Tolmarsh. "Good-night."

"What time does the train start?" asked Foster over his coffee-cup the next morning. "I have forgotten."

"It still starts at two," replied Tolmarsh.

"Then let us take a stroll in the gardens before we leave. That busi-

ness last night has given me a headache."

"Where's Cantelupe's yacht?" asked Tolmarsh, looking across the bay.

"Oh, cruising about the Mediterranean, I suppose—hang her! I fancy he will be in again to-night. Lord, but this sunshine is glorious!"

"Yes," sighed Tolmarsh. "There's an atmosphere about this place," he added, "that plays the devil with one!"

"There's an atmosphere about the Private Club that played the devil with me last night," observed Foster, gloomily. "I'll see Cantelupe dashed before I go there again."

"You'll have to recoup in the 'lower regions' to-night," chuckled his friend.

"Your similes have a most unsavory sound," replied Foster. "Still, one must recoup, certainly—somewhere."

They had reached the gardens and were about to sit down on a shady bench, when Tolmarsh caught sight of a woman's figure ascending the steps of the Casino in the distance.

"Look!" he said, hastily. "If that is not remarkably like the duchess, I'm a sinner!"

"Nobody could accuse you of being that," remarked Foster, jumping up and gazing in the direction of the disappearing skirt. But the remnant that remained in view was insufficient for unerring identification. The two men at once started off in pursuit. The entrance-hall was, as usual, crowded. No duchess was there.

"Hang it!" exclaimed Foster, "our tickets!"

"Ah," said Tolmarsh, and with one accord they turned again into the office of the administration.

"Renew, please," said Foster, presenting his card.

"A day, monsieur?"

"A week," said Tolmarsh, mechanically.

"A week. *Voici, messieurs.*"

"It's a matter of business," said Tolmarsh, deprecatingly, as they hurried toward the *salles de jeu*.

"Oh, ah—exactly," assented his

companion, following him through the swinging doors.

"I believe I see her!" ejaculated Tolmarsh, striding swiftly across the polished floor.

"Where?" asked Foster.

"In the *trente-et-quarante* room."

"Go on alone. I will wait for you here."

So Tolmarsh went on alone, and Foster waited. They met again at half-past four o'clock.

"Talk of a Jubilee plunger!" exclaimed Tolmarsh; "eight thousand, if a penny!"

"Did you follow his lead?" inquired Foster, breathlessly.

"No; not such a fool; he lost."

"Oh, lost! Well, I've raked in a few louis. About enough to pay for a cigar. By the way—"

"Ah, by the way—"

Their eyes met, and they both smiled.

"We've missed that blessed train again," said Foster.

"And it wasn't the duchess, after all," Tolmarsh remarked.

"Look here," said Foster, severely, "this won't do. We must make a solemn point of going to St. Raphael to-morrow—to-morrow! I can't afford to miss recovering my six thousand pounds."

"No," said Tolmarsh; "and we've searched everywhere about Monte Carlo for her. She is not here, that's certain. We'll go to-morrow."

But it so happened that as they were dining that evening Cantelupe walked into the hotel.

"Ah, you fellows! I thought I should find you here!" he observed, cheerily. "Coming to the club to-night?"

"No, thanks," said Foster. "The public rooms are good enough for me."

Cantelupe laughed, good-humoredly. "You weren't in luck, certainly," he remarked. "But we all have our days. I want you to cruise round with me to Ventimiglia to-morrow. There's the loveliest little—but I won't tell you; you shall see for yourselves. We can get back in the evening."

"If it's a woman—" began Foster.

"Besides," interrupted Tolmarsh, "we have got a—a sort of engagement for to-morrow."

"Yes, an engagement. Afraid we can't come, Cantelupe," said Foster, with determination.

"An engagement? Put it off!" replied Cantelupe, pleasantly. "Monte Carlo engagements can always wait. *Vive la bagatelle!* And I'm leaving the day after to-morrow. You must come; I won't take a refusal."

"Is she so superlatively pretty?" inquired Foster.

"She? I didn't say it was a she, did I? But— Well, well, I have heard of hoursis."

"So have I, but I've never seen them—so I'm half-inclined to come," remarked Foster, thoughtfully.

"The duchess!" whispered Tolmarsh in his ear.

"Eh? Oh—ah, the duchess. Yes. The fact is—"

"Who's the duchess?" asked Cantelupe, catching the last words.

"Merely a—an acquaintance on whom—ah—we have promised to call," replied Foster, airily.

"Is she a houri, too?" laughed Cantelupe.

"By no means," said Foster, decidedly.

"Then call another day," suggested Cantelupe.

Foster looked at Tolmarsh. Tolmarsh nodded.

"The day after to-morrow—Friday," he remarked.

"Very well," said Foster, "we'll come."

And the next morning they steamed out of the bay in Cantelupe's yacht and spent the afternoon very pleasantly at Ventimiglia. It was late in the evening when they returned to their hotel. Foster called for a timetable.

"We must make sure about this train to-morrow," he observed, explanatorily. "I don't believe it goes at two, after all."

They examined the table and ascertained that a train started for St. Raphael at two twenty-five.

"That accounts for our missing it!" exclaimed Foster, triumphantly. "You said *two*."

"What I meant was that we should have to leave the *hotel* at *two*," explained Tolmarsh.

"Well, it doesn't take twenty minutes," said Foster. "The station is only just across the gardens. We'll leave the room to-morrow at two fifteen, punctually. That will give us heaps of time."

"Very well," said Tolmarsh. "Only, we must be careful not to miss it a second time. It's just possible the duchess may be leaving the place in the course of a day or two, you see."

"It is just possible," murmured Foster, yawning. "Good-night."

On Friday afternoon at half-past one the two friends rose from their arm-chairs in the smoking-room.

"It would be extremely annoying if we were to find that she had left St. Raphael," observed Foster.

"Particularly. But in this case she would probably have migrated only to Nice or—even here."

They put on their hats and strolled across the gravel walk toward the Casino. A beggar woman accosted them on the steps outside the hotel.

"*Messieurs, d'aumône, d'aumône.*"

Foster shook his head.

"*Un secret!*" she mumbled. "*Je vous en dirai! Le numéro, messieurs. Treize. Une obole seule!*"

"What does she say?" asked Tolmarsh.

But with a sudden sentiment of superstition Foster stopped, and feeling in his pocket, tossed the beggar a franc.

"I am going to try thirteen," he exclaimed. "One never knows. It may be an inspiration! And it won't take five minutes." He ran up the steps of the Casino, followed by Tolmarsh, and leaving their hats in the cloak-room, they entered the *salles*.

"I shall stake three times on each table," remarked Foster, placing five louis on number thirteen at the first table they reached. Tolmarsh shrugged his shoulders.

"All right. I'll stroll on, and perhaps try, too."

At the sixth table Foster had lost his thirtieth louis. At the seventh thirteen turned up, and he sat down on a vacant chair. Tolmarsh tapped him on the shoulder as he was in the act of staking the maximum on thirteen for the ninth time.

"Thirteen's a fraud," he observed. "I haven't won once."

"I have," said Foster, without turning his head.

"Well, we have missed the train," remarked Tolmarsh, resignedly.

"By gad! is it half-past two already?" inquired Foster, in an anxious tone.

"Twenty minutes to three," said Tolmarsh.

"*Quatorze, noir, pair et manque,*" announced the *croupier*.

"Hang *quatorze!*" said Foster, getting up. "We've missed the train, anyhow."

"I've a good mind to wire to the manager of the Hôtel des Anges and ask if the duchess is there," said Tolmarsh.

"No; she would certainly be surprised of it if you did, and of course she would clear out at once."

"Then there's nothing for it but to go to-morrow."

"Nothing," agreed Foster, with a sigh. "I'll not follow thirteen any more. Let's get out."

They met Cantelupe at the Café de Paris.

"I thought you'd gone," said Foster.

"No; I start to-morrow for Malta. Dine with me to-night, and let's finish up with a final fling in the club."

"Well, I want my revenge," said Foster. "All right, the club."

So Cantelupe carried them off to his yacht, and again they addressed themselves to the delicacies of Cantelupe's French cook and again repaired to the Club Privé at eleven o'clock.

"Baccarat's rot," said Foster, three hours later. "One never wins. I shall go to St. Raphael to-morrow. You can do as you like, Frank."

"I'm certainly going," said Tolmarsh, with ominous calmness; "you're at liberty to please yourself, my dear fellow."

They separated in a bit of a huff, without saying good-night, and did not meet till the gong sounded for *déjeuner* the next morning.

"I'm going across to the kiosque to buy a paper," said Foster, rising from the table. "Then I shall walk on to the station."

"Very well," said Tolmarsh. "I'll join you in the train. By-bye."

Foster bought his *Telegraph*, and sat down on a bench opposite the Cercle to read it. Then he thought he would stroll over to the Casino and glance at the latest telegrams. After he had done so, he consulted his watch. It was half-past one. "I'll just look in for ten minutes at the rooms," he murmured. "Of course, Tolmarsh will go straight to the station. There's plenty of time."

He looked in at the rooms. They were very full, which made the appearance of one solitary vacant chair all the more tempting. It was almost a point of conscience to fill it. Foster sat down—for ten minutes. And in half an hour he had forgotten all about St. Raphael. Indeed, it was with quite a shock that he suddenly discovered it was four o'clock. He had lost his last ten-pound note—or he probably would not have made the discovery at all. He rose, sauntered out into the vestibule, lighted a cigar, and sank dejectedly on one of the sofas. He had not long been in this position when he described the figure of Tolmarsh emerging through the folding-doors. At the same instant Tolmarsh beheld Foster, and crossing the hall sat down beside him.

"Ha!" said Tolmarsh, wiping his face with his pocket-handkerchief, a little wearily, "there never was such a run! Positively enough to discourage a Rothschild. It was nothing but '*Rouge gagne et couleur. Rouge gagne et couleur. Rouge gagne*'—till I felt inclined to fling something at the dealer. A run of eigh-

teen. Think of it! And I was on the color!"

"Of course," said Foster; "that's always the way. How much have you dropped?"

"I don't know. About four hundred pounds or so."

"Ahem! As for me, I staked twenty times consecutively on *trente-trois en plein*. The twenty-first time I put the maximum on *zéro*, and of course thirty-three turned up. I had a conviction it would come, but *zéro* was running in the most ridiculous way, and tempted me off my number. Just my luck, you see! It's a mug's game, if you don't stick to your inspiration."

"Or if you do," suggested Tolmarsh. "My inspiration was the color."

"An even chance!" said Foster, a trifle contemptuously. "But, by the way—"

He paused, and looked a little shamefaced.

"Ah, the duchess!" observed Tolmarsh, intuitively. Then he, too, seemed a little discomfited.

"I thought you were going over this afternoon," said Foster.

"I was under the impression you were," said the other.

Foster laughed. "Confound the tables!" he exclaimed.

"There are two things," said Tolmarsh, sententiously, "in this world, my dear Ned, that you *cannot* resist: a pretty woman—and the tables. They'll be your ruin."

"I may retort that my Scylla is akin to your Charybdis," said Foster.

"You are as bad as I."

"I believe I'm not much better," admitted Tolmarsh, in a rueful tone, and they got up and walked gloomily to the *vestiaire*.

"A whiskey and seltzer?" asked Tolmarsh.

"No," snapped Foster; "a cup of tea."

"Ah," murmured his friend, "that's bad. Have you any idea how much you have lost since our arrival?"

"Every sou I brought with me," replied Foster. "A thousand odd."

"Exactly my own case! I, too, have lost precisely a thousand; or, roughly, a thousand—thirteen hundred, say, or perhaps fourteen hundred. It's most annoying."

"We didn't come here to lose thousands," observed Foster.

"No."

A pause.

"It was purely a matter of business, wasn't it?"

"Purely."

"Then, for goodness' sake, my dear Frank, let us stick to business and let pleasure slide."

"Yes," exclaimed Tolmarsh, virtuously, "we'll let pleasure slide."

"It's no use staying here any longer."

"Not a bit."

"By Jove!" exclaimed Tolmarsh, suddenly.

"What?" inquired his friend.

"It never struck me—oddly enough—before, but it's just possible that there may be another train, beside the two twenty-five, to St. Raphael!"

"*Garçon!*" cried Foster.

"*M'sieur?*"

"A time-table."

It was brought, and the two friends bent over it busily.

"I believe you're right," said Foster. "Yes, by gad, there is another train! Five fifteen. It is now five. We shall just be able to catch it! Come along!"

They lost not a moment. In half an hour they were seated opposite each other, glumly contemplative, in a first-class compartment. St. Ra-

phael was reached at six. They drove at once to the Hôtel des Anges.

"Is Madame la Duchesse de Beau-lieu here?" demanded Foster of the concierge, without preamble.

"Madame la Duchesse?" repeated the man, tranquilly.

"*Le nom mérite les honneurs du bis!*" retorted Foster, with impatience. "La Duchesse de Beau-lieu."

"Madame la Duchesse," replied the concierge, politely calm, "departed three hours ago by the Paris express, monsieur."

"The devil!" ejaculated Foster.

"Only three hours ago!" muttered Frank.

They glanced at each other, and the same thought struck both, simultaneously.

"We would just have caught her by that two train!" exclaimed Tolmarsh, sadly voicing it.

"Paris!" exclaimed Foster, bitterly; "as well look for a needle in a haystack!"

"Yes," observed Tolmarsh, biting his mustache; "she has slipped through our fingers again."

Foster shook his fist in the direction of Monaco. "Ah, Monte Carlo!" he murmured, "naughty, fascinating, irresistible witch of a little place! Had it not been for you—"

"Exactly," said Tolmarsh, drily. "As it is, we may as well bid adieu to the duchess."

"And our twelve thousand pounds," added Foster.

"*Bon soir, messieurs,*" said the concierge, still imperturbably polite.



LETTER WENT

MR. EDITOR (he wrote)—

You will very kindly note there's a poem and a stamp enclosed within. If the poem stands no show, use the stamp to let me know—but I'll be a poet yet, you bet.

J. FLYNN.

Then the editor wrote back:

Although worth it doesn't lack, yet such maudlin rhymes as yours are seldom read. Here's \$1 for your letter, which is infinitely better than your poem, which you'll find enclosed.

THE ED.

DAPHNE

By Bliss Carman

I KNOW that face!

In some lone forest place,
When June brings back the laurel to the hills,
Where shade and sunlight lace,

Where all day long
The brown birds make their song—
A music that seems never to have known
Dismay nor haste nor wrong—

I once before
Have seen thee by the shore,
As if about to shed the flowery guise
And be thyself once more.

Dear, shy, soft face,
With just the elfin trace
That lends thy human beauty the last touch
Of wild, elusive grace!

Can it be true,
A god did once pursue
Thy gleaming beauty through the glimmering wood,
Drenched in the Dorian dew,

Too mad to stay
His hot and headstrong way,
Demented by the fragrance of thy flight,
Heedless of thy dismay?

But I to thee
More gently fond would be,
Nor less a lover woo thee with soft words
And woodland melody;

Take pipe and play
Each forest fear away;
Win thee to idle in the leafy shade
All the long Summer day;

Tell thee old tales
Of love, that still avails
More than all mighty things in this great world,
Still wonder works nor fails;

THE SMART SET

Teach thee new lore,
How to love more and more,
And find the magical delirium
In joys unguessed before.

I should try over
And over, to discover
Some wild, sweet, foolish, irresistible
New way to be thy lover—

New, wondrous ways
To fill thy golden days,
Thy lovely pagan body with delight,
Thy loving heart with praise.

For I would learn,
Deep in the brookside fern,
The magic of the syrinx whispering low
With bubbly fall and turn—

Mock every note
Of the green woodbird's throat,
Till some wild strain, impassioned yet serene,
Should form and float

Far through the hills
Where mellow sunlight fills
The world with joy, and from the purple vines
The brew of life distils.

Ah, then indeed
Thy heart should have no need
To tremble at a footfall in the brake,
And bid thy bright limbs speed.

But night would come,
And I should make thy home
In the deep pines, lit by a yellow star
Hung in the dark blue dome—

A fragrant house
Of woven balsam boughs,
Where the great Cyprian mother should receive
Our warm, unsullied vows.



INTERESTING AND EXCITING

“I NOTICED a large crowd gathered in front of your house this morning,
Worrit; what was the matter?”
“I was discharging the cook.”

ENTER LORD LOVE!

By Anne MacGregor

HENNER'S flesh tones had long been my despair. I said something about this to one of my masters at Julian's one day, and he flew into a rage, declaring that Henner's flesh tones were the despair of every artist.

"*Mon Dieu!* and why not? Is Nature color-blind? And is not man more than his liver?"

From this I joyfully inferred that man ought to be some other color than yellow. But my master stamped his foot, causing the model to lose her pose, and arresting the attention of the other students.

"No, no; not yellow. Green! The color of—of sea-sickness. Ha! that is it. Henner would have us all sea-sick!"

"It is an axiom of the philosophy of color," I rejoined, "that green is the foundation of fair flesh tones."

It was horribly impertinent, I knew; and when the little fellow threw my canvas half-way across the room, shrieking that Diana's legs were out of gear, I blushed purple, then went humbly and picked it up. The cold English girl smiled to herself as I passed by.

In spite of my master's scorn, Henner continued to disquiet me. I could make a decent sort of dash at his Titian hair, and I could work up a pale semblance of his rich indigo landscapes; but his women were beyond me. My drawing was true enough, but my color was of the outer darkness; I could not get within a thousand miles of that greenish, self-aureoled flesh, melting into the shadows around like daylight into evening. I blended colors until my

eyes grew watery and my fingers limp; and always my women were smudgy creatures, real enough and comely enough, with their pink-and-white skins, but, when compared to Henner's, like a cabbage beside a rose—or, rather, calla lily, for Henner's women, while of the earth, are of the air as well, with flesh of such unnamable qualities and indescribable charm as to cast the glamour of the two worlds, at one and the same moment, over the speechless beholder. Aye, Henner's women are the sirens of the galleries.

Authorities said that I had instinct enough; my eye for color was not exactly purblind; my conceptions were bold; my industry was immense. Besides, I had the good fortune to study under such masters as Bouguereau and Cabanel—I can remember to this day my nervous delight at the former's rare and grumpy, "*Pas mal, monsieur!*" But what was the use? I could not copy Henner!

I did not entreat of the gods the gift of composition; I simply dared hope to be a copyist. I did not breathe a whisper to either Cabanel or Bouguereau about my insane love of Henner's women and my insane ambition to paint some for myself. They may have fancied me a quiet, skim-milk sort of fellow, satisfied with the transcription of my miserable models. Here's to Cabanel, with his brunettes, and Bouguereau, with his blondes! Their women, to gain men's attention, had to waylay it.

The end of it all was that I poked holes through my canvases, bade good-bye to my models, and woke from my fond dream of painting

nudes. The day after I quit Julian and that crowd I went over to Fouace and began the study of still life. I preferred the real thing in pigs' feet. The cold English girl bade me an ungrudging adieu. The rest said they were sorry.

I did not get along under Fouace at all. Carrots and *pâté de foie gras*, along with a half-smoked cigarette and a glass of half-drunk wine, with a Mephistophelian French face grinning over the mess, did not appeal to me as a picture; and when I got a pumpkin accepted at the Salon, I thanked God, girded my loins with my laurel wreath, and sallied off to other fields. The new moon found me in dear little Brussels with Capernick, under whom I did decorative flowers for fourteen horrible months. Poor Capernick was crazy, if man ever was, and we parted with mutual relief. I took some stuff over to New York, and a Fifth Avenue dealer wasn't unkind. So, with the where-withal in my pocket, I seriously thought of going to Josephy and taking up miniatures. But this was just after Küssner had clapped her copyright on the Four Hundred, and I didn't dare.

A rolling stone in art is a wretch, and Sixth Avenue lithographs had begun to stare me in the face, when one drizzly day I went out to the Metropolitan. The visit was fatal.

She was one I had never seen before. Oh, the beauty of her! She was sitting with her back toward me. The ripples of a stream were kissing her feet, and she was half-looking over her incomparable shoulder. The shape of her was more than Phryne's, and the color of her than morning's. There was the halo, and there was the indigo landscape. She was a Henner.

Before the next bright day I was established in a studio. After the manner of the mental scientists, I hung up a motto at the foot of my bed, for my subliminal's sake. It read "Patience." I prayed God that that good old word might burn into my soul, even as my desire to

paint Henner's woman might flame into a capacity.

Of course, my models drove me mad. Some were dark, some were fair, all were commonplace. Inasmuch as this is the day of peroxide and dyes, a great many wore Titian hair, but Henner skins do not come in bottles. These New York models were peachy enough, but the ethereal green was lacking—not to speak of the halo and the indigo landscape. An art dealer, a friend of mine, had a Henner profile that he sold me at a discount, and taking it home, I enshrined it in my heart as well as perched it on my easel. But the effort was futile. My copy was dead—the green was of slimy water instead of living flesh. To paint living flesh I needed living flesh to inspire me; and here in this great and egotistic town there was not one green girl.

I shall never forget the closing-in of that bleak Winter day when I went out again to the Metropolitan. My mood was wild and dreary as I looked back over the played-out hopes and ambitions that strewed the dark track of my life. What was the use? Like a strain of uncanny music, the awful little query haunted me.

But after this long time I found the cold English girl. She was standing in front of Henner's "Evening," wrapped in contemplation. I could not tell whether she liked it or not. In the old days in the Quartier Latin it was an amusing question whether the cold English girl liked anything or not.

She remembered me. It was the faintest of smiles, but it was the smile of recognition, nevertheless. The next moment she was gone. I hurried down the stairs after her, and out into the dusk, to ask her, for the sake of old times, to let me at least put her into a cab. She was just boarding an omnibus.

I had never cared for her, but I would have liked to talk things over with her just then.

The next day I went out to the Metropolitan, and the next, and the next; then I came to the valuable conclusion

that I was wasting my time. Besides, I really had to tackle some stupid decorated panels, or lose the order; so for the next four or five weeks I slaved. The divine profile on the easel gazed steadfastly, gazed ever toward the east, the sunrise. Alas! the sun rises but to set; and I—well, I was a fool.

The close of another dismal day I was out at the Metropolitan, and I found her standing, as before, in front of Henner's "Evening." She turned and saw me, just as I was sitting down to watch her unobserved. I rose and approached her.

"Let's be friends," I said.

She glanced up into my eyes. She was smiling. "Is Henner your despair now, as then?" she asked.

"How did you know anything about it? I was very careful to keep it a secret."

She laughed a clever evasion. "I think I like Henner," she said. "I don't know, positively. I fear he is a little unhealthy. He is a Chaminade and a Paul Verlaine of the brush. His fascination is irresistible, but isn't it deadly!"

It was raining when we left the building, and she allowed me to put her into a cab. The address she gave the cabman staggered me. It was the same as my own.

When I arrived home I made a cautious inquiry or two. She had moved in that morning; she occupied the room directly under mine; she was an artist. That was all I could learn.

The next morning I met her on the stairs. She turned quite pale at sight of me. "This is a very pleasant surprise," I said. She hurried into her room, and the door banged nervously. I went on down to my breakfast. Why not?

I worked with the dalliance of love-sickness the rest of the day. And that is what I could not understand. I scarcely gave the cold English girl a thought, yet I was mooning. I conveniently laid the blame on a headache and Henner.

It must have been my liver. I had

a giddiness of head and a leadness of heart for several days. Then one morning I woke to the fact that I didn't have any rose madder. I was working on an oil copy of Bouguereau's "Venus" for a gay young bachelor, so I sent down to borrow a tube from the cold English girl. She wrote me a note stating that she did only water-colors. Her chirography was oddly small and neat, in these days of the tarantula scrawls.

One afternoon when I met her in the north end of Central Park I noticed for the first time the—well, the exquisiteness of her. This is the only word that at all fits. She was simply exquisite. She had on a brown tailor-made suit, with a mink scarf and a mink-trimmed turban. That mink was the identical color of her eyes, I swear!

"Are you ready to be friends with me?" I asked.

"Yes," she answered; "I either have to hate you or like you, you are so persistent. So I am going to try to like you. I suppose it's my duty."

"Why?"

"I don't know. It is strange that I can't get rid of you. Perhaps I shouldn't try. I know you would like to befriend me. Do you think that would make a picture?"

Together we gazed at the rolling country, the leafless trees, the half-frozen stream.

"No," I replied; "it lacks diversity and tone."

But she laughed merrily, and sitting down, took her materials and began to sketch the scene then and there. "This appeals to me," she said. "The simple grayness of it all is enough to make a picture."

I sat down and watched her. She had a good stroke, and I could not help expressing my admiration of the beautiful conservatism of her coloring. She only smiled and continued her work. It was a fickle day, and presently an inconsequential flurry of snow came up and blew saucily in our faces. I raised my umbrella and held it over her. We sat there for a long time, and the sketch began to take form.

It was a pretty little thing, in its drab melancholy not unlike Jan Luigi's Winter scenes.

It was only the falling of the dusk that made her put her brushes aside. She had almost the abstraction of a genius.

"Come," she said, "let us walk down through the Park. The air is fine."

When we reached the Belvedere she had the fancy to climb up on one of the battlements. It was here that I made the supreme discovery. It was well on toward evening, and the light of the dying day lay pallidly on the waters of the big reservoir. She made some trifling remark, then turned suddenly and looked at me. Whether it was because of some peculiarity of the atmosphere or the reflection of the livid water I do not know, but suddenly I saw it in her face, in her skin; I saw it—the divine and perfect fairness, the unearthly color!

For a moment I could not speak, in the shock and joy of it. Then I hurried her through the deserted paths to the Museum. Curses! it was closed—locked for the day. I beat on the door like a madman; I called aloud.

"Hush!" she whispered, almost as agitated as I, "it would be too dark to see now. I will come out here with you in the morning; and then—then you can compare us."

"You know, then?" I queried, aghast.

She smiled faintly, and took my arm. At the bottom of the steps I turned and looked into her face, vague now, and only a pale patch in the shadows. "In the morning?" I repeated. "You promise?"

"I promise."

She kept her word. We were the first visitors admitted into the Museum the next morning. When we reached the picture a cherry flush suffused her cheeks. I waited. Like a crimson wave receding from a white beach it faded from the splendid purity of her skin. Trembling, shrinking, she stood in silence. I looked up at the Henner. I looked down at

her. I looked up at the Henner again.

My God, it was true! It was the same—the identical tint.

In a sort of frenzy I grasped her two hands. "What does it mean?" I gasped. "It is a miracle!"

She turned away. I looked at her, then at the Henner. "What does it mean?" I went on, wildly. "Were you his—his model?"

She gave a soft cry and broke loose from me. I watched her hurry down the gallery. At the door she turned and looked back. We were quite a distance apart, yet I fancied I could see into her eyes. The fear and terror in them shocked me, and I hastened after her to reassure her. But my pursuit was vain; I lost her in the building. I could not find her in the Park. She was gone—gone out of my life, perhaps.

In a fever I hurried home and began the dread scrutiny of the Henner profile. The hair, the eyes, the mouth, the skin—most of all the skin—they were like, yet unlike. It might have been a portrait idealized; there was at least that much of a likeness.

I did not see her for days; and I was glad of it. I purposely avoided her now, even as she had always avoided me. I went about like a man in a dream, like a man who had spied the Promised Land, who had walked with God, and now was sorry; I was sorry for the glory I had seen but could not seize, and beyond all that, I was sorry I had ever met her—her, the woman. If the heaven of my ambition could be bought only at the price of the hell of my heart, was even a Henner worth it?

I don't remember how it came about, but one morning I found myself breakfasting with her. I think I had stopped a moment in the hall to inhale the fragrance of her coffee through the half-open doorway, when she came out suddenly and found me there. I must have had a lean and hungry look, for she held out her hand pityingly, and led me in as though I had been a starved beggar.

Her coffee was delicious. But as for that, is there anyone who has ever been an art student in Paris who can't make good coffee? And then the little studio was a delightfully cozy place, and her pictures were charming—at least I thought so, though I did not look around much; I looked at her instead. One moment I could see the likeness, the next it vanished, completely; but always the wonderful skin was there. Then we looked at her water-colors, simple Dutch scenes, reminding me of the limitless landscapes of Monchablon; then we talked over the old days in Paris; then I—I could not help it—I mentioned Henner.

"He is a genius," she said.

"Yes," I answered, "but more than that, he had an opportunity. Well may he be the despair of any less fortunate artist."

The Henner skin took on no new tone. She simply changed the subject. I went up to my own studio shortly after that, and the rest of the day I alternately thought of her and looked at the profile.

We grew to be good friends. Once in a while, especially on a dismal morning, I joined her at her late breakfast; and her coffee and her quiet wit always made a new man of me. The time came when she reposed a few simple confidences in me; the pathetic little story of her life—her girlhood in Sussex, the death of her parents, her determination to study art.

"I don't know why I came over to New York," she said.

We did not go about together much. The garish streets did not attract us particularly, not even at night, when they are half-tolerable. She did not care for the theatre, or for anything of that sort. Once we attended vespers at Old Trinity, and she seemed to enjoy it. We both preferred the semi-lights, the half-tones; it was then that I could see the Henner in her skin. In the sunlight she was only a Bouguereau.

She really liked the Park, and many an afternoon we spent there. A

vague but definable streak of the fantastic in her made her prefer the north end, with its weirdness; and here she used to sit and sketch. It was a pretty sight to see the squirrels scamper about her. She loved to stroll down the winding paths, especially the unfrequented ones; and she would gaze into the motionless pools, with their ghosts of water-lilies, through long minutes of silence.

One evening we were standing on the summit of a wooded knoll when a lone, pale beam of the sunset fell on her, flecking her skin with brown and gold. It was a combination of colors that would have stirred the soul of any artist, and in spite of myself I was moved to speak of it. A thoughtful expression came in her face, and she was silent for a full quarter of an hour. When she did speak her voice was so low that I could scarcely catch the sound.

"I have been thinking," she said, "I have been thinking for days. I will do it, if you wish."

At first I did not comprehend; then, in my mad gratitude, I could have fallen at her feet. But I restrained my emotion, and thanked her simply.

The next day I did not see her, nor the next. I scarcely stirred out of my studio; I was dreaming the dream of my life. But one dreadful morning we met on the stairs. I was shocked at the change in her. She looked white and haggard. The delicate suggestion of green had disappeared, and a dull gray, almost an ashen tint, had taken its place. She was not a Henner woman now; she was a Henner spectre.

"You shall not do it," I said.

She smiled. "But I love art. I am willing—eager—to sacrifice myself, if it is a sacrifice."

Why did she call it a sacrifice? And why did I shrink from accepting it? Nay, more, why did I look on the mere acceptance of her sacrifice as a sacrifice on my own part? Why did we read in an affair of simple artistic import a personal sacrifice? Why should she withhold from me what she had

given to another? And why should I refuse to accept the gift?

In that last question the matter was reduced to its essence. The chief disinclination was mine; I was the one of the tissue-paper sensibilities. Which was it to be—my friend and comrade, or the Henner? I could choose but one.

The days went by, and the memorable afternoon came. I was standing at the window, gazing out idly at the wraithy mist, when, like a wraith herself, she glided into the studio and was at my side ere I knew of her presence. The fairness of her face was unearthly, appalling. I gave a cry, then waited.

"Get your brushes ready," she said.

"No," I answered.

"But you must. The light is just right." She went to the window and leaned her head against the pane. "See, my friend, am I not a—a Henner?"

I took a step toward her. Smiling, she waved me back; then, humming carelessly, she placed my stool at the easel, arranged the paints and brushes, and put in position a large canvas whereon I had outlined a life-size figure.

"Come now," she said; "everything is ready."

"Save the artist."

She looked into my eyes; I looked into hers. She turned away, and the Henner skin grew whiter, greener, more Hennerian. She was clad in some soft gray stuff that clung to her with almost sentient fondness; and her fair hair, itself a glory, fell in wild beauty over her shoulders.

"For art's sake," she whispered, "if not for the sake of the artist. For my sake, if not for yours." She pointed to the easel. "Go, my friend."

Her eyes, her face threw a bewitchment over me. Mechanically I went to the easel. She stood motionless.

"Are you ready?" I asked.

She started. "No; wait until I tell you."

I turned and looked out of the window. She stirred once, then grew very still. The minutes went by. I grew afraid. So I turned and looked at her again.

Her fingers were clutching nervously at the bosom of her gown. Save for that she was as rigid as a statue, and as beautiful. Henner himself had never painted anything so fine.

"Are you ready?" I whispered.

Like one returning suddenly from a far country she glanced at me. Then something, a shadow—but not the shadow of the hueless sunset—settled on her face and in her eyes.

"Wait," she answered.

My eyes wandered to the Henner profile. She was more of a Henner than it! A thousand sensations rushed through me at once. I was as one tossing on the waves of some undiscovered sea. Like a man waiting for life or death—knowing not, caring not which—I waited.

Was it, or was it not, the sound of her voice? And was it, or was it not, only a vision?

Whatever it was, I could not describe it. I can only say that it was fair, very fair. Milton never saw anything fairer in heaven, nor Dante in hell.

Then, in the delirium of it, came that husky, awful cry. That was real, not imaginary. Then came a sudden agitation of the gray draperies, a wave of exquisite fragrance—then—then she was gone!

I called to her; there was no reply. I went to the door; all was silent. Then I staggered to the spot where she had stood, and falling on my knees, pressed a mad kiss there.

The walls of the studio stifled me; the Henner profile mocked me. I snatched my hat and hurried down the stairs, past her door and out into the evening. I went out to the Park, to the north end, her favorite place; and there I paced for hours, a man distraught.

When, far into the night, I returned home, I found a note under my door.

It was so short I could read it by the
transient glare of one match.

I am gone forever. I tried hard, but I
could not do it. For your sake I tried.

I would have you the greatest painter in
the world; but I could not do it. What
was easy enough to do for him would
be worse than death to do for you, for—
I love you!



THE KING'S KISS

WE rode through the shouting town;
She clung to the edge of the crowd,
Like a crescent moon slipped down
The stormy black of a cloud,

Scarce missing my horse's feet
By a turn of the hand and head;
And oh! but her face was sweet—
And oh! but her mouth was red!

I stooped from the saddle swift
As a swooping hawk through the brine
Fierces to strike and lift,
And I touched her lips with mine.

For a second's fleeting space
I captured the flame of her eyes,
The quick, hot blush of her face,
Her wondering, mute surprise.

But a look, a touch!—and then
Spurred on to the thundering
Of the thousand cries of men
Who hailed their anointed king.

Was she maiden, was she wife,
Was she wanton, or bold, or shy?
What matter! We plucked from life
An ecstasy—she and I.

In the moment's little space—
For well or for ill was it done?—
The girl of the market-place
And the crownèd king were one.

*In purple the young queen goes—
Like a flower of snow her face.
Ah me, for the wild red rose
I kissed in the market-place!*

THEODOSIA GARRISON.

A SYRIAN NIGHT

THE night hung over Hebron all her stars,
 Miraculous processional of flame,
 From the red beacon of the planet Mars
 To the faint glow of orbs without a name.

The jackals held wild orgy 'mong the hills,
 From slope to slope their cries shrill echoing;
 Until we yearned for the sweet peace that fills
 The home-land valleys on the eves of Spring.

About us we could mark the olives stir,
 As the wind rose in frosty puffs and jets;
 And far below, from out the purple blur,
 We saw uprear the great mosque's minarets.

There, cenotaphed for centuries untold,
 The bones of Isaac and of Joseph lay;
 And brodered cloths of silver and of gold
 Were heaped and draped o'er Abraham's crumbled clay.

Strange, ah, how strange this shifting life and death!
 Ne'er was the thought more deeply on us borne
 Than where these patriarchs once drew vital breath,
 Loved as we love, and mourned as now we mourn.

Others will come as we, and see, and pass,
 And vainly strive to pierce beyond the bars;
 But none shall read the mystery, alas,
 Till night o'er Hebron cease to hang her stars!

CLINTON SCOLLARD.



A COLLEGIAN'S VIEW

AMBRIGHT—There's a lot of brutality about some of our college sports.
 ARMSTRONG—Nonsense! Football is as mild and gentle as—

"Oh, I didn't mean that. I was thinking of Professor Redneckty's examinations."



A FIGHTING JURY

WESTERN JUDGE—Has the jury come to an agreement?

FOREMAN (*with a broken nose and black eye*)—I don't know, yer honor.
 Most of them are unable to speak at present.

THE PENANCE OF HEDWIG

By Lilian Bell

SEATON HOYT knew quite well that women like to be wooed boldly, yet when his cab locked wheels with hers on the Pont St. Michel the blood rushed to his face, and his heart pounded so noisily against his ribs that he afterward wondered if he had had sense enough to take off his hat.

They had looked into each other's eyes, and it almost seemed as if he read in hers—but here he broke off, impatient with his own conceit. How could it be possible that in one flash of thought he could convey to her that for three years he had been in love with her picture, seen in an illustrated article on Washington girls who managed their own automobiles, and that he had cut the picture out and worn it in his watch ever since? Her name, Justine Stanwix, was under it in the article. It was during the time he had been laid up with a broken leg from football, while he was with the Tigers' team; and how he planned to search for her and meet her when he got well! But before that time arrived he learned that she had gone abroad with her mother, who was an invalid. Then came reports of her being at Baden-Baden and Carlsbad and Homburg, and of her mother's gradual failing.

At this time his father, Senator Hoyt, had procured for Seaton Hoyt the position of secretary of the legation at Constantinople; and while on his way to report, his cab had run into hers in Paris, and he had taken no advantage of the situation, when all the time he had wanted the appointment in Constantinople chiefly to be on the same continent with her.

But Providence seemed to be on his side, for that same evening he saw her at his hotel, and at once made friends with the "boots" in order to learn more of her. How long had they been there? How long were they to stay? Alas! monsieur was told that madame the mother had been taken worse that very day, and was said to be dying. Ah, it was very sad for the beautiful young lady! Had she no friends? Ah, yes. Madame de Bâle was very attentive, and was watching over the health of mademoiselle, who was breaking down under the strain.

In the face of danger or trouble all the young man's diffidence disappeared. But when he offered his services it was too late. Mrs. Stanwix had died within the hour, and her daughter was very ill. It was doubted if she even knew of her mother's death.

For a month Seaton neglected to report for his new duties. Instead, he lingered in Paris, paying such attention to the invalid as she might receive from a stranger. He had assumed all the responsibility of the funeral, and had followed out the cabled instructions without allowing anyone to know that it was done by a stranger.

Finally, a sharp cable command came from his father, and without one word to Justine he had quitted Paris, in the depths of despair at having been able to make no headway. He had nobody to confide in; nobody to advise with. If only he had dared to take Hedwig's advice, and leave a note! But he scorned to take a hint from a chambermaid. It was sacri-

legious! Now each moment the train was widening the distance between them, and only Hedwig and Émile knew his name and destination! The thought appalled him.

II

CRASHING against each other as if falling from a great height, heavy iron girders created a pandemonium at four o'clock in the morning. The noise flung itself cruelly on Justine Stanwix's nerves, causing her to start from sleep and press her hot hands against her aching head.

In a moment all her grief and anxiety rushed over her spirit in an overwhelming flood. The death of her mother, her aunt's cable message to wait in Paris, her brother in the hospital in Manila, her own failing health—all these troubles, forgotten only in sleep, were again borne in on her.

The girl lay wide awake for three hours, momentarily dreading the crash of the iron girders in the building across the street, yet straining her ears for the creak of the wagon bearing them. By seven o'clock she was half-crazed. She rang the bell, and instantly, as if she had been waiting at the door, the trig chambermaid, Hedwig, entered with some American letters.

"Alas! you have not slept well, mademoiselle," she cried. "This villainous noise! It is enough to drive one crazy! The proprietor is already, even at this early hour, urging the paper-hangers in your new suite of rooms. Monsieur declares that mademoiselle's taste is marvelous. The red poppies on the walls of the bedchamber are ravishing!"

She was interrupted by a cry from the bed, and Justine burst into tears over a black-bordered letter.

"Mademoiselle," entreated the Frenchwoman, "if I might inquire the cause! Perhaps I could be of service."

She came near and smoothed the soft curls of the bent head.

"My aunt," sobbed the girl, "for whom I have waited five weeks, now writes that she is too ill to come for me. I am all alone in the world!"

"Tut, tut! What an idea! Mademoiselle is young, rich and beautiful. She can travel and see the world. Why does not mademoiselle join her handsome brother in the Philippines? It would be most interesting, and if the climate is bad she need not stay. Think of the benefit the long ocean voyage would be to her health!"

Mademoiselle lifted her head and listened.

"Ah, I would not weep if an old invalid had given me my freedom! Pouf! I should dry my tears and be glad. If she had come you would have been obliged to nurse her like a sick cat. The gruel! the shawls! the footstool! It is disgusting! Now you are free, and the most beautiful young man in the world loves you."

As she let fly this last arrow Hedwig watched the girl narrowly. A wave of color rose even to the brown curls she smoothed. But she got no reply.

"He carried off one of mademoiselle's gloves," she added, half-fearfully.

Justine's eyes questioned the maid, disbelievingly.

"I found it, rummaging in his pockets the day before he left."

"You had no right to touch his pockets!" mademoiselle flashed out. Hedwig's curiosity struck her as sacrilege—sacrilege, alas! to a man whose name she did not even know, and to whom she had never spoken!

"Pardon, mademoiselle! Émile and I were packing his clothes for him, and we always search the pockets to pack coats smoothly."

"I beg your pardon, Hedwig," said the girl, quickly. "But you see I do not know the young man, and it was very impertinent of him to keep my glove. I know that I dropped it in the corridor that first night, and that he saw me drop it. You should have returned it to me."

"Never! never!" cried the French-

woman, casting up her eyes. "I would never disturb such a romance. It is too beautiful!"

"Yes; is it not?" cried the girl, scornfully, half-ashamed of herself to be discussing the subject with a servant, yet aching for sympathy. "A young man whose cab runs into mine on the Pont St. Michel, and who bows and apologizes. I find that he, too, lives at the Hôtel d'Albe, and once I met him in the lift, but did not speak. Then he steals my glove, and Hedwig declares he loves me! A fine way he has of showing it!"

"Mademoiselle does not know all," said the woman, eagerly. "When mademoiselle's mother died the young man sent the most lovely wreath of all; he attended the burial. He inquired daily of the doctor the progress of your own illness, and I myself saw tears in his eyes when Émile told him you were delirious the day of the funeral. He dared not speak because mademoiselle is so proud, but he questioned me, and he gave Émile twenty francs."

"What for?"

Hedwig elevated her chin and shook her head. "It will not do to tell all."

A door opened in the little *salon* beyond.

"Ah, there is Émile to inquire after mademoiselle's health."

The girl smiled. The attentions of this worthy pair, even though they were only the "boots" and the chambermaid, and their kindness hired, were very attractive in her grief and loneliness. They really loved her, although she did not believe it.

"Good morning, mademoiselle. Are you better?" said Émile, pausing in the doorway.

"Much better, thank you, Émile. Just think—I am to go out for my tea this afternoon!"

"Ah, so much the better. It is very cold to-day, mademoiselle," he added, insinuatingly.

"Well, I like the cold."

"Will not mademoiselle have a fire?—just for company?"

"No, Émile, I have the clock for company."

"But the fire is so much gayer. It leaps and sparkles and almost talks. The poor little mademoiselle is very much alone."

"Well, build it, then, but not of briquette—I hate briquette. Use wood."

"It is very dear," grumbled Émile; "and the briquette costs mademoiselle nothing."

The girl laughed. Émile very adroitly smuggled his own briquette under his blouse for her to use, and Hedwig always had mademoiselle's gloves and feathers cleaned as her own, thereby saving her mistress a franc or two, double of which always came back as a fee. Nevertheless, they cheered her loneliness, and with true philosophy she was willing to pay for it.

Hedwig devotedly dressed mademoiselle at four o'clock, and saw her drive away in a cab, looking pale and feeble, but with an unwonted sparkle in her eye. The woman had skillfully prevented the young girl from visiting her new suite of rooms to note the progress of the workmen.

When Justine returned at six o'clock, and her cab was about to turn from the Champs Élysées into the Avenue d'Alma, she happened to glance up at the top floor of the hotel, and to her surprise, lights gleamed from the corner window of the mansard, where her new rooms were. She resolved to investigate such unwonted activity among Paris workmen.

The lift in the Hôtel d'Albe stops at the fourth floor. But owing to Justine's illness, the charming old Frenchwoman, Madame de Bâle, who, in her eccentricity, preferred these curious turret rooms, had offered the use of them to the young American lady, with whose illness and bereavement the whole *entourage* sympathized so deeply, while madame established herself with her married daughter, who lived but a stone's throw from the Hôtel d'Albe, at the corner of the Rue Bassano and the Rue Vernet. Madame de Bâle also sent Justine flowers every day and

announced herself her chaperon until the arrival of the aunt. But as Madame de Bâle was a very busy woman, she passed only a half-hour each day with the invalid, and sent her maid to inquire after mademoiselle's health every night. It was all, nay, more than one could expect from a stranger.

To augment this friendliness, the proprietor had repapered the three little rooms, from samples approved by Justine. In the kindness of his heart the Frenchman selected this graceful way of giving the girl something to think about, to reawaken her interest in life.

Justine was thinking gratefully of all these things as, stepping from the lift, she mounted the circular stairs and threaded the narrow, winding corridors that led to her retreat. The sight of Hedwig and Émile smiling prodigiously in the doorway roused her suspicions of a surprise.

She sprang forward with a cry of delight. They had moved all her belongings in her absence, and with that accuracy which is known only to French servants, every article was placed exactly as her taste had arranged it in her other rooms. Even her books, on a tiny table beside her bed, were in the order she had left them. To be sure, some of them were upside down, but what will you have?

The girl's face was radiant with pleasure, and when, in her gratitude, she pressed the hands of Hedwig and Émile, their pride and gratification knew no bounds. And in spite of the avidity with which they each pocketed her five-franc piece, affection had prompted them to arrange this surprise; and such was the quick sympathy of these lower-class French people, that all the other servants knew of it and were interested in its success, so that it was even gossiped about in the dining-room by the waiters, and the *chef* sent up an *entrée* for mademoiselle's dinner, which, the waiter assured her, was prepared expressly to celebrate the first meal in her new quarters.

Now, as a great city is the loneliest place in the world for a stranger, and the gayer the capital the more its gaiety mocks one's grief, so Paris was hateful to Justine Stanwix at this time, and therefore this show of affection from her humble friends was doubly grateful, and in a measure it prepared her for the part she played in the strange events that followed.

III

THE weeks dragged slowly by while the girl was gathering her strength and planning her future. She cabled to her brother in Manila to ask if she might join him. He advised her to await his letter before starting, and in that letter he fully set forth the intolerable climate and the prospect of her being obliged to remain in town with the officers' wives while he was in the field. He seriously questioned if she would be less lonely in traveling with a companion or in returning to America. On the other hand, he presented the possibility of his obtaining a staff-appointment and being stationed in some town where she might keep house for him, and they would have the jolliest life imaginable.

She was still weighing these two prospects in the balance, when, one day, a new chambermaid answered her ring and announced that Hedwig and Émile had been discharged, in disgrace. Half-sorry and half-glad of their discomfiture, the envious Clotilde poured out the details with animated volubility. Justine learned that the day before an American lady with three children had departed for America, leaving her English governess to settle her affairs, having first obtained a new position for the governess. But the Englishwoman averred that her mistress had left no *pourboire* for either Hedwig or Émile. Now, as all the world knows, there is nothing that so enrages a French servant as the withholding of the *pourboire*. So the inflammable Hedwig

from the south of France, with hideous malice, deliberately poured an acid over three woolen gowns of the English governess. This so ate into the material as to destroy it completely. When the woman discovered the damage and accused Hedwig, a battle royal ensued, in which Émile defended his wife; in the fray he slapped the face of the governess, to make her release Hedwig's hair. The three combatants then reported to the proprietor, who promptly put an end to the disturbance by setting the Englishwoman's trunk in the street and dismissing Hedwig and Émile. At present they were packing their effects, and Clotilde averred that they were to leave before night.

Of course, all this was very dreadful and very vulgar; nevertheless, Justine was moved to a pronounced sympathy for her two friends. She sent for them and heard their version of the affair. They denied the acid absolutely, but admitted the battle. Then she interceded for them with the proprietor, making so valiant a plea that he agreed to retain Émile, but Hedwig, he declared, must go, for he thoroughly believed in her guilt.

This fiat was almost as bad as dismissal for both. Hedwig was disconsolate, but she obediently departed and searched for work. Alas, owing to her having no recommendation from her last employer, she could obtain none. Finally, in despair, she went to confession, and under the kind questions of her father confessor she admitted sprinkling the acid on the Englishwoman's clothes, and humbly begged to expiate her sin.

The wise old man had dealt with this fiery, untamed southern nature before. He knew its inordinate greed for money, its occasional spasms of uncalled-for generosity, and its ability to keep a hard promise. The old man thought in silence for a few moments. He earnestly desired to do this penitent soul a lasting good. He realized how quickly this remorseful mood would pass. Therefore he tried an experiment.

Hedwig knelt outside the curtain with her head bowed in her hands. She was nerving herself to hear a severe sentence, for the old priest was a just man and hated evil.

"My daughter," came in trembling tones, "you have sinned so often on account of your greed that my heart fails me. You no longer seem actuated by love of our holy Church. Therefore I pour back your sin on your head. I will not inflict a penance, because I know of none that will touch your proud and sinful heart. I demand that you shall examine your own soul and inflict on yourself a penance that will most heavily touch your purse, and therefore be most severe. When you have decided, come and tell me, that you may ease my troubled heart of this burden I bear in your stead."

Hedwig listened to these strange words in terror. No absolution! She felt that God had indeed cast her off when the father withheld forgiveness and bade her perform the miracle of being her own judge. She went out weeping bitterly, and for two days and two nights she lived in a torture of self-examination. Her soul was rent with the struggle between selfishness and greed on the one hand and fear and love on the other.

On the second night, having come to no decision, she paid a visit to her husband at the Hôtel d'Albe, and found him reading for the third time a letter bearing the postmark Constantinople. It was from Seaton Hoyt, the young man who had stolen Justine's glove. He announced himself connected with the American legation at Constantinople, and, after adding a few picturesque words to indicate the importance of his position to his impressionable reader, he mentioned a trifling service he wished Émile to perform for him, and with studied carelessness he asked for news of Mademoiselle Stanwix.

"Ah," said Émile, rubbing his hands, "how very polite to write such a fine letter, when only demanding of me to see that his letters are forwarded.

Look you, Hedwig, he might have written to monsieur the proprietor. But, instead, he proves his regard by writing to me. Ah, I must have packed his clothes well! You see, he speaks of it most particularly."

"What a stupid thing a man is, anyway!" cried Hedwig, derisively. "Why, even a blind man could see through that letter. He is madly in love with our mademoiselle, and writes solely to hear of her welfare. He knew you would take me into your confidence, and his whole letter says, 'My good Hedwig, tell her where I am and how beautifully I am established! As I cannot write to her, persuade her to write to me! Alas, I am connected with the government, and cannot go to her. If she should decide to travel, suggest—'"

The woman broke off, overwhelmed by her own half-born thought. She gazed fixedly at her husband, who sat stupidly trying to adjust these lightning changes in his own brain. Finally he stirred uneasily under Hedwig's absent-minded stare, and she shook herself together as one who had returned from a long mental journey. Then she nodded her head decidedly and stood up.

"Let us keep this secret to ourselves," she said. "Tell no one of your letter. You know the emotion the poor monsieur betrayed at mademoiselle's continued illness, and his grief at being forced to leave without bidding her farewell. I presumed to suggest a note hidden in a bouquet, thinking perhaps it was an *amour*, but the look of horror he gave me convinced me of the purity of his heart. Believe me, Émile, monsieur means marriage. He repulsed my suggestion fiercely, saying, 'But I have never spoken to her! Would you have me offend her at the outset?' 'At the outset!' Do you hear, Émile? It means that he has just begun. Now do you wait for me here, while I ascend to mademoiselle's apartments to drop a few hints of my news. Trust me to know how to fan the flame. I shall be discreet, but I shall make her

wild about him. At present she is too indifferent."

Justine was reading by the light of her little movable electric lamp, and at the sight of Hedwig she burst into tears.

"Ah, mademoiselle! Have you received bad news?"

Justine shook her head.

"Then it is the pain that has returned?"

"No, it is this book. It is so sad at the end."

Hedwig straightened herself and mentally put her sympathy back in her pocket. "Alas, mademoiselle, to ruin your beautiful eyes with crying over a silly romance! You are weak and nervous, and you need a change of scene. Alas, that my troubles cannot be cured as easily as yours!"

Justine raised her head.

"Sit down, Hedwig; you are more friend than servant. You are so strong and sensible, and your nature is so gay. Mine used to be, but my troubles have changed all that."

"Mademoiselle is very amiable," said the Frenchwoman, accepting the chair the girl offered, but removing it to a respectful distance. "Do not weep any more; tears make wrinkles. I have wept for two nights, and I look a year older. See, mademoiselle!"

"Why were you crying, Hedwig?"

"Ah, mademoiselle is not a Catholic and would not understand. The father refused me absolution."

"At confession? Why, how strange! Why did he do that? Have you committed a great sin?"

"Mademoiselle is so astute. I think she knows the sin I confessed," said Hedwig, casting down her eyes and picking at her gown.

"I suspected," said Justine, simply.

"But the thing that breaks my heart," Hedwig went on, "is that he called me wicked and greedy for money, and bade me inflict a penance on myself, mademoiselle. Think of it! He demands one that will reach my pocket and most severely punish me! But think also of his confidence in me that he entrusts such a punishment into my hands. Ah, he is a

wonderful man!" Hedwig visibly swelled with pride.

The American girl's interest in this curious situation was pricked anew. Her mouth twitched with amusement. She, too, hated the governess, whose clothes Hedwig had ruined. Her smug countenance, her irritating care of the dog, her British insolence had worked on Justine's excitable nerves.

"Hedwig," she said, "tell me about it. Why did you do it?"

"I did it—I did it," said Hedwig, slowly, but tightening her hands on her gown, "because I hated her. I worked for her, cleaned for her, waited on her! The money had been left for me—I know it. She kept it for herself. I never saw her that I did not want to kill her! So I poured the cleaning fluid on all her gowns! She had only three! Alas, mademoiselle, you, who are so good, will never forgive me!"

For reply, Justine burst into a peal of laughter. "It is very wrong of me," she declared. "Of course, you shouldn't have done it, but—if you had only sprinkled a little on those dog-blankets, too!"

"What! mademoiselle sympathizes? Mademoiselle does not hate me for it?"

"Of course, I do not sympathize!" cried Justine, mischievously; "yet the woman always pushed me away from the office-window and stepped ahead of me and bullied me, and her dog always snapped at me; so, of course, I am not sorry you pulled her hair!"

Hedwig listened incredulously. "Ah, mademoiselle, how fascinating you would be to serve! Listen, mademoiselle, while I suggest something. If you will take me away with you when you go I will serve you six months for nothing. To give up all my wages for six months shall be my penance! Nor will I exact a single *pour-boire*! See! I shall be your maid and traveling companion in one! We shall get on excellently together, and we shall both see the world. Instead of going by water you will let me be your courier and select the route. We shall cross to Vienna and go down through

Buda-Pesth to Constantinople. Ah, Constantinople, such a marvelous city! You can obtain letters from your ambassador here to the officials there, and we shall linger as long as we find it agreeable, anywhere—everywhere! Then we can cross to Smyrna and Greece, and pause in Egypt, going as slowly as we please to India and the Philippines! I have served you before; you know my faithfulness. I shall nurse you if you are ill and serve you with my heart's blood! Ah, mademoiselle, do not say no! Do not refuse me!"

The girl's eyes sparkled more and more at the alluring prospect the Frenchwoman held out. She decided instantly on the whole, but hesitated a moment on a detail. Hedwig watched her anxiously.

"I like your plan," said Justine, suddenly, "but I will suggest a change. I will pay you your wages, but you shall give every sou to the Church. Go, tell your wonderful priest that he shall have the money for his poor."

The Frenchwoman fell on her knees, and kissed the girl's hand.

"A thousand thanks, mademoiselle! You have the heart of an angel! My service shall be your reward!"

After Hedwig had departed, Justine gave a little shiver, half of fear and half of anticipation. "She may throw vitriol on me if she gets angry, but at least she has opened a way for me to travel and see the world. And, who knows? I may even meet—him!"

IV

To women of strong sentiment and picturesque imagination the name of a city becomes the photograph of the loved one who lives there. Thus, to Justine Stanwix the Philippines meant her young brother, Woodbury, while Constantinople had become Seaton Hoyt. That is to say, it would have meant Seaton Hoyt if she had known his name. As it was, the gorgeous old city, with its mixture of beauty and foulness, meant a pair of merry blue eyes and a tall, straight figure

in whose breast she imagined there beat a strong, true heart; for Hedwig had not only confided to her mistress the fact of the young man's letter to Émile, but had delicately fanned the flame of Justine's secret interest in her unknown friend until the idle fancy had begun to partake of a real emotion.

But her embarrassment and mortification knew no bounds as three days passed without a move of any sort on the part of her cavalier. Her anxious eyes grew tired of searching the bazaars and mosques for a glimpse of him. His actions took on the aspect of a personal affront, and with the sense of pique to augment interest, her truant fancy seemed at last to have found a serious object on which to settle.

Justine Stanwix was no angel. She had a high spirit and strong pride. Her indignation would have known no bounds if she had suspected that the subtle Frenchwoman was in reality her mistress instead of her servant, and that she had dared to juggle with the girl's heart until she felt sure that her mistress's affections were really engaged. But the truth was that the young man had called each day, being obliged to take the place of the American minister, who had gone up the Nile, leaving Seaton Hoyt in charge of the legation. But Hedwig would not permit a meeting.

The Frenchwoman had not been idle. She made herself complete mistress of the situation and searched the remotest corners of the courier's mind for her facts and material. She was actually plotting for the young girl's happiness. By her shrewdness in reading human nature she at once saw and mastered the young man's chivalrous timidity and respect, and now, from her position of confidential maid and traveling companion, she used her power to upbraid him in a fashion that only added to his confusion. Nevertheless, his personal bravery and strength made, in the eyes of the Frenchwoman, a romantic, an altogether adorable combination. What a pair they would be to

serve, if only monsieur could be persuaded to engage Émile! Hedwig's one fear was that mademoiselle's fancy was evanescent, for Justine in her pride kept her counsel as well as she could.

Wherefore, Hedwig in her own mind was planning a *coup de théâtre* for their first meeting. She often bitterly bewailed the fact that monsieur's cab had not smashed both on the Pont St. Michel. Even if one had been a little injured, what an opportunity nursing offered for messages, notes and flowers! But suddenly she gleaned from the courier's voluble description of Constantinople several brilliant ideas. She was not slow to act. She sent a note to Seaton Hoyt, and early the next morning she dragged her reluctant mistress into a cab. Justine was by that time in a state where she wished never to leave the hotel, for fear of missing him.

It was a day of glorious sunshine. A heavy rain during the night had transformed the streets from a state of sloppiness into a sea of soft mud, which flew gaily from the cabs' wheels and spattered incautious pedestrians and the cabs' occupants impartially. The air was so invigorating that its stinging sharpness brought a bright color into Justine's cheeks, and the brilliant street scenes caused her eyes to flash with interest. Her animation drew an unwelcome attention to her beauty, and impudent Turks and their dark-skinned companions commented on her attractiveness in the unknown tongue wherein lay its owners' only safety—for Seaton Hoyt, in response to Hedwig's note, was following them closely.

The impudence of these few in the motley throng served the purpose of the crafty Frenchwoman well, for as they drew near Galata Bridge their carriage was impeded by the crowd, and Justine, having signaled the courier to descend, prepared to cross the bridge on foot.

Hedwig's eyes snapped with delight as she saw how unconscious the girl was of the annoyances she might receive. The courier grumbled and was about to warn her, but Hedwig

gave him so fierce a glance that the already enamored courier meekly tailed off his warning into a suggestion that mademoiselle should hide her purse.

Galata Bridge, at all hours of the day, is like the main thoroughfare of a great fair. Greeks, Turks, Armenians, Indians, Persians, Russians, Jews, fakirs of all descriptions, hideous beggars and rich merchants, savants, priests, eunuchs, soldiers, women and children, speaking every language on earth, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, elbow, jostle, crowd, pass and repass one another like bits of colored glass in a kaleidoscope; while horses, donkeys, camels and cattle, with cabs, carriages and litters, contribute to the make-up of the most motley array of humanity and life to be found in so small a compass anywhere on the round globe to-day.

Traveling from one part of the city to the other, this busy throng crowds past one another all day long. Many are the thieves who ply their trade in comparative safety, and for these Justine was prepared, but she found her delight in the passing show changed to horror when she felt sly pinches on her arm or insolent nudges of Moslem elbows in the crowd, while impudent laughter from her tormentors mocked the sight of her frightened face.

Hedwig, being likewise favored, boldly boxed the ears of a turbaned Turk, and in a moment half a dozen men closed round the two women, chastising them quite as roughly as Hedwig had dealt with her Turk. In her terror Justine screamed just once. The filthy wretches thrust their yellow faces, with their languishing eyes and insolent mouths, almost against the girl's pale cheeks; the courier was standing at a safe distance—when a sudden howl rose, and a man leaped forward, cuffing the ruffians right and left and sending two men sprawling. Without a word the unknown flung his arm round Justine and fought his way to his carriage, whither Hedwig pluckily followed.

Justine instantly recognized Seaton

Hoyt, and the amazing suddenness of her rescue seemed a proper part of this annoying but picturesque moment, and in no way to be wondered at when she considered that she was on her travels and knew that he was practically at hand.

But before she could catch her breath to speak, or cool her blushing face, she was struck by the curiously interested expression of the Frenchwoman's face. Every emotion was written there. Feeling herself unobserved, and with the crown of success thus placed on her penance, Hedwig was allowing all her feelings full play. Pride, affection, anxiety, fear, hope, anticipation and a smirk of satisfaction rapidly chased one another over her face and riveted the girl's attention, while at the same time a glance of understanding passing between Hedwig and their rescuer arrested the words on her lips and roused her suspicion.

An icy hand seemed laid on her heart, just as it was beginning to beat high under the ardent gaze of the man at her side; and, as usual with emotional women, she instantly imagined much more than was true.

Her pride stung, her vanity wounded, a tumult of feeling took possession of her. And suddenly, forgetful of all conventions, the girl turned sharply to Hoyt and said:

"Why have you not called on me until now? I presented my letter three days ago."

Hedwig thrust the toe of her neat shoe against the American's, and Justine saw it.

For a moment the torrent of her emotion choked the girl. She felt almost murderous in her mortification. The man began to explain, but Justine turned on him imperiously. "I will not hear a word!"

Hoyt's bronzed face flamed, but he was too much surprised to find a ready tongue. Hedwig cowered down on the seat opposite, terrified beyond measure at the furious glance of the young girl.

Finally Justine controlled herself by a supreme effort. Turning to him,

she said: "Will you have the goodness to stop this carriage and call one for me?"

The young man tore open the door and was on the ground, hat in hand, almost before she had done speaking. His mouth twitched and his face was white, but he did not speak. He only raised his eyes to hers, fearlessly. She was leaning forward as he turned away, but he saw a tiny drop of blood on her lip where she had bitten it through. Then the carriage dashed away, and she was lost to view.

V

SEVERAL days later a penitent and much discouraged Frenchwoman sat staring disconsolately out of the window of the Hôtel d'Angleterre into the Rue de Pera. Mademoiselle had but just consented to receive monsieur, after sustaining a siege of letters and bouquets, which had melted the Frenchwoman's heart—for had she not persuaded the courier to translate them all for her, after mademoiselle was safely in bed? But they had left the American woman as cold as ice.

Hedwig had hoped much from this interview, but, after listening at the keyhole on her knees until they ached, she had limped away from the door of their little *salon* and given herself up to melancholy reflections.

"What a fool I was," thought Hedwig, viciously, "to make such a false step! It is not like me, no! But mademoiselle's gentleness deceived; I went too far. *Mon Dieu*, what a fury she was in when she finally compelled me to confess! She called me a Jesuit, and she flew into a still greater rage when I told her that I had only planned such a picturesque meeting for her happiness. But, after all, she has a noble mind, for she did not once refer to the benefits she has heaped on our holy Church by her generosity. Alas! I have offended her so deeply that I am no longer in her confidence or her favor. Poor Émile! Your wife has stupidly

ruined all your chances of becoming the valet of monsieur! And as for the ascent of the Nile, for which I long, Paradise is not further away! Mademoiselle is so unpleasantly firm! Why would she not forgive that poor young man and give him the narcissus in her hair? Ah, well, I must bide my time."

Hedwig resolutely put the unfortunate situation away from her, and sat down to finish, as a surprise for mademoiselle, a marvel of white chiffon that a friend in Paris had taught her how to make. While she worked her thoughts were busy, for once she paused long enough to slip another narcissus into the pocket of her saucy little frilled apron.

"One never knows when an opportunity may present itself," she muttered. One of monsieur's gloves was in another pocket.

Presently Miss Stanwix entered, and the closing of the outer door announced monsieur's departure. Hedwig glided into the *salon*.

"What is this? One of monsieur's gloves on the chair? He must be called back!" She found him putting on his great-coat in the corridor.

"Pardon, monsieur," said Hedwig, modestly dropping her eyes and pointing, "but is not that one of your gloves?"

Hoyt glanced in. A narcissus lay on the floor. He walked to the chair and seized his glove, with his head held high. Then he stooped and snatched the little flower, thrusting it into his pocket and jamming it to the bottom, with a crimson look of defiance at the Frenchwoman's demure face.

Hedwig closed the door softly, and went in to dress mademoiselle's hair. She said nothing as she fastened the bewitching chiffon garniture on Justine's black gown, but the young girl's delighted eyes repaid her. Justine hesitated a moment, and then said, generously:

"This is beautiful, Hedwig, and no one could have made it without a model except a Parisian. But I had forgiven you before."

"A thousand thanks, dear mademoiselle! I am so happy, because I am sure that monsieur has also forgiven me."

"Why do you think so?"

"When he came back for his glove just now he found the flower from mademoiselle's hair on the carpet, and he kissed it before me, thereby again taking me into his confidence, and giving me such a kind look from his beautiful eyes."

Justine's hands flew to her hair, but the narcissus was gone.

"I never saw such beautiful eyes in a man's head," pursued Hedwig, with composure. "But I suppose mademoiselle will be leaving Constantinople soon?"

"Everything depends on my brother's appointment, as you know. I ought to have a cable in a few days."

"If he does not receive his appointment, mademoiselle will not give up her journey to Egypt, I hope?" said Hedwig, her voice trembling with eagerness.

"I shall return to America immediately, by way of Paris," said Justine, pressing her lips into a fine red line, which indicated some firmness, but perhaps also an effort to prevent their quivering.

Hedwig's face fell, for so pleasant were the places into which her lines had fallen that she thought of even Paris and the good Émile only as somewhere and something to return to when she had exhausted her present resources. She fixed her mind on Egypt with a determination that her young mistress's threat in no way shook. Egypt! the Nile! It must be! It would be too cruel to turn back now, when the promised land lay so near.

Fortune seemed to favor the plans of Hedwig, for though a cablegram duly announced that the young lieutenant could not get the appointment, and poor Justine was advised to give up her plans of travel and to return to America, yet still they lingered in Constantinople, and each day saw Seaton Hoyt taken more and more into the favor of mademoiselle.

They visited the bazaars and

mosques, and once the young man obtained for the two women permission to visit the harem of a prince high in the Sultan's favor. And, too, they saw that wily monarch at his prayers, and Hedwig piously crossed herself and thanked God she was not as this man. They visited the English missions, and spent whole days in little boats floating at will on the yellow waters of the Golden Horn. Often the fingers of the Frenchwoman fairly twitched to give the affairs of the lovers a friendly touch here and there, but her lesson had been well learned, and she bit her lip and desisted.

Finally, Justine began in earnest her preparations to leave Constantinople, and Hedwig was correspondingly alarmed. She blamed monsieur bitterly for his cowardice in not speaking out. Was it not the American custom? She sat up half the night planning for the happiness of her young mistress. In the morning, after consulting with the courier, she arranged for a twilight visit to the mosque of St. Sophia, to see that magnificent edifice lighted up. From the enamored courier's description of it, Hedwig decided that if this failed she would wash her hands of the whole affair.

It was during the fast of Ramadan, when neither food nor drink passes the lips of the faithful between sunrise and sunset. The four, each couple somewhat detached from the other, sat in the dim balcony overlooking that majestic place of worship, and let their senses drink in the magic mystery of the surroundings. The drone of the readers of the Koran, as they squatted in circles on the stone floor so far below the balcony that they looked like pigmies, came faintly up to the listeners' ears. The ten thousand lamps were beginning to be lighted by scores of turbaned priests. A row of these lamps ran round the balcony, small glass cups filled with oil, in each of which floated a tiny wick. The giant pillars with their weird inscriptions rose like wraiths in the soft gloom from floor to vaulted roof. A

pungent, spicy odor filled the air. Like glancing fireflies twinkled the lamps here and there. It was an hour and a sight never to be forgotten.

Hedwig saw the heads of monsieur and mademoiselle lean more and more toward each other, and finally their hands met. She slipped from her chair to the floor, and began to tell her beads.

"Justine!" whispered the man.

The girl looked at him with brimming eyes.

"I love you!" he breathed, fervently.

She allowed her hand to remain in his.

"I have loved you for three years!"

Justine looked at him in surprise.

"I read about you and cut your picture out of a magazine when I was laid up with my broken leg, and every day for six months I looked at it whenever I opened my watch."

"Oh!" she murmured, leaning toward him. "How dear of you! When did you break your leg?"

"Playing football——"

"Not— But of course! Are you a Tiger, and was it at?"

"Princeton? Yes. I broke my leg and was half-killed, yet the Elis beat us, after all!"

"I was there! I saw it all! I wondered why your name seemed so familiar. They used to call you 'Bashful' Hoyt, didn't they?"

"Yes, I always was so afraid of girls; they scare me to death."

"How funny, to be so brave and yet afraid of a girl! I thought the Eli team had killed you that day."

"They beat us," growled the football man.

"Never mind," murmured the girl, consolingly. "Your team was much better—you played all around them!"

"Were you in favor of Princeton? I thought—I heard—" he stammered.

"I wasn't then," murmured the girl, blushing. "I was wearing the blue that day. But I can't think why—because when they carried you off the field—I felt as if——"

"Felt as if—what?"

"—as if I'd rather be you, with all

your bravery, than any one of the winners! I've never worn the blue since. I—I've even worn orange and black at other games in honor of you, in honor of a man I had never met. So you see you didn't have it all your own way about my picture!"

"How like you! If I had only known it sooner!"

"Why, you haven't been afraid of me, have you?"

"Of you worse than any of them! You knocked me off my pins more than all the rest of them put together!"

Justine laughed happily. "You didn't show it!"

"Didn't show it! The only time I ever saw you face to face— Let me ask you right now! Did I take my hat off to you the day my cab ran into yours on the Pont St. Michel?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so. I don't remember, so of course you must have. I'd have noticed it if you had not, you know."

"I couldn't remember," sighed the young man. "I was so excited, I couldn't think of anything except 'There she is! there she is!' and before I could pull myself together you were gone. I tried to follow you, but my stupid man had lost sight of you by the time we could turn round. I swore at him, and he shrugged his shoulders and said, '*Je ne parle pas l'espagnol*.' Then I suddenly woke to the fact that I was speaking Spanish to him—and that's why he hadn't understood me, and that's why I lost you."

"But you found me again," murmured the girl, dimpling.

"And I never mean to let you go again! Oh, Justine, will you have me?"

The girl turned away her head. "I am all alone in the world," she murmured, with tears in her eyes. "I have no one to advise me or counsel me or warn me. I can only follow the dictates of my own heart, and tell you that—" she turned toward him suddenly, while the tears brimmed over and rolled down her cheeks—"that I love you with all my

soul, and if ever you prove false to my trust, you will break my heart! That's all."

That evening monsieur dined with mademoiselle for the first time. They looked at each other with such glances that Hedwig was obliged to sniff quite loudly several times before she attracted monsieur's attention to her red eyes.

"What is it, Hedwig?" he asked, finally, not even withdrawing his eyes from Justine's blushing face.

"Ah, monsieur, how kind of you to notice my distress! What bad luck pursues us! Poor Émile writes me that he has lost his position through the lies of the *chef*, and we have no money! I can neither go to him nor send for him to come to me! We love each other very dearly, my husband and I."

Seaton Hoyt's eyes laughed up into Hedwig's tearful ones. "Tell him to come and be my servant! Then—" he glanced at Justine for permission to tell the news, and she nodded—"then you need not be separated, for

mademoiselle has promised to marry me, Hedwig. What do you think of that?"

Hedwig was all smiles and congratulations and discreet withdrawal in a moment. She was sincerely delighted. But in order to clinch matters, as far as she was concerned, she despatched a letter to Émile that very night, in which she said:

"Embrace me! I have succeeded beyond my wildest hopes. All that I expected from mademoiselle's generosity has been fulfilled, and now her affair has culminated in a happy engagement, in which you, too, are included, exactly as I promised you before I left. So give up your position at the end of the month and join me here. Monsieur will give you twice what you are getting there, and if we are clever we are established for life. We shall serve them faithfully, and they will never regret having engaged us. They will go up the Nile for their wedding journey, although they do not, as yet, know this."



POOR LITTLE GIRL!

POOR little girl, she was so young!
 Just fancy anyone being so young!
 She loved a man, and she thought him true;
 And when she found out a thing or two,
 Her poor little life was all unstrung,
 And she kept from the merry throng apart—
 Poor little girl with a broken heart!

Poor little girl, she is so wise!
 'Tis pity that anyone is so wise!
 She looks on life as a boring game,
 She scoffs at love as a pretty name;
 Yet to tender falsehoods she lends her eyes,
 She masks the truth with a woman's art—
 Poor little girl with an empty heart!

ELIZABETH HARMAN.

A MAN'S WISH

OH, I would have you be for me
 The little maid Persephone,
 Ere yet she plucked the daffodil;
 Persephone, whose shy eyes bring
 The foremost prescience of Spring;
 Or the white Psyche ere she bent
 With timorous, vague discontent,
 To know Love's face and will.

Oh, I would have you be for me
 That goddess glorious and free,
 Knowing no fear of day or night;
 Untamed Diana, when she came
 And touched with sudden lips of flame
 The shut eyes of Endymion
 That opened ere her kiss was done,
 To all Love's dear delight.

Yea, all these hast thou been to me,
 The child-heart turning timidly
 As a lily to the sunlight's gold;
 Psyche, unwitting ban or blame;
 And yet Diana, with no shame,
 No fear, nor any will but this,
 To give all heaven in one glad kiss,
 And bid the gods behold.

MC CREA PICKERING.



HER GOLDEN RULE

MODISTE—Yes, the waist is very beautiful, with those metal buttons on the back, but I advise you not to have them put on; they scratch everything dreadfully. Your furniture will be ruined.

CUSTOMER—Oh, that doesn't matter. I intend to wear it only when going out to receptions.



EXPLAINED

THE HOSTESS—I want you to meet one of the newest literary lights, a Mr. Crimple.

DAZZLETON—I never heard of him before.

"But you know you have been on your vacation."

THE GAJETIES OF PARIS

By Edgar Saltus

SPRECHEN *sie Deutsch?* The question may seem impertinent. It is the reverse. It is pertinent to the Spring and the joys in store. This is the season when birds of a feather are preparing to flock to the Coronation and, before it or afterward, to the gaiteties of Parisian life. *Also, sprechen sie Deutsch?*

If not, an attempt at its acquisition may be recommended. In Paris French is a dead language. Germany has conquered there three times; first with her Krupps, then with her kegs, and latterly with her kauderwälsch. In the biggest hotels only the impurest Berlinesse is spoken. French, when not on the bill of fare, is regarded as an extra, and charged as such. Smart people who expect to make their complaints in it will do well to have an interpreter handy.

Complaints will be many. The best hotels are the worst. In some of them you are charged five francs if you ring the bell, and ten if you don't. In others there is no public dining-room. A private one is attached to your suite. The cook if he gets the chance will poison you in it. Should that chance not be his there is no remonstrance from the management, but you find it all down in the bill. These are instances of Parisian gaiety. It is in these instances that an interpreter is of use.

The sole places where assistance is not necessary and gaiety is, are the restaurants. The head waiter always tells you just what he wants you to eat. The first thing will be a melon. As a rule, it is excellent. Should it be otherwise, and should you say so, he will assure you that no one

else has been good enough to complain, and thereby prove you a liar and an imbecile. Then he will produce tumbled potatoes, eggs to the queen on sofas, smiles of the lamb at the financier, and—if you are good—poached peaches. Meanwhile, before you have so much as selected a seat, a fat woman in a pulpit has charged you for the napkin and the cloth. These items only dukes and ambassadors dispute.

Another gaiety is the wine. Only strangers and pilgrims drink it. There is no harm in the different wines which one gets elsewhere. The harm is in the indifferent wines that one gets there. Under the influence of them, should anybody presume to address you, it is also good form, if you cannot answer rudely, not to answer at all.

An ounce of insolence is worth a pound of Ollendorf. It is worth more. It will take you further than any acquaintance, however superficial with French or even with Berlinesse. In Mayfair and along Pall Mall there is a set of men whose speech and bearing are so contrary to all the canons of pure courtesy that if you did not know them to be peers of the realm you would swear that they must be. The beautiful breeding that is theirs the descendants of red-heeled France have copied along with the cut of their trousers. Yet not the wit that goes with both. The wit that used to run up and down the absinthe-scented streets has vacated the gaiteties of Paris. During the third empire these gaiteties were jubilant enough. With the imperial bees the snap of them vanished. Nothing

could be drearier than what remains, except a carnival. With these restrictions there is no pleasanter place in which to pass a honeymoon, and certainly none in which one may more readily participate in what an old troubadour called the gastronomy of the eye. To do so no insolence is necessary. The cabman will supply all that.

Take the Salon, for instance. The relaxations that it affords have been recurrent as the violets pretty nearly every year since the reign of the fourteenth Louis. Latterly there have been annually displayed there over three thousand pictures, all supposedly artistic, yet supposedly alone. Art is the creation of time and the secretion of circumstances. Apart from two or three climacteric epochs the amount of it in circulation is about the same. It is the distribution of it that differs. For centuries Italy was a Vesuvius of art. She belched masterpieces. The volcano is now a museum. One may sing the same song of Spain. It is only the air that differs. In the haunted halls of her treasuries there loiter surprising ghosts. But her palette is broken, her brush is lost.

To-day the Salon is the nursery of such art as there is and, parenthetically, of the sin of it. The exhibits in its interminable galleries represent the apotheosis of mediocrity when they do not display the bottom depth of crime. You will find there mile after mile of improbable nymphs, pictured by pastry cooks, smeared by them with a sauce of vaseline, and punctuated at leisurely intervals by something not entirely worth turning your back on.

The fun of promenading up and down before these delicacies, joined to the manifest satisfaction of discoursing on art and what's what, constitutes the gaiety of the Salon. Considered as an indoor exercise, it is entirely hygienic. Two hours of it, succeeded by massage, is excellent for obesity. Personally, we prefer a bicycle, but that is no longer modish. Even otherwise, there should be some-

thing for every taste, however unfashionable.

When you have done with the Salon, Notre Dame—not Victor Hugo's masterpiece, but that jewel of twelfth-century architecture which surges from an island on the Seine—will offer for your entertainment, perhaps also for your meditations, her girdle of fabulous beasts. Among them are yawning griffins, angry demons and two-headed hounds. What they typify is undetermined, but as you watch them lean and look at the great outlying city below it may occur to you that when, centuries since, they were posted there, it was as sentinels, whose duty it should be to mark across the ages the sameness of the joys and griefs of man. What but monsters could be compelled to do that!

Up the river a bit is the glittering dome, beneath which reposes the glory of France. Should it attract you, it may be that you will detect there the tolling of bells, perhaps, too, the murmur of the imperial bees.

The memoirs of Italy are written. They are splendid. Life and light leap from every page. Now there is but an appendix to add. Spain's biography, too, is finished. It is splendid also—a long pageant, through which pass superb cavaliers. The story of France is incomplete as yet. One may hesitate to say it beats them both, yet how stunning is its magnificence! As pages turn and faces emerge, always you catch the echo of sonorous names, the tramp of legions, the swirl of plumes, the glitter of victorious swords, the glare of genius at its apogee. Younger than Italy, less old than Spain, necessarily she will survive them. Long-fellow taught us that the artist never dies. Gautier taught us that art alone endures. Whatever may occur, always in the hearts and memories of the polite these lands will live. But the knell of the Latins has sounded. The strength of France is declining—will decline, rather, barring the unexpected, and it is the unexpected which, when considering

the tomb of Napoleon, you may discern in the hum of the bees.

We will get to that in a minute. Meanwhile, to return to the gaieties of Parisian life, not long since there was submitted to the French Senate a bill taxing those who omit to marry. But as nowadays everybody marries except a few foolish women and a few very wise men, the purport of the measure would not have been entirely clear had it not had a clause mulcting the married yet childless. Then at once it became apparent that the bill had the renovation of the country in view. But if renovation there can be, already it has begun. It has begun, too, where it should—at the top.

The cream of French cream, anteriorly represented by about twenty thousand families, is now condensed into less than four hundred. In a generation or two these will be wholly Hebraic or entirely United States, unless they happen to be both. There will be no harm in that. It is the result that will be notable. The Duc de Wagram, the Duc de Castries, the Duc d'Estampes, the Duc de Richelieu, all married Jewesses. When the Duc de Richelieu died the Prince of Monaco took what he left. In addition, the Noailles, the de Guiches, the Rohans, the La Rochefoucaulds, the de Lignes, the de Rochechouarts, great names in the Almanach de Gotha, figure also in the Almanach du Ghetto.

Turning now to this country, the Duc de Praslin, the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, the Duc Decazes and the Duc de Dino took unto themselves American brides. The Duc de Dino acquired such a liking for them that he took two. Representatives of the Choiseuls, the Rohan-Chabots, the Polignacs, the Breteuils, the d'Aramons, the Scey-Montbéliards and the de Poix—*j'en passe et des plus principaux et des moins authentiques*—did likewise.

These marriages invariably furnished money, sometimes beauty, occasionally brains. When through them and others to follow the

nobility of France becomes, as ultimately it must become, at once extinct and yet renewed, the real renovation of the country will result. For it is a fact on which snobbery and philosophy both agree, that those who enter the world with all their lower ambitions satisfied for them, and who therefore retain only the higher, and by the same token the only legitimate ones, make the best pilots at the governmental helm.

That is just what France needs. She lacks a man. On that point the aristos, the unwashed and the middle class are for once in unison. They all want a pro-consul who shall demolish the limited liability company that runs the State.

In the expression of that want is real Parisian gaiety. In it, too, is the hum of the bees. Whoever is able to recall both will have to come enveloped in glamour, astride a prancing steed. The only one competent to execute any such feat of *haute école* is Louis Napoleon—Napoleon V.

The grandson of King Jérôme; trained in the fine school of the Caucasus; living on terms of agreeable yet not oppressive intimacy with the Tsar; capable of getting a boost from Italy, from whose reigning house his mother came, and into which his sister has married; capable, too, of a boost from the Kaiser, whose grandfather thrashed his uncle out of his boots, and who in consequence takes naturally a lively interest in him—here is a star that every self-respecting political meteorologist can discern rising in the dreary sky of France. There is the pro-consul. There is the man.

Behind the man is a romance. Here now we are in the thick of fun, back again in real gaiety, for presently, draped in diamonds and spangled with smiles, will appear one of the prettiest little girls in the world. And thereby hangs a story.

Once upon a time people used to assemble in a corner of the map and gamble there for small stakes in a cheap and nasty way. That corner, known as Monaco, was the sleeping

beauty of cities. Perched on a Mediterranean cliff, atmospherically African, historically premedieval, descriptively it was the Cinderella of European sovereignties. After the Franco-Prussian argument, when the roulette tables in Rhineland were closed, an *entrepreneur* journeyed that way, obtained a concession, built a palace and christened it Monte Carlo.

At once the sleeping beauty woke. Cinderella emerged from her scultery. The *entrepreneur* who handed her up was Blanc. Under his care Monte Carlo became a sublimate of Paris in a tropic frame, a new edition of fairyland. To-day the settings are unequaled. It would be graphic to describe the halls as Sardanapalian, or even as Belsarazzuresque, but it is more exact to state that they are good examples of the best modern architecture. Through them throng outlaws, honest men, plutocrats and professional beauties. These people drop pots of money. What they drop falls into Blanc's pocket.

To sanctify the drippings of the saturnalia Blanc bought for his daughter a prince, Roland Bonaparte, who at the time was the most obscure and infinitesimal of the Napoleonides. For reasons too complex for recital here, there rested on his progenitors the malediction of the first Emperor. That malediction the third Emperor reiterated. Debarred in consequence from the feast and the gaieties of Paris, these people formed a band apart, roaming over Europe, ravenous as wolves, demeaned and dazzled, blighted by the imperial stare.

The father of Roland married a blacksmith's daughter, raised her to the dignity of milliner, and with her trimmed hats. None the less he was a Bonaparte, a poor cousin, no doubt, but a cousin all the same. So, too, was his son.

The fact had weight with Blanc, perhaps because with the removal of the empire the blight had gone, or else, as is more probable, because all cousins were alike to him. In any event, he handed over his daughter, and with her a portion gleaned from

the rich pasture lands of *rouge-et-noir*, a dower so glittering that Roland blinked.

Well he might! He had lived on a dollar a day, and dreamed of millions. There they were. The dream had come true. That was twenty years ago. Latterly the dream appears to have widened. Into the shower of millions has entered a vision of might, the forecast of a unique revenge, the possibility of a prodigious shuffle of prodigious cards.

And naturally. Among the results of his marriage is a daughter, who, barring a baker's dozen of our local heiresses, is one of the greatest prizes in the matrimonial fair. The daughter of a Bonaparte is one thing; the daughter of a Blanc is another. Combined in one, there is the *rosa mystica* of Monte Carlo, a magic flower, with money not merely to burn, but to build, to rebuild for that matter, to resurrect the Tuileries and rebeckon the imperial bees.

It is very wrong to listen to gossip. It is worse yet to repeat what you hear. But if there be a word of truth in the rumors that circulate in the circles known as diplomatic, this young person is to be the consort of Napoleon V. He has the charger, the training and the backing necessary to lift him to the altitudes of the ancestral throne. She has the coin and the courage to help the good work along, and over and above all, this prince and princess are in love.

There is the story, and an affecting one it is. Should it turn out as well as Roland's dream did, then behind it is that which magazine writers of the future may be trusted to catalogue among the great twists of fate—the Franco-Prussian argument, for instance, which, in disrupting an empire, sent Blanc to Monaco, and enabled him there to find those sinews of war wherewith a descendant might establish that empire anew; the spectacle of the blighted branch of the Napoleonides restoring the wrested splendor to the parent tree yet topping everything, the idyl of a gambler's granddaughter and the grandson of

a king uniting their hearts and destinies in a conspiracy to love and reign.

Should the ideal of that idyl be realized, and these two young people rule, the gaiety that would ensue

would make the third empire's most jubilicant days look like fifty cents. *Sprechen sie Deutsch?* Or, rather, *Parlez-vous français?* That is the way it sounds to us.

✻
+
SHELTERED

COUNT me not weak because I lean on you!
Nay, for my very strength now bids me kneel
At your dear altar, that your hands may heal
My wounds and stress, and once more make me new.

Count me not weak! the road has been so long,
And lo! heart-weary, yet a man withal,
Proudly before your simple love I fall;
Count me not weak! oh, rather call me strong!

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE.



'TIS AN ILL WIND

HADDOCK—Did you hear about Rashleigh?

JUDDOCK—No. What about him?

HADDOCK—That new horse he just bought ran away with him this morning, and broke his leg and half a dozen ribs, besides killing itself and smashing the trap to kindling wood.

JUDDOCK—You don't say! By George! that's lucky.

HADDOCK—Why, what the deuce do you mean?

JUDDOCK—I bet him the cigars it wasn't the kind of horse he wanted.



THE SMILE OF A WOMAN'S EYES

THE smile of a woman's eyes,
When the world's contempt has crushed us,
When Faith all bruised lies;
The smile of a woman's eyes
Is a promise of Paradise,
And the angels' wings have brushed us—
The smile of a woman's eyes,
When the world's contempt has crushed us.

HELEN HICKS BATES.

IN THE TURKISH ROOM

By Edith Sessions Tupper

SO this is that famous Turkish room!
The air is redolent of the East,
The hangings give out a rare perfume,
The ghost of a rose-leaf feast,
Stirring my fancy to wing strange flights,
Strange shadows of scenes to disclose,
And I re-live those Arabian nights
On a whiff of attar of rose.

In this drowsy, perfumed, close retreat
We'll rest a while from the crowded dance.
Take that cushioned nook; while I, this seat
'Neath this brazen shield and lance.
Now I'm in the East—a bearded Turk;
My cigarette a nargileh grows.
Strange what fantastic thoughts may lurk
In a whiff of attar of rose!

Now sequins shine in your golden hair,
And jeweled hoops swing at your ears,
And glistening on your bosom bare
There are pearls that gleam like tears.
The room grows darker, the couch remote
Where you lounge in languorous pose—
My odalisque! What fancies float
On a whiff of attar of rose!

Light of my soul, do you love me yet?
Are you mine, are you mine till death?
Ah, that memory, like a silhouette!—
The scent of the roses' breath!
Once again, with savage, jealous eyes
I mark your frightened face. Who knows
What gruesome, violent thoughts may rise
On a whiff of attar of rose!

A padded tread in the scented room,
I lift my hand—a moan—a cry!
The bowstring's clutch! In your sweet young bloom
Like a broken flower you lie.
I watch, revengeful, sinister, dumb,
The scene to its terrible close.
Strange what hideous memories come
On a whiff of attar of rose!

THE DAUGHTER OF THE PAINTER PALISA

By John Regnault Ellyson

ONE morning in perhaps the most picturesque corner of London, young Merron paused and looked at the handsome dwelling in front of him, where he became so absorbed that he did not observe a gentleman—none other than Palisa—who, also pausing near at hand, regarded him with an amused expression.

"Now, what do you think of it, my little friend?"

"I like it, sir."

"Because it's odd?"

"No; because it's beautiful."

"Ah!"

"Tell me, if you please, who lives here?"

"An old fool who paints pictures."

"I beg pardon, sir," said the lad, in his frank, quaint, grave way, "but people who paint pictures are no fools."

"Indeed! Well, as you like the house, come in and look round a while," said Palisa.

Merron went in—and remained there.

Palisa was a somewhat unconventional person, yet genial in the main, charming and warm-hearted. Son of an artist and an actress, it is said that in youth he showed profound passion for his father's art, but that, subsequently estranged from one parent, he followed the other on the Italian stage and won distinction; that he married at thirty a lady of great fortune, left the stage, took up his residence in London, and resumed the fascinating studies of his earlier days. Into his conceptions, the pictorial poetry of an idealist, he infused individuality and rare imagination,

and his successes were numerous. Some have doubted whether his works merited the high praise they received, but few have denied his exceptional powers. His years were devoted to his art, to his home life, to his friends—a distinguished group of men, romancers, poets, artists—and the single great affliction that befell him was his wife's death, just after the birth of her only child.

Merron pleased Palisa's fancy—this fair and sad-eyed lad, well-mannered and bright-witted. He admired what he saw; he asked discreet questions; he listened earnestly; he betrayed his modest qualities. He told his story with simplicity, and that night Palisa repeated it briefly to a friend in these words: "His father—you remember Merron, the engraver?—died two years ago; the young fellow buried his mother within the last week. He has inherited natural gifts from both, and nothing more. He's twelve years old, and I shall see what I can do with him."

So, in the beginning, he roused Palisa's interest and affection. He found more than a father in the artist—he found a master capable of directing and developing his talents. He thanked his good fortune in a way that men appreciate—by deep study, by close application, by constant regard to wise teachings; in a word, by putting his soul into every task. He performed a great deal more than was expected of him; he surmounted difficulties with ease, and seemed possessed of untiring energies.

During four years he made considerable progress. And then—somehow came months in which very

little was done. Ardor abated; he had long, dull days; old themes, old ideals failed to excite. There were periods of fitful indifference, of indolent dreaming, of restlessness; periods in which nothing stimulated, nothing quite stirred him; periods that were rare at the outset, but then recurred more frequently and grew more pronounced. Palisa, patient, sagacious, always watchful, chimed in with his moods, offered novel recreations and awaited the hour of rekindling. Yet but little was achieved; it was a season of curious inertia.

At the end of the year Merron saw Palisa's daughter for the first time. The father had often spoken of her, endearingly but vaguely. She made her appearance suddenly, coming fresh from one of those Italian convents, where a quiet and joyous life is unfolded, and education goes on far from the world's diversion. In the midst of the spirited girls and the amiable nuns she had lost nothing of real animation, of her high-strung, nervous nature, of her nobleness of character; she had, besides, grown strong, new-moulded, very accomplished and much more beautiful.

The coming of Camilla into the household was like the sunlight of Springtide. She was an exceedingly charming child, indeed, scarcely more than fifteen; a little more mature than that age would imply, thanks to the air of Italy. However, there was less of the woman than of the nymph in the contour of the form; there were lines of choice loveliness in the pure oval of the face—virginal warmth in its tinge of olive, innocence and infinite laughter in the unrivaled, brown, clear, large eyes. Ardent and impulsive by nature, her manners, as if having caught some of the cloistered calm, had an ease and an elegance suggestive only of the most restful and sympathetic images.

As all fathers do under like circumstances, Palisa opened for her the treasures of his heart. He passed delighted under the new influence. He humored her, he petted her, he

caressed her; he amused himself in amusing her; he grew witty or sentimental as occasion varied, and entered into her moods as unerringly as a lover. How could it be otherwise, in fact, seeing in the child, as he did, the witcheries of the mother—the woman whom he had adored?

But the effect of the girl's presence on Merron was little less than enchantment. It was as if the clouds had broken and divided—as if he had received light from beyond. The period of indifference and indolence ended, the spirit of ambition, of strange activity, flushed anew and revived. There was more than love: there was an awakening.

The spell of slumber now lifted, he worked with fervor undreamed of, with rapturous pleasure. He saw clearly what hitherto had been dimmed or obscured. His insight got to be incredibly keen. With new vision, too, came new conceptions. He created with astonishing ease. Often the indefinite line, the vivid tint, was laid in the flash of a thought, for the power of execution had kept pace with the creative power.

In the space of another twelve months the youth made prodigious advances and secured the unstinted praise of Palisa and his invaluable suggestions. Near the close of the same year, putting other things by, he chose a theme out of the Arthurian legend and began a painting known long after as "*Tidings from Sir Tristram*." He realized the fair scene of the past, shadowing forth a strange chamber's alcove in the Castle Tintagil under the full, unshadowed light of noon, a sumptuous recess with a single living figure, the beautiful figure of his master's daughter, and he aimed at expressing in her person the joy of *La Beale Isoude* over the glad assurance from *Sir Tristram* that, though then imprisoned by treason, he would soon again be free, and his desire that she make ready and quit *King Mark* forever, and flee for love and refuge into England. On this design, Merron, in depicting

an episode that touched his heart, lavished all his energies.

It was while the work was being executed that Palisa, it seemed, discovered the attachment between his daughter and his pupil. He said not a word on the subject; there was at first scarcely any perceptible change in his manner. He showed his love for them in a thousand ways; he was courteous and convivial and kind; but he let it be seen that he frowned on their infatuation. He followed them, perhaps, with more eager eyes; he ingeniously kept them much apart. He appeared as opposed to the development of this reciprocal feeling, of this perfectly natural emotion, making it manifest that for each he had some other and peculiar end in view.

The sensitive lovers grieved in secret, talked of Palisa's mute disapproval, asked vainly what could be his aims, wondered why he, so tender, so considerate in all else, should look with disfavor on affection so innocent and so sincere. Lovers such as they are not interpreters of emotion other than their own; they possess no spirit of the seers. To them, therefore, Palisa was unreadable.

Twice in the brief space of an evening he came suddenly to them, and gently detached her hand from the grasp of the pupil's fingers, and each time fixed on them a very significant glance. From that day his manner changed. He had less to say; he seemed constantly deep in thought. He did not trouble himself to disguise his irritation, but, though thus far he neither did nor said anything uncivil or unseemly, he certainly displayed in his intercourse with them none of his accustomed perfect delicacy.

In one way all this worked well. Proud, noble, stung to the quick, Merron secretly rebelled, yet wavered in purpose, conceived many lines of conduct, pursued none of them, grew moody, brooded, but all the while he poured his whole strength into his task, and showed thereby at least a mastery of every resource in his art.

Some time elapsed. Meanwhile,

day by day, Palisa conducted himself more curiously and grew more peevish and unreasonable. His perversities were never so marked as at breakfast one morning in May. Nothing pleased him. When not self-absorbed and sullen he was pettish and cold. Small things were made much of. He spoke provokingly of the manner in which Merron greeted his daughter. The mode in which she had arranged her hair received churlish comment. Nor did his favorite dog escape; his ears were cruelly pinched for the common privilege of nestling at his knees. His chair at the table was undusted; he expected, he said, soon to discover cobwebs everywhere. For a mere misstep the old servant was threatened with dismissal and ordered out of the room. If his ill-temper had been habitual, the scene would have been comic; but it was serious because so very unusual. There was a fly-speck on the sugar-tongs, he took care to show, and the fringe of his napkin was tangled. He put aside his coffee; the cream had turned its flavor. He found fault with the butter and the muffins, both of which were delicious.

This pettishness was so novel that the young people frequently exchanged glances. Palisa caught them once in the act, and used a very coarse sneer. Had he used a blow he could not have caused more pain, more astonishment. After that they scarcely knew what might be expected. Was some dormant Italian passion wakening? Would other insults follow? Would it all end there that morning in a storm?

No; they experienced a surprise of a different kind. Immediately after breakfast Palisa left the room, returned dressed for the street, and took occasion to say that he was going out on important business and would be gone until evening. In the brusque manner that he had recently adopted he defined what must be done in his absence; Camilla should perfect herself in several of Chopin's caprices—since she played them so abominably—and Merron should consume the

day before his canvas alone in the studio.

When Palisa closed the door the shadow was lifted, the darkness was gone. The lovers stood for a moment in doubt, smiling and wondering, as children in a world newly opened round them. They breathed low, and prattled and touched hands. Outside were the leaves and the blooms of May, the quivering sunbeams, the balmy air. Inside there were beauty and inspiration and love, a threefold magic.

"First, Camilla, you lend light to my task," said he, "and then I'll lighten yours."

"Yes; it shall be so," she answered. "We'll paint first and then play."

It struck nine as they entered the studio.

Just at noon, Palisa, coming into the house, took his way toward the wing that framed the studio. The door of the apartment was open. He stepped in, trod softly—as noiselessly as the light that fell through the glass-squares in the roof or through the windows. On the easel in front of him stood the painting known as "Tidings from Sir Tristram"—the painting on which had been stored treasures of color and skill—complete, perfected, as luminous as a flawless, strange opal, as harmonious as the parts of some vast rose.

This was the picture on which first he gazed, but there was another that soon caught the eyes of Palisa. From his position he could regard it unobserved. The dark piece of old tapestry, hanging by chance over a screen, composed the background; there were two figures in the foreground, one seated in a large chair, the other on the arm of it. Both were beautiful, silent, deep in reverie, grouped as an artist would wish. It was such a picture as the heart loves—its life was nature's and its light was heaven's.

When he had dwelt on this sufficiently Palisa made two strides forward, and the movement brought him abruptly in full view of his daughter and his pupil. For them it was a terrible vision that rose. The girl ut-

tered a startled cry; the youth recoiled from the arm of the chair. Palisa, standing erect, pale and sinister, kept his gaze fixed on them; his eyes, out of which every trace of gentleness had faded, darkened and flashed, resembling the eyes of an animal rather than those of a man. He seemed incapable of speech, but the look—that look fell on them just as the blade of a poniard falls.

The girl glanced up anew, and shuddered. The youth, humiliated, abashed for the moment, rallied after he began to realize that the simplest net had been laid and that he had been caught therein. Pride dictating that he should make the best of his position, he assumed a certain air of honest defiance.

Palisa approached, moved a chair near them, seated himself, crossed one leg over the other, leaned a little back and folded his arms. He had noted the action of the youth.

"That's excellent, truly excellent!" he said at last. "It's exactly what I thought; indeed, exactly what I anticipated. You practice clever tricks, and when the rendering of an account comes, you strike an attitude."

Merron's lips moved, but something hung in his throat, and he ran his fingers inside his collar that he might lessen the pressure there.

"Pluck off your neck-scarf, my admirable young friend, if you are warm, but have a care and keep your teeth closed. When one has no defense it is wise to be mute. Remember, it is you who bring about the present conditions—not I. Thank yourself, therefore, and not me. You dally as you go; you neglect all sense of propriety; you disregard my rights. You know my wishes, and you ignore them. You slip from folly to folly, from folly even to ripe madness. Necessarily, it seems, you must have an affair of love on your hands, but no ordinary affair then suffices! You seek out my daughter as the object of this amour—"

Merron, stung by the word and the tone in which it was uttered, flushed, advanced, would have spoken.

Palisa scowled. "Back to your place and be silent!" he interposed. "Back at once, I say! I'm not yet done. This isn't all—it's only the beginning. You go still further. You lay your snares, you plot against my interests and my child's. There, attempt no denial! Nay, what is truer? Nothing is more unanswerable. It is part of your plan so far to beguile my daughter and pervert her judgment that you may easily rob me of her. Crafty tactics, strategies, plots—plots, I say—against an old man who gave you his open palm six years ago. Ah, you have fine, wild dreams! I know them, I know your most secret devices as well, and it pleases me at this moment to tell you how I have come by that knowledge.

"I began life," continued Palisa, "on the Italian stage, and in those days it was thought that I had some talent. An actor with talent, I need scarcely say, can thoroughly invest himself with another's character, with another's personality; and of course the better the actor the better this is done. Fully aware of your temperament, of your qualities, I had only to put myself in your shoes and give myself your surroundings in order to discover all your thoughts, your motives, your secret schemes. As you have gone from point to point in your little drama, I have followed, step by step, with the same arguments, the same irrational reasonings, concocting the same absurd plans. I tell you this now because I wish you to understand that I am not altogether the dullard you took me for, and that at present I am keenly alive to the necessity of ending this comedy—this comedy of yours and mine."

Palisa paused. His eyes passed from the face of the one to the face of the other—eyes in which there was the cold, gray glitter of ruffled waters. The girl sobbed; the youth doubted the sanity of the old artist.

"I have merely one word to add," said Palisa. "Listen. There is one of two courses you can pursue, either one of two courses. You may, if you

please, take up your trappings and begone, or you may remain—just as you think fit. I speak to you, Camilla, and to you, Merron. Choose now."

Camilla, lifting her head quickly, gazed blankly at her father through her tears; Merron leaned against the edge of her chair and brushed his hand across his brow. Both were curiously stirred afresh, bewildered; both seriously questioned the evidence of their own ears and eyes, for in his final words Palisa had contrived to infuse a wonderful softness of tone, a sweet mockery and charm that made the phrases sound like strange music, and at the same time the expression of his face had changed and grown fair with familiar light.

"Oh, father!"

"My dear master!"

"Delicious fools! So, I could see through the mask you wore, but you couldn't see through mine. Come, I am hungry for your kisses. Don't you know I love you above all else, more than the world, more than life? Ah, I have watched you with such rare pleasure! I have turned away so often that I might not show you my heart."

"Why, dear master, why should I have doubted you?"

"Why should you not, my boy?"

"But you were cruel, father, so cruel!"

"Softly, my lady of reproaches. Did you, therefore, love the rogue the less?"

She shook her beautiful head and smiled.

"There were two motives," said Palisa, "two motives that swayed me. One, a fancy to play a part once more as in my younger days—a fool's fancy; and the other—can you guess the other, my dear?"

"I think—no, no, I cannot guess."

"Well, certainly, then you don't understand Merron as I do."

"I don't understand Merron!"

"No; not as I do, at least. To a youth of his temperament, the darker the clouds are the more fire he draws from them; the brain kindles; he

sees a multitude of things that no one else perceives; he becomes charged with rhythmic thought—inspired. If a warrior, he fights; if a poet, he sings; if an artist, he paints. There! look at that picture! Where is a splash of color needed? What tint or light or line or touch could better it?"

"See, father, see how the blood dances in his cheek!"

"Yes, look at him—a handsome devil, and just eighteen, this lover, this rebel, this painter! And what has he done?"

"Ah, he has made you happy, and me!"

"More, much more, besides. He has done what few in many thousands ever succeed in doing—he has achieved a masterpiece at the very beginning of his career!"



AN OLD CHINA CUP

DAINTY and white, fragile and light,
See how it glows on the mantel to-night!
Last of its set, taper and jet
Tinge it like pearl with old memories' light.

When she was wed, grandmother said,
Twenty-and-two of them sparkled like snow!
Saucers for mates, tea-urn and plates,
There they all stood in a glistening row.

Now there's but one under the sun—
One for my wedding, as grandmother willed—
Quaint as old lace, sweet as her face,
Dear as the love of the heart that is stilled.

There let it stay, frailest of clay—
Touch it not, sweet, with a finger-tip, pray!
Look at it, so!—all in love's glow,
Relic of grandmother's happiest day!

JAMES BUCKHAM.



ON THE BANKS OF THE STYX

NEW ARRIVAL—Who was that party that laughed so derisively when I told my prize fish-story?

OLD SHADE—Oh, that was Jonah.



A QUESTION

"THEY belong to the landed aristocracy."

"Indeed! When did they land?"

AS PLAYED BEFORE HIS HIGHNESS

By James B. Cabell

"THE idea," said the baroness, "is preposterous!" "Admirably put!" cried the grand duke. "We will execute it to-night."

The baroness stared at him coldly, and added:

"Besides, one could only take a portmanteau."

"They hold very little," his highness agreed; "I assure you, after I had packed my coronet there was hardly room for a change of linen. And I had to choose between my family tree and a tooth-brush."

"Louis, Louis," sighed the baroness, "can you never be serious? You are about to throw away a duchy, and you laugh like a schoolboy."

"*Ma foi!*" retorted the grand duke, looking out on the moonlit gardens, "as a loyal Noumarian, I rejoice at the good fortune that is to befall my country. Morality demands my abdication," he added, virtuously, "and for once I agree with morality."

The Baroness von Altenburg was not disposed to argue the point; for she with the rest of the world knew that the Grand Duke of Noumaria had in his time left little undone that tended to jeopardize both his dignity and his grand duchy. His latest scheme, however, threatened to dispense with both.

It was Homeric in its simplicity. To elucidate it he had led the baroness to the Summer-house that good Duke Ludwig erected in the Gardens of Breschau, close to the fountain of the Naiads, and had in a few words explained his plan. There were post-horses in Noumaria; there was an entirely unobstructed road that led to

Vienna, and thence to the world outside; and he proposed, in short, to quiet the grumbling of the discontented Noumarians by the sudden and complete disappearance of their grand duke. As a patriot, the baroness could not fail to perceive the inestimable benefit that would thus be conferred on her country.

He stipulated, however, that his exit from public life should be made in company with this the latest lady on whom he had bestowed his somewhat fickle affections. Remembering these things, the baroness, without exactly encouraging or discouraging his scheme, was at least not prone to insist on his morality.

She contented herself with a truism. "Indeed, your highness, the example you set your subjects is bad."

"Yet they protest," said the grand duke. "I have done the things I ought not to have done, and left unread the papers I have signed. What more can one ask of a grand duke?"

"You are indolent," remonstrated the lady.

"You are adorable," said his highness.

"And that injures your popularity."

"Which vanished with my waist."

"You create scandals."

"The woman tempted me," quoted the grand duke, and added, reflectively, "It is singular——"

"I am afraid," said the baroness, "it is plural."

The grand duke waved a dignified dissent, and continued:

"—that I could never resist green eyes of a peculiar shade."

The baroness, becoming vastly in-

terested in the structure of her fan, went on, with some severity:

"Your reputation——"

"*De mortuis*—" pleaded the grand duke.

"—is bad; and you go from bad to worse."

"By no means," said his highness; "when I was nineteen——"

"I won't believe it of you!" cried the lady.

"I assure you," protested his highness, gravely, "I was a devil of a fellow! She was only twenty, and she had brown eyes."

"By this time," said the lady, spitefully, "she may have grandchildren."

"I am thirty-five!" said the grand duke, with dignity.

"Then the *Almanach de Gotha*——"

"'Tis a misprint!" cried the grand duke. "I will explain it in Vienna."

"I am not going to Vienna."

"And Sapphira," murmured his highness, "'fell down straightway at his feet, and yielded up the ghost.' Beware, Amalia!"

"I am not afraid, your highness."

"Nor I. Let Europe frown and journalists moralize, while I go straight on the road that leads to Vienna and heaven."

"Or—" suggested the baroness, helpfully.

"There is no 'or.' Once out of Noumaria, we leave all things save happiness behind."

"Among these things, your highness, is a duchy."

"*Hein?*" said the grand duke; "what is it? A black spot on the map, a pawn in the game of politics. I give up the pawn and take—the queen."

"That is unwise," said the baroness, with composure; "and besides, you are hurting my hand. Apropos of the queen—the grand duchess——"

"Will thank God heartily for her deliverance. She will renounce me before the world, and—almost—love me in secret."

"A true woman," said the baron-

ess, oracularly, "will follow a husband——"

"Till his wife makes her stop," said the grand duke, his tone implying that he knew whereof he spoke.

"If the grand duchess loved you——"

"I don't think she would ever mention it," said the grand duke, turning this new idea over in his mind. "She has a great regard for appearances."

"Nevertheless——"

"She will be regent," chuckled the grand duke. "I can see her now—Marie Antoinette, with a dash of Boadicea. Noumaria will be a temple of all the virtues. Charles will be brought up on moral aphorisms and health-foods, with me as a forcible example of what to avoid. Deuce take it, Amalia," he added, "a father must furnish an example to his children!"

"Pray," asked the baroness, "do you owe it to the prince to take this trip to Vienna?"

"*Ma foi!*" retorted the grand duke, "I owe that to myself."

"It will break the grand duchess's heart."

"Indeed!" observed his highness. "You seem strangely in the confidence of my wife."

The baroness descended to aphorism.

"All women are alike, your highness."

"I have heard," said the grand duke, "that seven devils were cast out of Magdalene."

"Which means——?"

"I have never heard of this being done to any other woman."

"Beware, your highness, of the crudeness of cynicism!"

"I am old," complained the grand duke, "and one reaches years of indiscretion early in life."

"You admit, then, that discretion is desirable?"

"I admit that," said his highness, with firmness, "of you alone."

"Am I, then," queried the baroness, "desirable?"

"More than that," said the grand duke, "you are dangerous. You are a menace to the peace of my court. The young men make sonnets to your eyes and the ladies are ready to tear them out. You corrupt us. There is Châteauroux, now——"

"I assure you," protested the baroness, "he is not the sort of a person to——"

"At twenty-five," interrupted the grand duke, "one is always that sort of a person. Besides, he makes verses."

"Not like yours, your highness. In that line you need fear no rival."

"You confess, then," interrogated the grand duke, "that I have no rival?"

"I said in that line, your highness."

His highness frowned.

"At least," he reflected, "my lines are cast in pleasant places; but I had rather make love to you than verses."

"It is difficult," agreed the baroness, "to do both convincingly; and you were born a poet."

"I was not consulted," cried the grand duke; "and in time one may live down an epic. Besides, my verses are destined to oblivion. Had I been driven by hunger rather than ennui—who knows? As it is, my verses are unread, just as my proclamations are unreadable."

"Phrases, your highness."

"Phrases or not, it is decided. You shall make no more bad poets."

"You will," said the baroness, "put me to a vast expense for curl-papers."

"You shall create no more heart-burnings."

"My milliner will be inconsolable."

"In short, you must leave Noumaria."

"You will break my heart."

"As misery loves company, I will go with you. We should never forget," added his highness, with considerable kindness, "always to temper justice with mercy."

"You will do no such thing!"

"I have ordered a carriage to be ready at dawn."

"I trust your highness will enjoy your drive."

"In good company," said the grand duke, "anything is endurable."

The baroness reflected; the grand duke smiled.

"I will not go," she said.

"Remember Sapphira," said the grand duke, "and by no means forget the portmanteau."

"I have no intention of going," reiterated the baroness, firmly.

"I would never suspect you of such a thing. Still, a portmanteau, in case of emergency——"

"But——"

"Exactly."

"I am told the sunrise is very beautiful from the Gardens of Breschau."

"It is well worth seeing," agreed the grand duke, "on certain days—Thursdays, for instance. The gardeners make a specialty of them on Thursdays."

"By a curious chance," murmured the baroness, "this is Wednesday."

"Indeed!" said the grand duke; "I believe it is."

"And I shall be here on your highness's recommendation; but only," she added, "to see the sunrise."

"Of course," said the grand duke, "to see the sunrise—with a portmanteau!"

The baroness was silent.

"With a portmanteau," entreated the grand duke. "I am a connoisseur of portmanteaux. Say that I may see yours."

The baroness smiled.

"Say yes, Amalia," whispered the grand duke. "I adore portmanteaux."

The baroness bent toward him and said:

"I am sorry to inform your highness that there is someone at the door of the Summer-house."

II

INASMUCH as all Noumaria knew that the grand duke, once closeted

with the lady whom he delighted to honor, did not love intrusions; inasmuch as a discreet court had learned to regard the Summer-house as sacred to his highness and the Baroness von Altenburg—for these reasons the grand duke was inclined to resent this disturbance of his privacy as he peered out into the gardens.

His countenance was less severe as he turned again to the baroness; it smacked more of bewilderment.

"It is only the grand duchess," he said.

"And the Comte de Châteauroux," said the baroness.

"Precisely," said the grand duke.

There was no impropriety in the situation, but there is no denying that their voices were somewhat lowered. The rather severely classic beauty of the grand duchess was plainly visible from where they sat. With the Comte de Châteauroux, whose uniform of the Cuirassiers glittered in the moonlight, she made an undeniably handsome picture. It was possibly the grand duke's esthetic taste that held him immovable for a moment.

"After all—" he began, and rose.

"I am afraid that the grand duchess—" murmured the baroness.

"It is the duty of a good husband," said the grand duke, "to conceal from his wife any knowledge that may cause her pain."

Thereupon he sat down.

"I do not," said the baroness, "approve of eavesdropping."

"If you put it that way—" agreed the grand duke, and rose once more, when the voice of Châteauroux stopped him.

"My God!" he cried, "I can't and won't give you up, Victoria!"

"I have heard," said his highness, "that the moonlight is bad for the eyes." Saying this, he seated himself composedly in the darkest corner of the Summer-house.

"This is madness!" cried the grand duchess; "sheer madness!"

"Madness, if you will," persisted Châteauroux, "but a madness too strong for us to resist. Listen, Vic-

toria," and he waved his hand toward the palace, whence music, softened by the distance, stole through the lighted windows; "don't you remember? They used to play that at Godesberg."

The grand duchess was silent.

"Ah, dear heart," he continued, "those were happy times, were they not, when we were boy and girl together? I have danced that so many times with you! It brings back so many things—the scent of your hair, the soft cheek that sometimes brushed mine, the white shoulders that I longed to kiss so many times before I dared."

"Hein?" muttered the grand duke.

"We aren't boy and girl now," said the grand duchess, and her voice was regretful. "All that lies behind us, dear. It was a dream—a foolish dream that we must forget."

"Can you forget?" whispered Châteauroux; "can you forget it all, Victoria?—that night at Ingolstadt, when you told me that you loved me; that day at Godesberg when we were lost in the palace gardens?"

"*Mon Dieu*, what a memory!" murmured the grand duke. "He makes love by the almanac."

"Ah, dearest woman in the world," continued Châteauroux, "you loved me once, and you have not quite forgotten, I know. We were happy then—ah, so happy—and now——"

"Life," said the grand duchess, "cannot always be happy."

"Ah, no, dear heart! But what a life has been this of mine—a life of dreary days, filled with sick, vivid dreams of our youth that is hardly past as yet! And so many dreams, woman of my heart! The least remembered trifle brings back in a flash some corner of the old castle and you as I saw you there—laughing, or insolent, or it may be tender, though the latter comes but seldom. Just for a moment I see you and my blood leaps up in homage to my dear lady. Then—ah, the vision disappears as quickly as it came, and I hunger more than ever for the sight of your loved face."

"This," said the grand duke, "is insanity."

"But," went on Châteauroux, more softly, "I love better the dreams of the night. They are not made all of memories, sweetheart; rather they are romances that my love weaves out of many memories of you—wild, fantastic stories of just you and me that always end happily if I am left to dream them out in comfort. For there is a woman in these dreams who loves me, whose heart and body and soul are mine, all mine. It is a wonderful vision while it lasts, though it is only in dreams that I am master of my heart's desire, and the waking is very bitter. Ah, Victoria, have pity! Don't let it be only a dream!"

"Not but what he does it rather well, you know," whispered the grand duke to the baroness, "though his style is a trifle florid. That last speech was quite in my earlier manner."

The grand duchess did not stir as Châteauroux bent over her jeweled hand.

"Come, dear love!" he said. "Don't let us lose our only chance of happiness. You will go?"

"I cannot," whispered the grand duchess, "I cannot, dear. We have our work to do in the world."

"You will go?" said Châteauroux again.

"My husband——"

"A man who leaves you for each new caprice, who flaunts his mistresses in the face of Europe."

"My children——"

"Dear God! are they or ought else to stand in my way, think you? You love me!"

"It would be criminal."

"You love me!"

"You act a dishonorable part, Châteauroux."

"You love me!"

"I will never see you again," said the grand duchess, firmly. "Go! I loathe you, I loathe you, monsieur, even more than I loathe myself for stooping to listen to you."

"You love me!" said Châteauroux, and took her in his arms.

Then it was granted to the Baroness von Altenburg and the Grand Duke of Noumaria to behold a wonderful sight, for the grand duchess rested her head on his shoulder, and said:

"Yes, dear, better than all else beside."

"Really," said the grand duke, "I would never have thought it of Victoria."

"You will come, then?" said Châteauroux.

And the grand duchess answered, quietly:

"It shall be as you say."

Then, while the grand duke and the baroness craned their necks, Châteauroux bent over her upturned lips; but the grand duchess struggled away from him, saying, hurriedly:

"Hush, Philippe! I heard someone—something stirring."

"It was the wind, dear heart."

"Come—I am afraid—it is madness to wait here."

"At dawn, then—in the gardens?"

"Yes, dear. But come, Philippe. I dare not wait." And they disappeared in the direction of the palace.

III

THE grand duke looked dispassionately on their retreating figures; inquiringly on the baroness; reprovingly on the moon, as if he rather suspected it of having treated him with injustice.

"*Ma foi*," said his highness at length, "I have never known such a passion for sunrises. We shall have them advertised shortly as 'Patronized by the Nobility.'"

"Indeed," said the baroness, "I think we shall;" and added, "her own cousin, too."

"Victoria," observed the grand duke, "has always had the highest regard for her family; but she is going too far."

"Yes," said the baroness; "as far as Vienna."

"She has taken leave of her senses."

"I am much afraid," sighed the baroness, "that she has taken leave of her husband."

"I never dreamed of Victoria—" began the grand duke.

"Precisely," interrupted the baroness; "you never dreamed of Victoria; and it seems that Châteauroux did."

"I shall tell her that there are limits. Yes," repeated the grand duke, emphatically, "that there are limits."

"If I am not mistaken, she will reply that there are—baronesses."

"I shall appeal to her better nature."

"You will find it," said the baroness, "strangely hard of hearing."

"I shall have Châteauroux arrested."

"On what grounds, your highness?"

"In fact," admitted the grand duke, "we do not want a scandal."

"It is not," said the baroness, "altogether a question of what we want."

"There will be a horrible one."

"The papers will thrive on it."

"International complications."

"The army has very little to do."

"A divorce."

"The lawyers will call you blessed. At least," added the baroness, conscientiously, "your lawyers will. I am afraid that hers—"

"Will not be so courteous?" queried the grand duke.

"It is possible," admitted the baroness, "that they may discover some other adjective."

"In short," his highness summed it up, "there will be the deuce to pay."

"Precisely," said the baroness.

The grand duke lost his temper. "If she goes," he thundered, "I'll be—"

"You will be," said the baroness, hastily, "whether she goes or not; and she will go."

"You forget," said his highness, recovering his ruffled dignity, "that I am the grand duke."

"You forget," retorted the baroness,

"that Châteauroux is twenty-five."

"I must stop them," said the grand duke.

"It will be difficult," said the lady.

"Without scandal."

"It will be impossible."

The grand duke frowned, and lapsed into a most unducal sullenness.

"Your highness," murmured the baroness, "I cannot express my sympathy for you."

"Madame," said the grand duke, "I cannot express my sympathy for myself. At least, not in the presence of a lady."

"But I have a plan."

"I," said the grand duke, "have any number of plans; but Châteauroux has a carriage; and Victoria," he added, reflectively, "has the deuce of a temper."

"My plan," said the baroness, "is a good one."

"It needs to be," said the grand duke.

Thereupon, the Baroness von Altenburg unfolded to his highness her scheme for preserving peace in the reigning family of Noumaria; and the grand duke heard and marveled.

"Amalia," he said, when she had ended, "you should be prime minister—"

"Ah, your highness," said the lady, "you flatter me."

"—though, indeed," reflected the grand duke, "what would a mere prime minister do with lips like yours?"

"You agree, then, to my plan?" the baroness questioned.

"*Ma foi*, yes!" said the grand duke. "In the gardens, at dawn."

"At dawn," said the baroness, "in the gardens."

IV

THE grand duke glanced discontentedly over the scene; in the gray light that heralded the day he found the world a strangely cheerless place.

The Gardens of Breschau were deserted, save for a traveling carriage that stood not a hundred yards from the Summer-house.

"It seems," he said, "that I am the first on the ground, and that Châteauroux is a dilatory lover. Young men degenerate."

Saying this, he seated himself on a convenient bench, where Châteauroux found him a few minutes later, smoking a contemplative cigarette, and promptly dropped a portmanteau at the ducal feet.

"Monsieur le comte," said the grand duke, "this is an unforeseen pleasure."

"Your highness!" cried Châteauroux, in astonishment.

"Precisely," said the grand duke.

Châteauroux caressed his chin reflectively. The grand duke inhaled his cigarette in an equally meditative fashion.

"I did not know," said the grand duke, "that you were such an early riser. Or perhaps," he continued, "you are late in retiring. Fie, fie, monsieur, you must be careful! You will create a scandal in our court." He shook his finger knowingly at Châteauroux.

"Your highness—" said the latter, and stammered into silence.

"You said that before, you know," remarked the grand duke.

"An affair of business——"

"Ah," said the grand duke, casting his eye first on the portmanteau and then on the carriage, "can it be that you are leaving Noumaria? We shall miss you, comte."

"I was summoned very hastily, or I should have paid my respects to your highness."

"Indeed," said the grand duke, "it is somewhat sudden."

"It is imperative, your highness."

"And yet," pursued the grand duke, "travel is beneficial to young men."

"I shall not go far, your highness."

"I would not for the world intrude on your secrets, comte——"

"My estates, your highness——"

"—for young men will be young men, I know."

"My steward, your highness, is imperative."

"Stewards are," agreed the grand duke, "somewhat unreasonable at times. I trust she is handsome."

"Ah, your highness!" cried Châteauroux.

"And you have my blessing. Go in peace."

The grand duke was smiling benevolently on the discomfited Châteauroux when the Baroness von Altenburg suddenly appeared between them, in traveling costume and carrying a portmanteau.

"Heyday!" said the grand duke; "it seems that the steward of our good baroness is also importunate."

"Your highness!" cried the baroness, and dropped her portmanteau.

"Everyone," said the grand duke, "appears to doubt my identity this morning."

Châteauroux turned from the one to the other in bewilderment.

"This," said the grand duke, after a pause, "is painful. It is unworthy of you, Châteauroux."

"Your highness!" cried the latter.

"Again?" said the grand duke, pettishly.

The baroness applied her handkerchief to her eyes, and said, plaintively:

"You do not understand, your highness."

"I am afraid," said the grand duke, "that I understand only too clearly."

"We will not deceive you——" cried the baroness.

"It would be unwise," agreed the grand duke, "to attempt it."

"—and I confess that I was here to meet Monsieur de Châteauroux."

"Good God!" cried the latter.

"Precisely," observed the grand duke; "to compare portmanteaux; and you have selected the interior of this carriage, no doubt, as a suitable spot."

"And I admit to your highness——"

"His highness already knowing," interpolated the grand duke.

"That we were about to elope."

"I assure you—" began Châteauroux.

"I will take the lady's word for it," said the grand duke, "though it grieves me."

"We knew you would never give your consent," murmured the baroness.

"Undoubtedly," said the grand duke, "I would never have given my consent."

"And we love each other."

"Fiddle-de-dee!" said his highness.

Châteauroux passed his hand over his brow. "This," he said, "is some horrible mistake."

"It is," assented the grand duke; "a mistake—but one of your making."

"I did not expect the baroness—"

"So early?" continued his highness, sympathetically. "It was unfortunate."

"Indeed, your highness—" began Châteauroux.

"Do you deny, Monsieur le comte," asked the grand duke, coldly, "that you were awaiting a lady?"

Châteauroux was silent.

"Or perhaps," suggested the grand duke, "it was someone else you were expecting."

Still silence.

"Ah, Philippe!" entreated the baroness, "confess to his highness."

"If I do—" said Châteauroux.

"Stop, sir!" said the grand duke, "you have already brought scandal to our court. Do not add profanity to your other crimes. I protest," he continued, "even the grand duchess has heard of it."

Indeed, the grand duchess, hurrying from the palace, was already within a few feet of the trio, and had only then perceived her husband's presence.

"I should not be surprised," said the grand duke, raising his eyes to heaven, "if it were all over the palace by this time."

Then, as the grand duchess paused in astonishment, he asked, gravely:

"You, too, have heard of this sad affair, Victoria?"

"Your highness!" cried the grand duchess.

"Of what these two young fools have planned? Ah, I see you have, and come in haste to prevent it. You have a good heart, Victoria."

"I did not know—" began the grand duchess.

"Until the last moment," finished the grand duke. "I understand. But perhaps," he continued hopefully, "it is not yet too late to bring them to their senses."

Turning to the baroness and Châteauroux, he said:

"I will not stop you, but—"

"Believe me," said the baroness, "we are heartily grateful for your highness's magnanimity. We may, then, depart with your permission?"

"But I beg you to reflect—"

"We have reflected," said the baroness; and handed her portmanteau to the unwilling Châteauroux.

"To you," said his highness, frowning on Châteauroux, "I have nothing to say. Under the cover of hospitality you have endeavored to steal away the fairest ornament of our court; I leave you to the pangs of conscience, if indeed you have a conscience. But the baroness is young; she has been misled by your sophistry and specious pretense of affection. She has evidently been misled," he said kindly, to the grand duchess, "as any woman might be."

"As any woman might be!" echoed the grand duchess.

"I shall therefore," continued the grand duke, "do all in my power to dissuade her from this ruinous step. I shall appeal to her better nature, and not, I trust, in vain."

He hurried to the carriage, where the baroness had seated herself.

"Amalia," he whispered, "you are an admirable actress."

The baroness smiled.

"It is now time," said his highness, "for me to appeal to your better nature. I shall do so in a loud voice, for I have prepared a most virtuous homily that I am unwilling the grand duchess should miss. You will be overcome with remorse, burst

into tears, throw yourself at my feet—remember that the left is the gouty one—and be forgiven. You will then be restored to favor, while Châteauroux drives off alone and in disgrace. Your plan works wonderfully."

"It is true," said the baroness, doubtfully, "that was the plan."

"And a magnificent one," said the grand duke.

"But I have altered it, your highness."

"And this alteration, Amalia?"

"Involves a trip to Vienna."

"Not yet, Amalia. We must wait."

"I am going," said the baroness, "with Monsieur de Châteauroux."

The grand duke supported himself by grasping the carriage door.

"Preposterous!" he cried.

"You have given your consent," protested the baroness, "and in the presence of the grand duchess."

"But that," said the astonished grand duke, "was part of the plan."

"Indeed, your highness," said the baroness, "it was a most important part. You must know," she continued, with some diffidence, "that I have had the misfortune to fall in love with Monsieur de Châteauroux."

"Who is in love with the grand duchess?"

"I have reason to believe," said the baroness, modestly, "that he is in love with me."

"Especially after hearing him last night," suggested the grand duke.

"That scene, your highness, he had carefully rehearsed with me."

The grand duke gazed meditatively at the baroness, who had the grace to blush.

"Then it was," he asked, slowly, "a comedy for my benefit?"

"You would never have consented, you know," she began. But the grand

duke's countenance, which was slowly altering to a dusky green, caused her to pause.

"You will get over it in a week, Louis," she murmured; "and you will find other—baronesses."

"Probably," said his highness, grinning in a ghastly fashion. "Nevertheless," he added, "it was a mean trick to play on the grand duchess."

"I do not think the grand duchess will complain," said the baroness.

Then a light broke slowly on the grand duke. "You planned all this beforehand?" he inquired, with a carefully modulated voice.

"Precisely, your highness."

"And Châteauroux helped you?"

"Precisely, your highness."

"And the grand duchess knew?"

"The grand duchess suggested it, your highness."

The grand duke turned his back to her. "Monsieur de Châteauroux," he called, "I find the lady is adamant. I wish you a pleasant journey." He held open the door of the carriage for Châteauroux to enter.

"You will forgive us, your highness?" asked the latter.

"You will forget?" murmured the baroness.

"I will do both," said the grand duke. "*Bon voyage, mes enfants!*"

With a cracking of whips the carriage drove off.

"Victoria," said the grand duke, with admiration, "you are a remarkable woman. I think that I will walk for a while in the gardens, and meditate on the perfections of my wife."

He strolled off in the direction of the woods. As he reached the summit of a slight incline, he turned and looked over the road that leads from Breschau to Vienna. A cloud of dust showed where the carriage had disappeared.

THE PARTICULAR KIND

"THOMPSON says he regards his mother-in-law as a perfect treasure."
"To be sure he does—the kind he'd be satisfied to lay up in heaven."

ACROSS THE STREET

ACROSS the street there lives a maid,
 A jolly, teasing little jade,
 With wanton hair and witching eyes,
 And yet, so staid and worldly wise
 That, if she deigns to send a glance
 Across my way, it seems mere chance,
 And quick withdraws in swift retreat
 Across the street.

Across the street I sit and look,
 Forgetful of my pipe and book;
 I see her shadow on the pane,
 And build me castles in far Spain.
 I watch and wait, with patience rare,
 Till, just as I would quite despair,
 She looks from out her window-seat
 Across the street.

Across the street hath come a change;
 The window hath a tenant strange,
 Who moves me to no rosy dreams;
 My brain no more with castles teems—
 What use have I for fancies frail?
 The maid, as fits romantic tale,
 Hath moved, to make my joy complete,
 Across the street!

TRUMAN ROBERTS ANDREWS.



RECOMMENDED

"IS there anything good in this book?"
 "The bad parts."



FUNCTION

IT is a formal dinner,
 And I am there, you see;
 Were "i" to drop quite out of "it,"
 Why, "it" would be a "t."

A STUDY IN SUGGESTION

By Emma Wolf

WHEN Lennox entered the room and found her sitting up—in bed, to be sure, but flushed and smiling—the look of grave concern that had relieved the habitual imperturbability of his plain face took instant and annoyed flight.

Her quick eyes noted the fleet change in his. "It is all right," she assured him, with a laugh, the gurgling merriment of which only added to his annoyance, as she held out her pretty hand; "it's not a joke. I am really dying, though appearances are against me. You need not look so angry and disappointed."

"My dear Miss Bonney," he protested, turning fiery and seating himself with awkward quickness in the chair into which she lightly drew him, "surely you—"

"Surely I understood you perfectly, Professor Lennox. Don't look so serious, please. I am not serious, and it is rather a grave matter for me, you know."

A bewildered gentleness gathered about his brow and eyes. "But you look so remarkably well," he stammered—"well" being as near a compliment as his unsocial graces ever ventured. "And," he went on, more hurriedly, with a sudden flashing smile, "I am not sure, after all, it's not—I only hope it is—a hoax."

"Why don't you say pretext?"

"Pretext?"

"To get you here."

"Oh, nonsense!" he returned more easily, flushing again over the insinuation against herself.

"But they all say it," she explained, leaning back among her pillows, a musing light quieting the

radiance of her eyes. "Lou Waring says so, and Lou is my best friend, you know. She told Courtenay Forbes yesterday— Did you hear that every day for over a week I have been having in one friend at a time to say good-bye? So, you see, you are only one of many. She told Courtenay Forbes that although the doctors and I put a professional accent to the heart trouble, the accent should be merely human—like that of any other hopeless, everyday love-affair. Furthermore, she avers that I am using all these friends as a mere blind to cover the one man for whom I pretend to be dying, and whom alone I care to see."

"But why," he exclaimed, in blunt contempt, "take to—?" He paused, abruptly.

"My bed?" she asked, with a lift of pretty eyebrows. "This is the way Lou explains that: 'Kate Bonney,' she says, 'is first and always a coquette—the situation is pathetic and so wonderfully becoming to her!' She says it is my latest trick."

Professor Lennox sat stolid, unanswering to this assault, if assault it was.

Kate laughed appreciatively. Presently the laugh died away and she put her hand over her eyes. "Lou Waring is awfully clever," she said, her voice very low and slightly unsteady.

"If that is an example of her cleverness she must be a romantic and malicious fool," said Lennox, brusquely, partly because he believed it, partly because of the catch in the voice of the girl so near him.

The slender hand slowly withdrew from the eyes, and she turned them

toward him. He was pained and startled to find that they were suffused with tears, that a dim pallor had overspread her face from brow to chin.

"No," she said, gently; "Lou is no fool. She guessed the truth—in part."

Again Lennox found nothing to say. He turned uncomfortably in his chair. "The situation" was not only uninteresting, but, too, distasteful to him.

"I mean about the friends," she continued, slowly. "I did use the many as a blind for—the one."

"If the others are as glad as I to serve you in this emergency," he managed to say, whimsically, "your conscience need not trouble you."

She smiled, her eyes dwelling lingeringly on his rough visage. A faint sound, like a stifled sigh, just reached her lips. "I want to tell you something," she uttered, absently, as though lost in thus contemplating him; "yes, to tell you something. Will you listen?"

"I was always a good listener—to you."

"Yes—a tolerant one, I know; or was it just indifference? Never mind. I want to tell you a story."

He turned his quiet, reticent face directly toward her. "I am all attention," he said, kindly.

The girl was smiling, but an undercurrent of uncontrollable, almost dramatic intensity swept over the smile, curiously annihilating its forced gaiety, and communicating itself troublously to Lennox's consciousness.

"I—I—but there are certain conditions. I mean—" she turned with rough resolution, riveting his eyes to her smileless ones, her hand clenched on the dainty embroidery of the sheet—"I mean, you must promise me, before I begin, that when I have finished you will make no comment; you will not say one word, only good-bye, and leave me at once."

"But is it necessary that I hear it?" he expostulated, fearing he knew not what, wishing he could argue her out of her unintelligible purpose.

"Yes," she insisted, hurriedly; "yes, you must hear it. I have promised." She cleared her throat and vainly endeavored to recover her smile.

"Promised?" he echoed, stupidly.

"Myself. Oh, let's have done with this subterfuge! I am going to do an unprecedented thing. But it must be done now—quickly. And you must listen; and you will say no word, make no sign when I finish—but go. Promise—answer me!" She spoke imperiously, with pale, resolute face.

"I promise," he responded, in confusion and submission of spirit.

"There was a girl," she began directly, with a blind plunge into the shadows, "whom life, whom circumstance had made—or marred—for no use but enjoyment. That's a sort of use—butterfly use. It was pleasant to see her prettiness, her irresponsibility for any other duty. She was born in that environment where the password is, 'Enjoy, and to-morrow—enjoy again.' If all her world squandered its potential use for nothing higher than the cakes and ale of life, it did not matter. There were no consequences, no future to consider. Consider! The word was obsolete in her circle, where the inherited rights of birth and fortune would last forever, and where hearts were seemingly as unfurrowed as brows. Position, wealth, beauty, clothes, smiles, badinage—of such was her pocket-money, and with it she bought everything she had ever desired. In a word, she was just a coquette, but a pretty one. She thought a great deal of her prettiness. Thinking of it so much—or, rather, knowing it so well—gave her poise, dominion. 'Knowledge is power.'"

She paused, her brown eyes wide and brilliant now, a flush burning soft and velvety on her cheek, her lips slightly parted, as if in ecstasy, a royal insouciance hanging over her like a crown. For a moment she had forgotten herself in herself.

The look of polite interest in his eyes recalled her. She laughed; but

the laugh broke, caught as if in a trap. Her slender, clenched hand was lost in the laces on her bosom. Her nostrils seemed to sharpen and pale, her eyes to darken and distend. But these manifestations of acute suffering lasted only a second.

"There was a man," she began again, roughly, silencing his movement of pity with a glance, "who was born to work, to dig into the life of things—eternal things." He had no interest in butterflies—the human species, I mean. They were of some account in the evolution of economics, but socially speaking, though they soared above him, they were many strata beneath him. One day he met—one day the butterfly girl I was speaking of met him. He never met her. He was talking to men, and she happened to be seated near. She had never heard such talk. She had read things like it, as a girl of her sort gets a chattering smattering of all things, so as to keep her hold on the *Zeitgeist*; but to come close to it—not detached, or abstract, or ideal, or theoretical, but warm, personal, vital, strong in the quiet assurance of the voice, in the quiet reserve of the face, in the quiet dominance of the whole effluence of the man—it—it threw her to the ground. A little later she was presented to him. She was not stupid. She had a working knowledge of several instruments of coquetry. She put into her eyes the whole world of interest she felt. She called that look 'the girl'sh sincerity look,' as one might choose and label a cosmetic. The man felt the interest—not the whole world of it—and was kind to her young sincerity. She was flattered by the kindness—singularly flattered. A new meaning invested all things for her; she descended to the wonder and awfulness of reality. And she met him again—not in the whirl of frivolity, but in the intimate glow of the drawing-room of—a mutual friend. He was the friend of her friend's husband. After a while, the second time she met him, she forgot to put on the girl'sh sincerity look; she for-

got to remember herself. She was another creature. And he was always kind—no more, no less. He was a good listener, and sometimes she amused him. She had a talent for mimicry, almost professional and infallibly diverting. But he himself was far away from all she represented, and she knew it. Her friend told her he was quite alone in the world, self-risen, modest, unsuspecting, or indifferent to, his prominence in the scientific world—a worker, a digger in and for the life of things—a man who had always stood apart from the society that was her natural element—his own man, in no sense a woman's man. Women had never touched his life intimately, and never would touch it.

"Perhaps it was just this, his reticence, his inaccessibility, that piqued her imagination—the old story of the moon and the child, you know. But her one thought was the winning of this distant, grave-browed man. She had won so many others without trying! And after a while, very soon after, the note of vanity, of self, was silenced, vanquished in the longing to be something to him, to bring into his life what his life lacked—intimacy, confidence, warmth, light. It became her constant dream, her heart-hunger. You understand, perhaps—she loved him! And he was always kind—no more, no less. He did not know, of course. Her bravest prayer was that he might never know.

"It went on in that way for weeks, for months, for years. It is five years now. They did not see each other constantly; sometimes long intervals passed without their meeting; once he was gone for more than a year. But the dream, the hunger remained. And finally she knew that though her whole being was filled forevermore with thought of him, forevermore it must remain just a dream, a hunger. Odd? Not at all—only untold. She prepared to live it out—not to outlive it—with laughter and mockery and slumming and—despair. But they were too much for her; everything became too much—something snapped.

Stupid, after all, wasn't she? But the stupidest part of her was that she never tried to overcome this wasted love; she never even thought it wasted. She had enough spiritual sense to know it was the best thing her life would ever know. But something—her soul, I think—snapped. The doctors said it was her heart. They told her she must be very quiet, because of a strange, incessant pain. And one day they told her she would better stay in bed for a while and rest. She was so utterly tired!

"And then they were very, very gentle to her; and she understood why, and was glad. And she said to them, 'How long?' And they turned away and said, 'You must avoid all excitement.' And she knew she would have just one excitement more. For in that moment a mad, fanatic, ecstatic resolution had come to her. She knew she was going to tell him.

"She was a conventional girl, but her resolution was neither brave nor unconventional—it was pure ecstasy. It was to be the supreme joy of a wasted life—and, presto! the end. She could not die without confession to him, valueless though it be to him. So, worldly to the last, she conceived a protective scheme for throwing dust in people's eyes by calling in singly a friend a day, and to each she was her own merry, mocking self. But to him—

"She was not ashamed of her love; she counted herself rich only in being able to love such as he. She—

"Professor Lennox, I forbid you. You are not to move; you promised!"

She sat up, her brown braids fallen over her shoulders, her face white and starlike, her slender hand warding him off as he rose, tall and angular, the blood darkening his brow, his rugged countenance an open letter of grief and regret and confusion.

"I——"

"Hush!" she commanded, her eyes closing after that first glance, as if in pain. "Hush! I have told you. It has been hard—you will never know how hard. I had to! It is the one true expression of my life; I am

proud of it. I love you. I want nothing from you; it is a free gift. I love you. That is nothing to concern you. Good-bye."

She had not opened her eyes. Her breathless voice broke suddenly. One slender hand was lost again in the laces on her bosom, the other was stretched toward the bell-button, ready to summon her nurse.

She felt, rather than saw, his hand approaching hers, and she looked up. "Don't touch me!" she whispered, hoarsely. "You promised. Go!"

Pale and grave, he bowed and turned away. At the door he looked once more, and met her brown eyes, wide and sad, fixed intently on him. The next instant she had pressed the button, and Lennox passed out.

At midnight the light from Lennox's study-lamp still glowed over his scattered papers. He sat before them distraught, his mind incapable of concentration. Again and again he had read his last abortive statement:

"But if we refuse to consider the hypothesis of fossil genera—" and wondered what on earth it was all about. Fossil, fossil—yes. What was fossil? Had someone called him fossil? Perhaps; not so bad when one came to think what his life stood for—to himself. He had never thought much about it in that light; he was not actually thinking of it now. Over and above everything glowed a pair of wide, sad brown eyes, humbling him with their confession of human love. Over and above everything a woman's low voice was saying, "She wanted to be something to him; she wanted to bring into his life what his life lacked, intimacy, confidence, warmth, light." The whole sweep of his life hitherto had been away from intimacy, confidence, warmth, light. The writing before him suddenly sickened him. It seemed to bar him out, to hold him apart, cold and alone.

Covertly, almost disguisedly to himself, his memory wavered back to the image of the girl who, a few hours before, had told him he stood

to her for something immeasurably different from a fossil. How lovely she was! The image of her caught and overwhelmed him. Every detail of her right to man's love spoke in irresistible beauty to him. He lingered breathlessly over the thought of her, as though he held her before him. And this girl, this petted, charming *édition de luxe* had said she—

No; it was impossible! He could not adjust himself to the incongruous thought, neither could he escape it. Why, what was there in his rough make-up, in his hard, scientific work and manner to interest, to attract a girl like her? Yet she had said it without excuse, without shame, calmly—God forgive him!—irrevocably. He hid his eyes in his hand as though shielding them from the sun. He said to himself, vaguely, "I must go to her." Yet he did not move. He felt an unreasonable desire to have her there with him, that he might explain himself. "Great heavens," he apostrophized at last, "dolt! lout! and you might have taken her in your arms!" He stood up, but was stayed from any extravagant act by the dread recollection of her illness. His face grew haggard at the thought. Nonsense! she was not so ill—not so ill as she thought. Why, the nurse had assured him before he entered that she was better, that she would soon be up and about. And now he would stay the disaster, annihilate it—how, he did not consider. But not to-night, he decided, gravely, responsibly; he must wait till morning, when he would send her a message that he was coming. He gathered his papers together in absent fashion and took a few turns about the room, which had suddenly assumed an aspect of unfamiliarity and distance. Yet the world seemed closer, warmer, binding him to it by one human tie. Presently, deliberately but still in absent fashion, he turned out the lights and went to bed.

The next morning, as he was standing near the breakfast-table unfolding

his newspaper, a letter was handed to him. He put down the paper, took the letter and seated himself. The handwriting was unfamiliar, but it was that of a woman, and there was only one woman in the world at that moment. For a second the room danced before him; then he broke the seal, and the writing assumed a meaning.

THURSDAY EVENING.

Will you ever forgive me, dear Professor Lennox, for that bit of bathetic play-acting of an hour ago? Dear, dear friend, it was just the silly test of a dabbler in mental science. You know we have all been so interested in telepathic and hypnotic manifestations, and this was just a little psychic study in suggestion. I don't know how I dare confess it to you—I wanted to see whether suggestion could bring the idea of love to the threshold of such a scientific, anti-sentimentico, pooh-poohing brain as yours. And it didn't work at all, did it? I saw what a flat failure it was at a glance, and at any rate, you are not hurt. But histrionically, as the critics say, what a success! I could feel it as I went on. You did look so awfully sorry for me, and that is why, after my heartless fit of laughing over my artistic triumph, I am hurrying to tell you to dry your eyes, that only apologies are due to your dignity—and I do apologize abjectly down to your boots—for my cleverness, you know, which was, alas, not clever enough to prove a feminine psychologic theory. Dear, unsophisticated Professor Lennox, do you think, if it had been true, I could have told you? Daring as I seem, I could not pioneer such an innovation. Ask Court Forbes and the others, and try to regard my impudence as the merry, unsuccessful experiment it was, and forgive

Yours meekly,

KATHERINE BONNEY.

Lennox's chin protruded forbiddingly; his eyes, stern and cold, were lashed to the impish words in the look his most prankish students never quite dared to meet. Chaos held him helpless for a moment, then with a swift movement he crushed the letter into a wad and tossed it contemptuously into the fireplace. A reluctant sense of humor crept into the corners of his set mouth. As his

breakfast was being served he carelessly turned over the pages of the newspaper, gradually recovering his usual equanimity. But the next instant he paused, doubting his haunted, bruised senses.

Looking out at him from the framework of a trailing true-lover's knot, in the midst of the printed columns, was the lovely, interesting face of Kate Bonney. The headline, just above the photograph, was lost to his notice, but mechanically he began to read the announcement below:

Society will be shocked and saddened this morning to learn of the death of Miss Katherine Bonney, the beautiful and charming daughter of the Hon. William Bonney, whose private secretary she had been ever since her mother's death. Besides her beauty and winning graces, Miss Bonney was gifted with rare histrionic ability, and her talents were always at the command of the many char-

ities in which she was actively interested. It was known that for several weeks she had been resting from all social and other duties, but only she and her physicians knew that her heart was so gravely affected that her days were numbered. For the past week she had instituted what she called a series of farewell parties, calling in her friends singly—merry hours which seemed to have a curiously beneficial effect. But yesterday, toward nightfall, she grew strangely depressed and silent, and after writing a letter, lapsed into a prolonged, inconsolable fit of weeping, from which she passed, with a sigh, into a deep sleep. It was only a half-hour later that the nurse discovered she was wrapped in the sleep that knows no waking.

Lennox sat stricken, deathly still.

A flutter from the fireplace drew his unseeing eyes. Up the chimney two shriveled, blackened wisps of paper, wildly careering, whirled impishly out of sight.



DREAMS

A SHEAF o' dreams I wander far to find,
Through slumber scattered wide, and hard to bind;
And that I glean I hide from eyes unkind,
A sheaf o' dreams.

Yet from its chaff and straw much gold I spin;
Who praise the glitter, never know it kin
To richer gain my heart holds close within,
A life o' dreams.

ALDIS DUNBAR.



BETWEEN THE ACTS

MRS. HOUTTON (*who has Parterre Box No. — on Fridays, to Betty Candour, of Virginia*)—That tall girl in rose in the box opposite is the famous beauty, Miss Peachblossom.

BETTY CANDOUR—How remarkably pretty for a beauty!



“HOW did that stupid Jones ever become editor of the *The Comic Weekly*?”

“That's what makes the paper comic.”

A PARLOR-CAR CONSPIRACY

By Sara Dean

THE conspirator had neither the bewhiskered ferocity of the Russian nihilist nor the sharp, fanatic gaze of the German anarchist. He was merely a tall, well-groomed young fellow with athletic figure, intelligent eyes and just a shade of nervousness in his manner, which showed itself in a keen, furtive glance among the passengers as he entered. The scene of his conspiracy was the parlor-car of the Boston and New York Limited; the train of his fuse was represented by two chairs in juxtaposition, carefully engaged days ahead by special arrangement with her brother, who was an accessory after the fact. She was to arrive at the last moment—brother Jack was to see to that; all literature was to be carefully suppressed, except one magazine, *The Intelligencer*, which was to be given her at the latest possible instant.

That magazine was the bomb!

The conspirator had had a financial transaction with the train's newsboy, and in consequence not even a harmless comic weekly was to penetrate the well-guarded portals of the parlor-car. Then he sat down in chair three and tapped an anxious tattoo on the window-sill beside him. The two chairs before him were still empty, although the car was almost full.

"Just my luck!" he thought, with a mad leap to pessimism. "Of course some blithering idiot from Boston will take that other chair, and they'll talk all the way to New York. Why didn't I spike that gun!"

At this moment a gorgeous spectacle dawned at the other end of the car. He wore a biscuit-colored overcoat

pockmarked with pearl buttons, a red tie and striped trousers; a diamond of suspicious size shone in his shirt-front. The spectacle wandered down the car, glancing inquiringly about. He stopped before chair seven, and after a careful glance at his ticket sank heavily into it, and deposited his stick with unnecessary noise in the rack. The conspirator twirled his chair about, and clasped its arms in joy.

"Glory!" he exclaimed to himself, "the stars fight for me."

Then a sudden flush dyed his face, and he kept his back rigidly turned. There seemed nothing unusual in the air to tell him she had come; but he knew. He was conscious of everything—when she came up the aisle, when Jack hung up her golf clubs, and when, at last, he handed her the magazine with the casual remark: "*The Intelligencer*; it's rather good this month."

Jack departed after a brotherly farewell, and they rolled easily out of the Back Bay station. The conspirator had no eyes for the world gliding past; his world was represented by a blue and white striped sleeve and a smooth twist of brown hair. He was glad she had taken off her hat. How he loved those sweet, wilful curls at her temples! She was leaning back dreamily now. Of what was she thinking? Was his name ever in her mind, or had it been blotted out altogether in the words of that bitter quarrel? If she had only let him explain! But his letters had all been returned unanswered, all his efforts for an interview had been resolutely frustrated.

She had been obdurate; but could he blame her if she really thought him as cruel as she had declared? If this stratagem failed— But he was not living beyond this day.

She grew restive at last, took a cursory glance at her fellow passengers, and then her eyes rested in evident mental disturbance on the biscuit-colored back and silk hat of the spectacle. Her mind grasped the fact that the conspirator had at once recognized. It was a five hours' run to New York, and she could not possibly order her luncheon from the buffet without disturbing the spectacle in order to have her table put up. Even now one bleary eye was taking her in over the side of his chair. She saw starvation and annoyance ahead.

The Intelligencer was her refuge. She took it up and cut the leaves hurriedly, with a hat-pin.

The conspirator's heart set up a swift beating. After a weary wait of months for the magazine to publish his story, now that he saw it in her hands he longed to tear it away and run out of the car with it. Her fingers slipped idly over the leaves, and he knew, by the start she gave, the exact instant when she came across his story and saw his name beneath the title. She hesitated; then she began to read.

He had a three-quarters view of her face. What a panorama of emotions he beheld there as the plot unfolded itself! He knew the moment she recognized herself in the heroine by the way she leaned further forward.

The red mantled her forehead. She was indignant, simply indignant! To publish, to sell their story, the history of the quarrel that had separated them! "Oh, shame!" cried the crimsoned brow. But she read on. Then came his side of the question; the cruelty that had driven him away and made explanation impossible. Oh, the uselessness and pain of it all!

The head drooped lower and lower, and the conspirator watched, hope growing into life. When a white handkerchief came out and helped to

smother a quiet little sob he turned his chair square about and looked hard out of the back of the car. He asked himself if any fellow before had ever been half so happy as he.

Being a far-sighted and patient conspirator, he summoned the waiter, and ordered as careful a luncheon as the buffet afforded. Then he leaned over the coils of red-brown hair, and asked, gently:

"Lunch will be here directly. Won't you join me?"

She looked up at him with a startled gasp, her eyes still glazed with recent tears. He looked strong and masterful, thus bending over her. She turned toward the window, struggling to control her quickened breath. The spectacle grew interested and took in the situation with evident relish and misunderstanding. She twirled her chair round and faced the conspirator suddenly, her lips trembling.

"Aren't you ashamed?" she cried. "That dreadful man thinks I'm flirting with you."

"But you know that is as far as possible from the truth," said the conspirator, as he watched the waiter snap the table into place and set the steaming broth before them. "Why bother about our friend from Coney Island? Try the soup," suiting the action to the word; "it really tastes very decent."

"I'd starve first!" looking indignantly out at the moving landscape.

He broke his bread leisurely, and continued to eat.

Suddenly she flashed out: "I suppose you and Jack—oh, I know Jack is in it, too—think it is fair and manly to take advantage of me like this!"

He answered, his eyes softening: "I believe that in your heart of hearts you are far too womanly to do me such an injustice."

"But to write—to write—" she flushed and stopped.

"All is fair in love and war. You left me no other way."

"So this is war!" with a miserable attempt at unconsciousness.

"No; so far as I know, it is not war."

In sheer embarrassment she took a

few sips of the soup. Then she checked herself in confusion.

The waiter arrived with the chicken. Neither had spoken in the interval. The conspirator helped her to a dainty bit. She gazed fixedly from the window, and he saw her bite her lips.

"Have we not had enough of misunderstanding? Be good, and fight fair. I have told you the whole truth," he said, softly.

"But to publish it to the world!" she cried, a burning shame creeping over her.

"It told its story only to us. Won't you listen to it?"

She preserved an obstinate silence, angrily winking back the tears.

Then the conspirator, being a young man of resource, became also a diplomatist.

"Well, we'll drop the subject," he said. "I don't want to bore anybody. Let me recommend the chicken."

A surprised shadow settled on her face. "It's well enough to dismiss the subject like that," she said, lamely, feeling of a sudden that she was fighting phantoms.

"It's not dismissed if you want to resume it."

A blank silence followed.

"Coffee?" he asked at last.

"No, thank you."

He stirred his cup reflectively. "Curious plant, the coffee bean—refreshing, delightful; and yet, like all other blessings, often abused. Coffee has helped me up many a steep intellectual hill, only to leave me stranded with insomnia at the top. How well I remember——"

She interrupted, suddenly: "That *Guy Heath*—was he *all* true?"

"As true as I could make him."

"*Maude Coburn* didn't cry when she got home. She was far too indignant," she exclaimed, her eyes flashing.

"But she did after a while," he said, quietly.

"If she did she had good reason. How she was disillusioned!" There was a suspicion of insincerity in her sigh.

He leaned an elbow on the table and looked at her with sudden seriousness. "But he, too, had had his delusions. He had loved a generous, open-hearted girl. She was impulsive and headstrong often, but in the main womanly and just. Did she prove herself so at last?"

Her lashes hid her eyes, and she toyed with her fork nervously. She did not glance at him when again she spoke. "Did he—did *Guy Heath* really care so much?"

"Yes; so much."

"And he never said at all what she understood him to say?"

"Never at all."

The train rumbled easily on its way; the world slipped by unheeded; the idle passengers smiled and wondered at the two earnest young faces. As he watched her a tender change dawned softly in her face, as if it were newly lighted from within. It was really the rekindling of fires on an altar that she had steadfastly cherished, despite her efforts to abandon it.

"And all—all that time he had gone on—" her voice sank suddenly—"had gone on loving her?"

"All that time."

There was a long pause. Then she looked up at him bravely, her cheeks dyed with blushes.

"*Maude Coburn* was an unjust, unkind, foolish girl," she said, softly yet very distinctly.

His heart's delight bubbled over in a laugh. "Slowly, slowly; not so many adjectives! Remember, I have a double fondness for *Maude Coburn*."



BEHIND THE SCENES

CHAPPY (to the Queen of Comic Opera)—You are a little witch.
THE QUEEN (pensively)—And I want a new brougham!

ELSIE'S APPETITE

WHEN down to luncheon Elsie sits
 With Harold, Guy or Percy,
 She orders all the choicest bits
 Without one sign of mercy.

She fancies grouse or, haply, quail
 When each is out of season,
 Forgetting quite that these entail
 Expense beyond all reason.

But when she's been to do the shops
 Her appetite is duller,
 For, lunching then alone, she stops
 At coffee and a cruller.

ARTHUR CRAWFORD.



CELA VA SANS DIRE

MOTHER—How did you enjoy Mrs. Bankhead's party, Gladys?
 GLADYS—Oh, it was perfectly lovely; all the girls seemed pleased with
 the men, and the men all seemed pleased with themselves.



LOVE AND LOGIC

LOVE and Logic met one day
 On the glowing heather;
 Said Love, with gentle whisperings,
 "Let us walk together."

Logic's bright eyes opened wide,
 As quick she answered, "Never!
 The paths of Love and Logic, dear,
 Were never walked together."

DELLA KELSEY CAMPBELL.



A PARVENU is a man with aspirations, but no aspirates.

A WOMAN OF IDEALS

By Kate Jordan

(Mrs. F. M. Vermilye)

SHE was a Burne-Jones type and she possessed the ideals that her fragility suggested. There were dreams in her eyes, even when she crumbled her toast at breakfast and considered giving the footman notice because he was cumbersome and red-faced.

Her red hair was just the tint that Henner combines with Nazarene blue and shadows, and from it her ear peeped whitely; her slim body had not an accentuated line; her upper lip was full and short like a pouting child's; there was a poetic softness in her heavy glance.

"To think of her in the same moment with a cable-car is a blasphemy," said De Vauran, the colorist, as he watched her one night standing in dead white against an amethyst curtain. "She should live in a very old English manor-house, and measure time by a sun-dial."

Yet it was not an artist Myra had loved and married. Dunston Fleming was a stock-broker. He was a practical, wholesome, athletic young American—about him that business alertness with which Wall street marks its children. He had blond hair and hazel eyes and a laugh like a boy's. But he hardly knew what color his eyes were, and only considered his hair when he brushed it hard with two tortoise-shell brushes, as if he had a deep-seated grudge against it.

He had fallen in love with Myra for the reason that is older than Jacob's courtship of Rebecca—because he could not help it. Her artistic valuation quite passed him by. He never thought of sun-dials or Burne-Jones

when he looked at her; but with her arms round his neck and her face lifted for his kiss, he knew a happiness that it never occurred to him to analyze. If anyone had asked him how he had happened to find Myra a sudden and peremptory necessity, he might have answered:

"Well, her eyes—awfully pretty, so soft and dark—somehow went through me, you know, and made me want to take care of her and have her with me all my life. Then she knows all about a dog. Some women put it on, but she *knows*; and she loved Cliquot on the spot."

Cliquot was a Boston bull with a hag's jaw, a leering eye and a soft heart for those he loved, of which his appearance gave no hint.

Three years had gone by since that introduction, and Cliquot was an important member of the Fleming household. He sat by solemnly when anything of family interest was discussed, answered the postman's whistle and carried up the letters, gave an air of attention to Dunston's shaving, and reclined adoringly against Myra's skirts as she wrote.

For Myra wrote. Before her marriage, when she had lived in London with her father, her sketches and poems had bristled in the English magazines, and she had fair royalties from a few novels. Having accomplished a happy marriage, she did not bury her talent. Each morning, after Dunston's departure for Wall street, she sat down at a screened desk in her wainscoted library and filled loose white pages with small writing that had a market value.

"A talent like yours is a good crutch to have, my dear," her father had said during one of his visits to her. "These American fortunes are so insecure. Then, too, if you had occasion ever to leave your husband——"

"Leave Dunston?" Myra regarded her father, pityingly.

He was a retired army officer, and during her motherless childhood, while she was in school in England, he had led a hard life in India.

"Seems like a heresy, doesn't it?" he asked, in his crisp, English voice.

"It seems like insanity," and lifting her chin, Myra looked at him, coldly.

"And yet, my dear, marriages that have begun just as brightly as yours, that were even accomplished by the sacrifice of fortunes, or made a tragedy of other lives—these, by gad! have sometimes gone to smithereens!"

"Are you accusing Dunston?"

"Not at all. I'm trying to put one practical idea into your head, in case you should need it. Life is a curious puzzle, human nature a complex thing. You have heretofore regarded both from one point of view—and your point of view is ridiculous. Dunston may suddenly appear to you to be like other men, he may grow tired of his pedestal and face you with both his feet flat on the solid earth, saying: 'Too cold for me up there, and I don't mind a little mud on my boots now and then.'"

Major Huntley threw away his cigar and stood up. Myra's face wore a half-dazed look as she trailed her velvet skirt across the rugs to the door.

"I want to say one word," she murmured. "Perhaps I do idealize my husband. But what you suggest could never happen, because I know the vices and meannesses that could disenchant me are impossible to him. He could not lie; he could not do a mean or cruel thing. Other faults than these I could forgive," and she swept out, her fine head high.

Major Huntley went back to Lon-

don, and life went by, equably, luxuriously, in Myra's home. It was impossible to live with Dunston and not feel his charm. He emanated honesty, good-will, cheerfulness, gentleness, strength; and while a poet might have found him lacking when it came to analyzing the workmanship of a beautiful phrase, and an artist with a predilection for candle-light in a garret might have voted him a cheerful Philistine, he had much good sense, and was not blind to the beautiful in life, although he had no gift of expression.

The talk with her father had left a memory that at first had filtered like a bitter ingredient through Myra's self-communings; but in this daily companionship it faded as some poisons become harmless when exposed to sunlight.

In the dawning Spring weather she felt a dazzling happiness. She felt sorry for all the dead who were out of the world. It was so beautiful to be as she was—young, joyous, part of a blossoming universe. This was her mood when she learned that Life can smile and strike; that it can rain in one's heart though the sky be like a jewel, and dead hopes can make a Winter garment for one's soul though no leaves are falling without.

She was in the attic of their house one day, searching for a pair of spurs that Dunston had not worn in years. He had been forced to leave Wall street for a month, to look after some personal property in Colorado, and he was doing some hard riding in the intervals of business. He had written on for the spurs, and it had pleased Myra to look in the attic for them herself. They were in a chest with a lot of stiffened shooting clothes that had seen hard service. As she stood with them in her hand, she saw the corner of something white showing above the rim of a pocket in an old leather coat, and she pulled it out. It was an old letter, and she opened it without much interest.

Oh, my love, do not leave me so. Come back, dear Dunston, just to say good-bye once more——

The words were in French. Myra looked up and turned swiftly, as if something uncanny were reading them over her shoulder. She crossed to the door and closed it. Should she read more of this farewell from some woman who had loved Dunston? Had the letter been in English she might have conquered her curiosity. But who was this Frenchwoman? There had been no French experience among the tamely sentimental memoirs Dunston had submitted to her. The indecision passed. She set her lips and read to the end.

I knew it must be good-bye some time. I knew that from the first. But ah, the desolation now! Everything in these rooms speaks to me of you. The table at which you studied far into the night—oh, to-day I sat there and held the pencils for hours. Your cigar-box, the old smoking-jacket you left—how these things hurt since you are gone from the little home forever! A hundred times the child has looked up from his playthings and asked for you—when the *petit papa* is coming back. I tell him "Soon, soon, *chérie*," and my own heart cries, "Never!" Oh, you have been good and kind to me, better than some men would have been, but the money is nothing when I long to have you stand here again for one moment—oh, just one! It seems that, afterward, I could let you go again and say good-bye without feeling as if a cat had its claws in my heart. Come back to say good-bye again. If love has gone, in pity come to say good-bye.

MANETTE.

Myra's arm sank. A spasm of physical nausea lurched over her; she seemed to slip into blackness; there was a raging torrent in her ears. But she had not fainted. She was still standing against the door, her eyes dull as pebbles, and Dunston's face before her memory was to her like the face of a stranger. It seemed as if, on the silence of the attic-room that wrapped her like a mummy-cloth, a voice came stealing—her own—and she was speaking to her father:

"He could not lie. He could not do a mean or cruel thing."

She lifted the letter, and her eyes grew wild like those of a swimmer who feels himself powerless against the seas closing over him. Her husband was no longer her own; he belonged to the woman he should never have left, who had cried to him in words that made her ache from pity—he belonged to that woman and to his child. She felt the law could never free her from him more absolutely than her every instinct divorced him at that moment.

A week later, on a Colorado ranch, Dunston opened the express package that bore her writing and found the spurs and the letter. As he recognized that folded bit of paper, he entered into a new phase of mental existence. In all his life he had never touched such cold and overwhelming depths as then. His healthy face went gray, his strength seemed to ooze from his finger-tips, and he sat down, trembling like an old man. There was no line from Myra, and this silence was worst of all. It meant that she had found the letter, had judged him and placed him beyond the pale of comment.

When he could think at all clearly, he rode alone into the silence of the plain, and lying on the earth looked into the appalling blueness of the firmament, trying to stand in Myra's place as she read that letter. He saw that it painted him a brute and a hypocrite, a man who could kill a woman as surely as if he had drawn her life-blood, yet laugh and eat and sleep through the years following with the serenity of a school-boy. Even the sky seemed questioning him, and it was to that he cried at last as he sprang up, subdued yet defiant.

"I'm not that—not what she thinks me! I could make her believe it if I saw her now—now!"

But he was hundreds of miles from her, and minutes, hours, days and nights must be lived through before he could reach her.

He left Colorado at once, after telegraphing a long, carefully masked

defense to Myra, beseeching her for answers to meet him at different points along the journey home. No answer came, and by the time New York was reached suspense had left its haggard marks on him.

As the hansom pulled up at the door of his home, something about the house frightened him. Anyone passing its darkened windows would have thought the dead lay within. He felt she was not there. Yet at least some word would greet him, and when he had followed her—

But there was no letter. His own unopened telegrams—six of them—awaited him. Her clothes, her portrait—all reminders of her were gone and had been for a week, as he learned from the maid, whose face was discreetly blank. He was alone with Cliquot. The dog's beseeching eyes seemed to say not only "Where is she?" but "What have you done?"

Dunston's search began. After weeks, at first feverish, then full of despair, he was forced to admit he had failed. He had gone to the editors who published her work. They had no address but her lawyer's. He sought the lawyer, and found him a person like an icicle, with a face of parchment, quite impervious to cajolings and threats; he would not give an inkling of his client's whereabouts, and Dunston, after coming within an ace of knocking him down, left in a fury. He wrote to her father, and a month later received a reply from Norway. Major Huntley knew nothing beyond the fact that Myra had left home, and he had no address save that of Moss, the icy lawyer.

This letter seemed the last straw. His face twitched miserably, and he began a nervous pacing up and down.

"Myra, Myra, I must have you, dear! Oh, I can't get on without you! It's not the same at all!" he groaned; and he thought of how he used to find her waiting for him in clinging, tender-colored silks; how she would put her arms on his shoulders and look up at him with gladness; how sympathetically she listened to all the happenings of his business day. No one

waited for him now; no one listened in just that way. There was only Cliquot.

It was an intolerable Summer. But even that, on its feet of lead, with its face of stone, passed out of his life. October came; he was back in Wall street. He had closed his house and taken for the Winter a friend's furnished apartment in the Tenwood, a big studio building further up-town. Here he installed himself in companionless comfort.

At times during the Summer his apathetic acceptance of conditions had been torn by a miserable longing to bridge the silence with one word won from his wife. He had always resisted it with angry pride. But a few days before leaving his home for the Tenwood, a craving just to see her name written made him write humbly and politely to Mr. Moss, asking if she was well, and if she would reconsider her decision to accept money from him, and if an interview, however brief, could be arranged now.

He received a type-written reply.

Mrs. Fleming is perfectly well and contented. Her own income is all she will touch. She begs me to say, also, that when she feels an interview necessary or possible she will grant it. At present she has nothing to say.

He tore this up slowly, and the pieces lay like snow on the hearth.

When he had been at the Tenwood a few weeks, the monotony of his life was riven by an accident. He heard the clangor of fire-engines through a dream about stocks, and woke to feel Cliquot pulling at his sleeve. The electric light would not respond when he tried to turn it on; he could hear the dog running from him to the door, whining imperatively; the room was filling with smoke. He kept his presence of mind, as by the light of one fusee after another he slipped a covert coat over his pajamas, put on the tall hat he had worn that night, threw some valuable papers into a bag, and made a wad of a wet towel for his mouth. Then, with Cliquot under his arm, he opened the door.

He discovered that the elevator was

not running and escape to the street was cut off. Dim figures streamed up the narrow stone stairs. He joined the line, and after four flights and a suffocating few minutes, found himself on a spacious graveled roof.

"Don't wait here," said a man in a mackintosh, who passed him; "the Tenwood is sure to go. It's an old fire-trap. Better get on the next roof. They're all there."

An iron ladder led down to this. It was a big office-building, not quite completed, but fireproof. An odd assortment of people, most of them in ridiculous attire, were gathered there, coughing, fainting, lamenting. Men were craning over the roof's edge, watching the progress of the fire, the roar of which was now regular and threatening.

The house was on the corner. Dunston walked along the roof fronting the side street; there were but few people here. He put Cliquot down, holding the dog between his legs while he wiped his face. But the dog gave a convulsive twist that freed him, and ran into the shadows, snorting, his nose to the gravel.

Dunston snatched up the bag, and, whistling, followed. He could hear the dog yelping, frantic with delight, in the distance. A moment's pause, then Cliquot was back again, made a rush at him, a wild circle round his feet, and despite his calls disappeared again into the darkness.

Following the yelps, Dunston passed one of the great chimneys and saw the dog licking the face of a woman, who was on her knees beside him. There could be only one other being Cliquot would welcome so, and for just a heart's beat the world seemed to stop for Dunston.

Myra looked up and saw him there. There was no tremor, no awkwardness in her bearing, as she rose slowly, while Cliquot waddled against her, his head and feet on a ridiculous slant. A long, sky-blue bath-robe was knotted about her, the monkish hood drawn partly over her hair. From its folds her face and the long line of bare throat gleamed with striking white-

ness in the red haze. She was as composed as if they were meeting in a ball-room, after an hour's absence.

Like one not fully awake, Dunston lifted his hat formally and placed the bag on the roof. A mental convulsion of joy that almost frightened him seized the man. Life in a flash became desirable, alive, stinging. This lessened as he looked at her calm, lovely face, and a sense of injury and resentment slowly strengthened. He pointed to the stone ledge that edged the roof, and said, as he would to a stranger:

"Won't you sit down?"

She obeyed in silence and turned her head away. He folded his arms and looked beyond her. The pause lasted some moments, but it seemed much longer. It was irritating, electric.

"Well?" Myra said at last, impatient scorn in the quick movement of her head. "I suppose you want to talk about—about—"

"No, indeed!" and Dunston's voice was quiet, stern. "I would go away, but it hardly seems polite to leave you alone here. I haven't the slightest intention of forcing an interview with you. I received your message. You were happy, contented; you had nothing to say. I presume the description fits you still."

She pushed back the hood, and looked up at him. He was aware that the expression of her eyes and mouth was gently contemptuous.

"I had no idea you were in this building. I've been here since—well, four months," she murmured, impatiently.

"And I've been here a few weeks. I did not dream I was besieging your hiding place."

She looked away once more, and again there was silence. Dunston picked up his bag.

"If I can do anything for you, I shall be very glad. Otherwise I dare say you'd rather be alone."

She swung round and her eyes flashed. "Please wait. This unlooked-for meeting is to be regretted, but since it has happened so—if you have anything to say, say it."

"I have nothing to say," he answered, amiably.

"You seemed to have a great deal to say a few months ago, when you made my lawyer's life a misery by your insistence," she retorted, the blood flying into her cheeks.

"Ah, but that was months ago."

"And now——?"

"We reach a point where we accept anything."

"I am to understand," she said, rising and facing him, no longer calm, her words broken, "that you accept my judgment of you in silence—because you deserve it?"

"You judged me without a hearing. What your opinion is of me is of small importance, in consequence."

Myra's glance flashed angrily over him. "Yet I ought not to be surprised at this callousness from a man who could do what you did, and hide it—talk of honor, as I have often heard you, and be happy. Oh, you are right," she rushed on, passionately; "words are valueless between you and me, unless you can prove the letter a lie, unless the woman never lived——"

"Then you do want to talk about this? You wish to?"

"Your pose is intolerable," she said, and made a gesture as if she would brush him from her presence.

"Why didn't you give me a chance to speak at first?" he asked, going nearer. "I am not callous, but I have grown accustomed to the thought that you believe me a scoundrel, and the sting that comes from a sense of wrong has its balm, too."

She stared at him, dazed, and her hand went to her throat. "Sense of wrong?" she whispered, as if to herself. "Then it's not true?" she asked, slowly, almost in a whisper.

"I am not what you think me."

"The letter was not written to you?" she demanded, wistfully. "I have done you a great wrong? Oh——" and her indifference fell away from her in a sob—"say it, say it! I should be glad—glad!—to think I had been hasty, cruel—anything—and make

amends for it, all my life, Dunston—all my life!"

She held out her hands. Love pleaded in her gaze. The look sent all Dunston's wrath flying, and in its stead came a craving to be to her what he once was, to clear himself, to hear her say she understood and forgave. But he did not reply.

"The letter was not written to you?" she asked again, in humbleness.

"Yes, it was."

She fell back, as if beneath a blow.

"There was that woman, Myra. There was that episode in my life. But I was not base, as you think."

"Oh, I see," she said, slowly, bitterly; "the letter was true, but you would adjust my point of view to yours. That you can never do. Because you can throw a roselight over that great wrong does not make me despise you less!"

She laid her arms on the railing, and her face sank on them.

"Please go away!" he heard her mutter between bitter sobs.

He ventured to touch her arm. "Myra," he said, gravely, "please listen to me. This is the most important moment of our lives. If we part to-night in anger it will be for always. If you are just you will hear my story."

"What is there left to say?" came from the folds of the big sleeves. "That woman who loved you—that child——"

"Hear me first, and decide then if my defense is futile. Will you?"

"Yes," she said, wearily.

"Then come with me. It is cold here and dark—you are shivering. I have just heard a man say that the electric light is on in this building, as work had to be continued on it after dark, and we can find shelter in an empty office. When you tell me to leave you, I will go at once."

She followed him mutely, and soon in an empty room, still smelling of mortar, under the radiance of electric arcs that seemed to typify the rays of truth searching their souls, they stood face to face. A deep window-seat

made a resting place for her, and Dunston stood before her. In a swift glance she saw that his face was white, his eyes full of suspense.

Now that the moment was here, Dunston felt afraid. He had a defense, but would she accept it, this woman of ideals? The doubt made his soul sick. The world he knew and the world of Myra's dreams were very different. Weakness and sin belonging to the past she might believe should be forgiven in the abstract, but what of *his* weakness, *his* sin? He longed for an eloquence like fire to touch her heart.

"I can't talk the way you write," he said, at last, brusquely, and his voice shook. "I can't talk as lots of your literary friends do, and dress up this miserable thing in words to make it less—less ugly. So you must hear the plain truth."

She sat with averted head, and it was to the wide curve of her chin that he continued:

"The letter you found was written ten years ago. I can't think where you came across it; I never meant to preserve it. Well, I was then twenty and in Paris studying architecture, for it was my father's idea then to have me an architect. You know, in a general way, that Paris can be a temptation to the stranger within its gates, but you don't know just what kind of a temptation it can be to a young fool. I was twenty; I was alone; I had no pure love-affair in my life, no duty to anyone but myself. Under such circumstances society is lenient to what it calls folly in a young man. This is not a defense; I'm not saying it's right that it should be so. It is simply the truth. You admit that society makes sin very easy for a man without ties—do you?" he asked, anxiously.

"Yes; I have always thought so," she said, quietly, without looking at him.

"I was considered a very straight boy by my companions. While my life was not what society would have demanded that my sister's should be,

were she living alone in Paris, I had an ideal of womanhood that nothing could tarnish. Vice attracted me very slightly, and with my better nature I loathed it.

"Well, I chanced on a woman there in an unusual way. She was about to be put out of her rooms because she couldn't pay her rent. I paid it for her. She called herself a widow. She was about eighteen, and she had a child of two—"

Myra turned her head quickly and gave him a startled look.

"Yes," he said, impressively, "she had a child of two. I learned later that she had left her Brittany home with a man who had promised to marry her. He didn't. He deserted her, and most pitiful of all, the child, Henri, was a cripple from this creature's blow. After assisting her I used to allow her to leave the boy in my rooms during the day, while she went out sewing. I had a *femme de ménage* who took care of him. This went on for a few months. I fell ill; I had pneumonia. Manette nursed me through it. When I was pronounced out of danger, she kissed me. When I was convalescent, she insisted on remaining; she prayed to remain. She loved me. After all, what did it matter? So I thought then. She was a waif on the Paris flood. What status she had as an honest woman had been lost before I met her. I was attracted to her, for she was very pretty, refined and gentle. I could help her. She could make my rooms a home. The left side of the Seine was far from New York. All around me were students with just such transient homes. So it came about.

"Except that, after a year, I left her, heart-free and glad to come home, and that Manette felt keen sorrow at parting, I left her with more hope in the future than she had when I found her. For years I sent her money, and she lived an honorable life in comfort—she and her child. She married a good man years ago, and she is very happy now. That is one side of the story."

"And the other?" came in a muf-

fled way from Myra's lips, as her head drooped.

"Ah, the other!" hesighed. "That brings in the reason why I never told you of it." Dunston knelt beside her. "If men only knew how such errors can be regretted, what a sting they leave, when they really love a woman, Myra, I believe those early temptations would show their hateful, unjust and cruel side. I could not tell you of it. I didn't want you to know there had been another woman, ever. I feared to hurt, to shock you, and I wanted to forget it. Now you know all. The journal of those days

I have with me. You can read of all this, written years ago."

He took her hand almost fearfully, and the cold fingers coiled round his.

"Do you understand, dear? Do you see where my punishment has lain?—the regret of having memories!"

His lips, from which the words came haltingly, were close to hers. "Life worth the living began for me the day I saw your face. Will you think of this and forget the rest?"

She bent her head slowly, and kissed him.



WITH THE FALLING RAIN

HOW the rain-music weaves soft harmony!

I sit alone to-night and hear the beat

Of a slow-measured song so strangely sweet

'Tis like the echo of a memory.

The while I thrill to feel, half-dreamily,

Bridging the yawning gulfs of time and space,

My sweetheart's passionate kisses on my face,

My sweetheart's tender arms enfolding me.

I must awake to loneliness and pain,

To knowledge that the world between us lies,

That only life's realities have power.

But while it lasts, this gently falling rain,

Let none forbid that I should close my eyes

And dream my dream for just one little hour.

NANNIE BYRD TURNER.



WHEN YOU LAUGH ALONE

PODGET—Laugh and the world laughs with you.

WOCKETT—Not when you are laughing at your own jokes.



A NATURAL WISH

HEWITT—Gruet doesn't think of anything but money.

JEWETT—I wish he'd think of the fiver he owes me.

THE PRINCESS

By Justus Miles Forman

I MET Mrs. Cartwright at the Fifty-ninth street entrance to the Park. I had been riding, and was just turning Polisson over to the groom. Sibyl stopped her victoria and called me up.

"I'm not coming to your dance to-night," said I. "There is a studio orgy at the Bostwick that I think I'd rather go to—lots of vaudeville and singing, and all that, you know."

"Well, you are not going to it!" cried Sibyl; "you are coming to my dance. If you want to see vaudeville shows you can go down to a continuous performance and see them for a very low price, I am told. To-night you have other things to do. Besides," she boasted, "I've a princess coming—a live one. That is better than vaudeville."

"Does it do anything?" I inquired, cautiously. As a rule, Sibyl's exhibits play on the violin or sing or take up collections for the oppressed poor of their native lands.

"Well, no," admitted Mrs. Cartwright; "I believe it has no tricks, but it's said to be a great beauty—I haven't even seen it yet. Personally, I don't believe it is a beauty; I'm only giving you the report. The princesses I have met were either short and fat and greedy, or tall and sour, with a mussy blond fringe down over their eyes. However, this one may be the exception. She isn't royal, you know. Come and see her; anyhow, I won't have you going to studio debauches."

Livingstone and Jimmy Rogers were standing just inside the ball-room doors when I arrived. It seemed good to see them in America once more.

"Beauty!" Jimmy Rogers was saying, querulously; "of course she's a beauty! I've seen but two women in all my life to compare with her. But hang it! she won't talk to you. She won't do anything but watch the doors like a hungry cat. I think she's expecting a long-lost mother or something."

Sibyl Cartwright, across the room, waved a beckoning fan, and I made my way to her.

"She's a dream!" cried Mrs. Cartwright; "a dream! She's the loveliest thing I ever saw. Fancy a beautiful princess, will you! Look, that is she, behind you, with my lawful lord and master fairly hanging about her neck. It is positively scandalous! Carrol hasn't taken his eyes from her since she arrived. He shall have a short synopsis of my views on the duties of a husband later on. But I say, come over and let me present you. And for heaven's sake, take her away from Carrol!"

I caught a glimpse of white and gold—on my faith it was a most regal gown—of diamonds that flashed at corsage and belt, of a waving fan of plumes that bore to me a faint, strange, familiar perfume, something out of years gone by. What was it? The woman's face was turned from me. I saw only, in the moment's glimpse, an arm, the turn of a neck, a mass of gorgeous hair. Something about it all set me tingling, waked in me forgotten pulses. Ah, no, no; not forgotten! great heaven, not forgotten!

I heard little Mrs. Cartwright as if she were very far away.

"Mr. Chester, the Princess Pavlovitch permits me to do you the honor

of presenting you to her." And I bowed very low, speaking severely to myself meanwhile.

"You ass!" said I, inwardly; "come, buck up! buck up! Why should a princess with an impossible name set your heart to jumping, and make you think of—oh, well, of things that don't interest you any more? Come, buck up!"

Then I raised my eyes to the face of the Princess Pavelovitch, and felt the crimson flush—maroon, I dare say—creep slowly up from my collar to my hair; and those forgotten pulses—ah, no, no, not forgotten! great heaven, not forgotten!

"Eet iss warm," sighed the Princess Pavelovitch; "but so warm! Will you take me w'ere eet iss cooler, Monsieur Chestaire?"

I suppose I managed to give her an arm. I suppose no one noticed anything out of the way. Ah, those unforgotten pulses!

We skirted the edge of the long ball-room—most of the people were dancing—and made our way over to a partly opened window. Palms and a great fluted column screened us. Then I dropped her arm.

"God in heaven, Amélie," I whispered, "how dared you! how dared you! These people aren't fools. Think of the risk you are running! They will surely find out that you're no princess."

The Princess Pavelovitch was laughing softly and clapping her small hands. "He's afraid!" she cried, delightedly, "he's afraid! *le pauvre petit!* He's stricken with terror! But such a joke to play! *Mon vieux*, you used to love little jokes. Isn't it huge, this one? Isn't it colossal?" And she clapped her small hands again and shook with laughter.

But I, with those unforgotten pulses at work, I leaned against the window, sick at the sound of her voice, at the nearness to her, at that faint old perfume from years gone by, and stared out into the night.

Then, all at once, she ceased laughing, and I felt her hand at my shoulder, and heard her voice near—ah,

so near! Her breath burned my cheek.

"You hadn't forgotten, *mon vieux?*" she cried, softly; "you hadn't forgotten altogether? You—you would rather they should not find out about me? Ah, you hadn't forgotten! When I saw you come into the room a few moments ago—oh, *mon vieux*, when I saw you come into the room—my—my heart stood still, till I thought it would never beat any more. I thought my eyes must call you and bring you to me on the instant.

"Ah, *mon cœur*, I could have struck that silly husband of the Madame Cartwright! I could have beaten him with my hands for making me talk to him, *bête!*"

"Mrs. Cartwright is my friend," said I, sullenly, staring out into the dark. "I must—must tell her that she is being imposed on. I must—warn her."

I heard the girl behind me catch her breath sharply. Then, after a pause, I felt her hand on my shoulder again—a timid hand this time.

"You—you'll tell her?" she faltered; "you, Chestaire, you? You'll—expose—me, Chestaire? Though you haven't forgotten, you'll tell her?"

I set my teeth. The catch in her voice went straight through me, wrung every quivering nerve.

"Yes."

I heard her breathe deeply, once, twice. Then, in a moment, she laughed again.

"*Bien!*" she cried. "Tell her, Chestaire; tell them all! Have me turned out into the street. Come, we will go to madame now. *Mais tenez*—give me one little favor first. Dance with me, Chestaire. They are playing a waltz, 'Feuilles du Matin,' one of our old waltzes. Dance with me, *mon vieux*, and then you shall say to madame that she is being deceived, and have me sent away. Oh, you shall be well satisfied, *mon galant!*" And she seized me by the arm and whirled me out from the palms to the dancing floor.

"Do you remember where we

danced last?" she laughed in my ear. "Do you remember Bullier's Thursday evenings? Oh, those times! the band playing waltzes, and you teaching me to dance à l'Américaine! Was I not a good pupil? Do you remember Cécile and Fifi Dumond and Georges le Maître? *Pauvre Georges!* He's dead now, Chestaire. Do you remember Boulant's and Wiber's and Mignon's and La Source and the Taverne Lorraine? Oh, Chestaire, have you forgotten the lilacs in April? Have you forgotten the seven-o'clock drums in the Luxembourg? Have you forgotten the forest at Montigny?"

"Forgotten?" I groaned, miserably; "oh, forgotten!" and I heard her breath catch again.

We stopped in front of Sibyl Cartwright. Sibyl beamed; a large company of young men stood behind her with determined eyes.

"Eet is *tout à fait charmant!*" cried the Princess Pavelovitch; "but so warm! *Dieu, quelle chaleur!* Monsieur Chestaire is going to take me into the Winter-garden." I saw the faces of the young men. At another time I should have laughed.

In the Winter-garden there was cool dimness. There were palms and roses. Water splashed and trickled somewhere back among the plants. The air was heavy with perfume.

We found a wicker bench under the palms and sat down there. The girl drew a little away from me and averted her face till I could see only the great coils of her gorgeous hair. It is red, bronze-red. In the sunlight it is a wonderful living crown that people turn in the street to watch. When she lets it down it falls below her knees—covers her. I have tried to paint it, have produced lamentable tragedies without number, and finally have given it up in sheer despair. Paint a sunset like that hair!

I could see the white gleam of her shoulders, drooping a little, the long, perfect lines of neck and arm and waist. Ah, those unforgotten pulses! To have lifted that drooping head and laid it where—where

it belonged! To have touched the bowed shoulder, so white, so round!

She turned her beautiful face a little toward me. "Tell her, Chestaire!" she whispered.

"It's my bounden duty," said I. Alas! I could not keep my voice from shaking. "She is my friend, and I'm in her house. I've known her all my life. And you—you're here under false pretenses. Ah, can't you see that I must?"

"Yes, ah, yes! It's your duty, Chestaire."

I had never heard her voice like this—low, piteously sad, quivering a little; trying, ah, trying so hard to be brave and firm. I knew her best laughing, with eyes half-closed and cheeks flushed, and the two dimples showing, and that straight little high-bridged nose wrinkled a bit. She gurgles when she laughs. Does that sound unpleasant? Oh, but you've never heard her laugh!

"Why did you come to America?" I groaned.

"For love of a man, Chestaire, a man who was in America. I couldn't live without him—oh, I couldn't! And—and he did not come to me. I loved him so! and I waited so long! Ah, *mon cœur*, do you know what it is to love someone?"

"Yes," said I. Oh, those pulses! They were shaking me from head to foot. "Ah, yes, yes."

She drew further away from me and laid her cheek against the high arm of the bench. There was dejection in every drooping line of her sweet body, despair, a sort of dumb weariness too forlorn for tears. Poor little make-believe princess, with all the world against her, with the man she had crossed an ocean to find determined to shame her before his friends, to turn her out into the street for the impostor she was! Oh, to have touched her! to have comforted her—kissed her eyes till they grew glad, kissed her cheeks till the flush rose and the dimples showed!

"Tell her, Chestaire!" she whispered again. "Why do you wait? Ah, do you remember the songs I

sang with your guitar? Tell her that I am—that I was a Latin-quarter girl, from no one knew where. Tell her that I lived in a little studio, alone—alone, Chestaire! Tell her that I used to dine out with you, unchaperoned; that I danced with you at Bullier's; that I made excursions with you to Fontainebleau, to Moret—with you, Chestaire, not with anyone else. Ah, give me that little credit! No other man had more than a *bon jour* from me. You know that, don't you? Just you—you! Oh, do you remember the little studio back of the garden, and the green *coco* which screamed and talked so shockingly, till we had to put a cloth over its cage so that it should think it was bed-time? Do you remember the tea I used to make for you in my samovar? You said there was no tea in the world like it. Do you remember the day we went to the 'Foire aux jambons' and came back loaded down with brass candlesticks and little altar lamps? How we had to *marchander* for them! Ah, Chestaire!"

She moved her head restlessly against the arm of the seat and sighed. "Tell her, Chestaire," she murmured. "Have them turn me out into the street!"

The pulses sang a pæan of victory, shouted within me. The pæan hushed to a love-song. Ah, that dear old song! a golden voice and the twanging of an old guitar!

The scent of the chestnuts and lilacs drifted in through the studio windows. A *marchand d'habits* chanted in the street outside his high, long-drawn call. The little yellow-haired daughter of the concierge clattered across the stones of the court-yard in her sabots. And the golden voice sang.

Then I lifted that drooping head and laid it where—where it belonged. The eyelids quivered and closed; there were tears above the flushed cheeks. The lips—such lips!—trembled.

"Why did you come to America?" I whispered.

"For love of a man, Chestaire."

"What man?"

"You! Ah, you, *mon cœur!* you! you!" The lips trembled no more. They couldn't.

"I've never forgotten," said I, close to the pink ear. "God knows, I shall never forget. I've loved you every day of my life since then. I went back to Paris. You had gone, no one knew where. I searched the quarter, the city. I asked everyone who had ever known you. Old Madame Markowitz thought you were in Russia—didn't know when you would return. I—well, it wasn't a very pleasant month I spent. Then I was called back to America. I thought you were hiding from me. I tried to forget. By my soul, you sha'n't escape me again!"

The head stirred and nestled.

"Tell her, Chestaire," she murmured. "It's your bounden duty. Tell her I'm not a princess."

"Now, by heaven!" I cried, "I'll tell her nothing. If you're not a princess you're still my queen, and I will not shame the woman I love before any living soul. What your reasons were for pretending to rank I don't know and I don't care. I won't ask you to tell even me. And if you once chose to live in the Latin quarter of Paris, to go about unchaperoned, to dance at Bullier's, why, it is no one's affair but yours—ours! If you're no princess you're still my queen."

The head nestled and the face hid itself where—where it belonged. She laughed, half-weeping.

"But, Chestaire, I am a princess! Don't be angry, Chestaire; but I—I was a princess all the time. I didn't want to tell. It is so stupid to be a princess, *mon cœur!*"

The head nestled again, with a little sigh. The scent of her hair, the warm, close presence of her, the throbbing of her heart near mine, the soft clinging of her arms!

Ah, the song those pulses sang!

"Chestaire," she breathed, "I'd rather be—your queen."

IT IS ENOUGH!

By Ethel M. Kelley

NAY, Lord, I would not have Thy scorn
Beat down upon the head of him
Because this shadow, gray and grim,
Gaunt grief has spread across my morn.

An idol, he, of clay and straw,
That, worshiping, I deified.
It is enough that by his side
I saw the visions that I saw!

It is enough love's shining sword
Smote me with swift, sweet ecstasy.
I kiss the blade, and what if he
Struck like a craven coward, Lord!

It is enough my soul was freed,
My pent heart found its eager cries.
I glory in the sacrifice,
Blithely, triumphantly I bleed!

So, Lord, the burden of Thy woe
Avert from him. Compassionate!
For he has shamed love's high estate
And does not understand or know.

Spare him the bitterness of blight
(And Thou wilt heed this prayer from me);
Test him no more with tragedy,
For he is dizzy on the height.

Grant him Thy gracious sheltering,
Show him the richness of Thy store—
Stripped of the robe of love he wore
He is so pitiful a thing!

Send him some woman by-and-bye
To walk with him his placid way;
Let her be truer, stronger—nay,
A little blinder, Lord, than I!

And I, dear Lord, I bow my head
In praise to Thee that I have known
The pain and peace that were Thine own,
That I have lived, and loved, and bled.

THE SMART SET

Strange miracle that Thou hast done,
 Who lit for me the light of love
 That I, in darkness, knew not of,
 Then crushed it to let in the sun.

Oh, sweet and wonderful to see
 Thy precious purpose and Thy plan!
 For if he had been all a man
 I might not walk alone with Thee.



BETWEEN WHIFFS

A PHILOSOPHER is a man without feelings and without regard for the feelings of others.

An idealist is like a baby crying for the moon; but it is noticed that a large, round biscuit is generally an acceptable substitute.

A maker of epigrams is one who seeks to clothe the wit of others in his own language. The result is sometimes called original.

Beware of the man who prides himself on his tact and of the woman who says she is logical. The former is dishonest and the latter never employs logic for any good end.

A cynic is a man without ambition, since he sneers at things as they are, without helping to make them as they should be.

A cynic is usually a man whose wife is a pessimist and whose best friend is an optimist.

Geniuses are absent-minded, whereas common people are merely careless. Only a millionaire can risk giving his friend a poor cigar.

J. R. CRAWFORD.



WHEN I PROPOSED

THE night that I proposed to her,
 Her color came and went;
 Her eyes were flashing like the stars
 That deck the firmament.

I pled as lovers ne'er have pled
 Since time itself began,
 Employing all the wiles and arts
 E'er known to mortal man.

Yet by her icy tones the knell
 Of every hope was rung,
 The night that I proposed to her
 That she should hold her tongue.

ELIZABETH GORDON BRUCE.

WHEN WHIG MET TORY LONG AGO

By Alfred Henry Lewis

IT is a rainy night in London—a rainy night in early April, 1713. Russell street, Covent Garden, is a rivulet of mud—mud in the kennel, mud to the wall. There is a moon; the obscured beams, filtered through drizzle, grant a faint half-light to the lampless way. A sedan chair, closely doored, with windows drawn, foretold as well as followed by a mob of servitors full-armed in fear of cutthroats and padders, comes wallowing—bearers over ankle in mire—down the middle of the path. Some beauty on her way to a ball, perhaps, for the hour is hardly seven. Now and again is met some cloaked foot passenger, crowding or crouching, giving or taking the wall, his oak cudgel or his sword tapping at heel, avouching a sense of peril and a willingness to repel it. These be the only ones abroad.

The storm—floating mist rather than pelting rain—comes sweating down. From the tiles and leads of the high-gabled houses the water descends, spouting and gushing in small cataracts on the unpaved thoroughfare in augmentation of all natural mud. Also there be occasional artificial contributions, by way of slops from careless upper case-ments, which add to the nuisance and danger of this, her Majesty's highway. There is not from the submerged moon, or where now and then a window throws a candle-ray across, light enough for safety. Let us, then, give up the street; let us have refuge in Button's coffee-house.

There is brave company in the coffee-room—Whig company, since

Button's is of that politics. There be a half-dozen drinking—not coffee, but Canary wine and the strong waters of Barbados.

One sits apart, writing a note; a well-groomed fop of a man, in a curled, full-bottomed wig—not fewer than fifty guineas does he owe for that—and with a high-living, jolly, albeit just now a serious face. While the others drink and talk, let us glance over the shoulder of the clerkly one; it may solve his identity.

BUTTON'S COFFEE-HOUSE,
Russell street, Covent Garden. }

DEAR PRUE: I have partly succeeded in my business to-day, and enclose you two guineas as earnest of more. Dear Prue, I am in sorrow because I was fain to miss dinner at home. I languish for your welfare, and will never for a moment be careless more. Addison, Pope, Garth, Van Brugh, Gay and Congreve are here, and urge my company. It rains, and I shall lie the night at a baker's—one Leg—over against this coffee-house. Let Mistress Todd send by the boy my night-gear, slippers and clean linen. You shall hear from me early in the morning.

Your faithful husband,

RICH. STEELE.

Dear Prue: Don't send after me, for I shall be ridiculous.

How are these wits and pretty fellows dressed? As gala and youthfully bright as birds of paradise, despite the foulness of the ways and weather. This is the more strange, think you, because none of them is under forty years, save only Pope and Gay—these two twenty-five and twenty-eight, respectively. There be velvet coats of claret, of red, of green, of light blue, of Tyrian bloom and of

peach. There be gold-embroidered waistcoats with deep pockets and low-descending flaps. These are red or silver or white or pink or straw-color, and made of satin or tamboured silk. These wits of ours wear rich lace ruffles at neck and wrist, satin small clothes and silk stockings, gay-gartered at the knee. They display low shoes with brilliant metal buckles, and each a sword, heavy with gold, yet full of point and thirsty spirit to slay ruffian or night prowler, of whom there are many in this town. All are folk of periwig and peruke, some of the tye variety, others with curls to fall a foot below the shoulder.

Fashion was never so rigid as in this day of Queen Anne, and every face is smooth; and because of the great wig, to come far forward on each side, little save two glancing eyes, a nose, a mouth and point of chin are to be seen of anyone. Yet even from this little we may read their stories. There peeps the hatefulness of Pope, half-wasp, half-woman; the careless, good heart of Steele; the robust, excellent sense of Garth, who wrote the "Dispensary" and preached Dryden's funeral sermon standing on a tub, breaking through his platform from too great emphasis of the foot; the mingled wit and avarice of Van Brugh, who wrote liveliest of licentious comedy and as Master of Public Work pilages the State with the building of Blenheim; the selfishness and vanity of the poet fop, Congreve, whose "Love for Love" is still the brilliant wonder of the theatre, and whose admiration for Godolphin's wife, Marlborough's oldest daughter, lives the pet scandal of the hour; the weak, appealing spirit of Gay; the fineness and high soul of Addison, over whom drunkenness is beginning to creep like an eclipse—one sees all this, even from what little strips of feature are left uncovered of the wigs.

"I glanced in at Drury Lane to-day," observes Steele to Addison. He has despatched his letter to Prue. "I saw Cibber a moment; he assured me that your 'Cato' would go on this

night week with the certainty of success. Montagu, Marlborough, Walpole and the Whigs generally believe it will rouse the town."

"It will be well played, doubtless," says Addison, with an affected cool stiffness, as if the fate of his play were of slight concern to him. "Booth will be *Cato*, Cibber *Syphax*, Wilks *Juba*, and Ann Oldfield *Marcia*. How far the play will help the Hanovers against the Stuarts, however, or arm the Whigs against the Tories, I cannot guess."

"I marvel," pipes Pope, wriggling his little, unstrung, distorted body, "that the fair Oldfield plays at all, with her noble lover, Maynwaring, so lately dead."

"Sir, the faithful Maynwaring left her such a legacy," drawls Congreve, at the same time shooting his ruffles foppishly, "that the Oldfield fairly bubbles with joy. She was never in such mood to play. As for 'Cato,' it will be a triumph of genius as well as party. I've no doubt of that."

"With your prologue," says Addison to Pope, "and Garth's epilogue, it should hardly fail." There is a certain bright coldness in Addison's air, and the little Pope receives his words in a way to show the close searcher that beneath the veneer of politeness, common to both, each is jealous and each hates. Each conceals his thought; Addison from good breeding, the Binfield dwarf from fear. Their feud will find its day, however, and three years later they are to tell their animosities to all the town.

"Sir, your 'Cato,'" observes Van Brugh, brushing back the heavy curls from his face—thus showing the damage done by wine and wickedness—"sir, your 'Cato' is a most excellent tragedy, for I have read it and witnessed the rehearsal. It teaches patriotism, honor and a host of noble sentiments; but just how, when Anne dies, it is to keep out the Stuart or bring the German in, I do not see."

"And Anne, memorable simpleton, is not to live long," remarks Garth, with a shake of the head, his hearty face grown solemn.

"Why, sir," cries Gay, "you speak

as one who loves the Queen. You know she is for the Stuart side—for her brother. For myself, I want no Stuart! What has England ever had from them save knee-deep blood?"

"And the post-office," laughs Garth; "we got that from the first Charles."

"And speaking of the post," says Steele, turning on Gay, "why had we no news of you while in the country?"

"The only news you might have got from me," retorts Gay, "would have been news from heaven, for I assure you I was completely out of the world."

"Sir, I trust your noble friends filled your purse while you were gone." This to Gay from Congreve, with a shadowy sneer. The elegant poet, fashionable as the world's best comedy-writer, holds a place under the Government, and like his friend, Van Brugh, is well in this life's goods. Also, is he not loved of the noble Henrietta, Godolphin's wife? And is she not, when thirteen years later he dies, to have a wax figure of him made that is to sit ever at her table, where a cover "is always laid for Mr. Congreve"? Will she not carve her admiration in Westminster and tell of the honor and pleasure of his acquaintance? Whereof her mother, "Queen Sarah," is to comment sourly that while her daughter may have had pleasure, she surely could have had no honor of the poet. With assured position and fat of purse, Congreve has somewhat of love but still more of disdainful patronage for poverty-eaten Gay. Moreover, this is before Gay writes his "Beggars' Opera," carries the town by storm, and becomes the father of what Wharton calls "that most monstrous of dramatic absurdities," the modern comic opera. "Did they not fill your purse?" asks Congreve.

"They might, truly," replies Gay, all simplicity, "but I said nothing of my need. Sir, the rich do not like to hear of the poor. To the man with an income, poverty is a misdemeanor and to crave aid a crime. But oh, Pope," continues Gay, turning with a

cheerful glance to the misshapen bard of Binfield, "I brought back an epitaph that you are to put over my grave. Here it is:

"Life is a jest, and all things show it;
I thought so once, but now I know it."

"Excellent, sir; 'fore gad, excellent!" shouts Garth; "and to keep the jest warm, let us have another flask of Canary, and more strong waters for Addison. What is the matter, O thou sage of Bilton?" This to Addison. "We have not a word from thee."

"As he told the lady," interrupts Steele, taking reply to himself, "Addison has no small change of conversation, but he can draw for a thousand pounds. Ah, sir," and here the kindly Steele looks with affection on Addison, "you were no talker when we were boys at the Charter House, or later when we went to Oxford. But to feel and to think and to write, sir, where or when or who has been your peer!"

At this earnest flattery a flush mounts in the irritated, pinched face of Pope. His jealousy does not like it; he starts up.

"I must get me to the Bell in King street," he says. "I am to meet Prior."

"Be wary, my little Homer," cautions Garth; "be not too familiar with those fellows of the October Club; they be noisome Tories, every one."

"I am a poet, not a politician," responds Pope, loftily; "but, sir, I remember to have heard that you yourself were once a stoutest Tory."

"'Fore gad, sir, I was that indeed," admits Garth, with a jolly shamelessness. "But I'm Whig now; and d'ye know, sir, a turncoat makes ever the bitterest recruit."

The acrid small human pignut, Pope, laughs with Garth at the latter's sally. Pope likes Garth well enough; almost as well as he likes Gay.

"Sir," says Pope to Garth, "I once wrote that you were as good a Christian as ever lived, but did not know

it. May you not also be as good a Jacobin and ignorant of that?"

"No; 'fore gad," replies Garth, "that would be Pelion on Ossa—you pile my ignorance too high. No man could carry such a load of religious and political darkness as you describe."

"Have an eye, when in the street, of the roystering Mohocks," says Steele as Pope is about to depart. "The rain has ceased, and those villains may be abroad. They last night beat a gallant almost into his grave, and rolled the damsel he escorted down Snow Hill in a barrel."

"Those are sturdy fellows with my chair," says Pope. "I do not fear."

"He goes to St. John, Harley, Swift and the other Tories," says Addison, suspiciously, when Pope has departed. "I half believe our small Greek, in his soul's roots, is himself a Tory."

"Sir, Pope is incapable of politics," observes Steele, defensively; "he goes, be assured, to feed his self-love with fragmentary praises of his work. And why not, sir? He is but a boy. However, you speak of Swift. I shall print some sharp things of that beetle-browed divine anon."

"Go easily with Swift, Dickon," remonstrates Addison, whose cups are loosening his tongue and firing his interest; "he has seen much disappointment, and I love the man. Sir, Swift is the most agreeable companion, the truest friend and the greatest genius of his age."

"Do you recall," says Van Brugh, "how, ten years ago, we first saw him in this very room? How he stalked about and glowered! Then we knew him as 'The Mad Parson.'"

"And how later," says Garth, "when we made his acquaintance, he gave us entertainment with his couplets? 'Fore gad, sir, the man conversed in rhyme. I but told how my good friend Marlborough offered me a rich place, when Swift, stalking up and down as usual, comes at me pat with:

" 'Pick a peach
When in your reach.'"

I didn't take his advice," concludes Garth, "but I did him even more honor—'fore gad, sir, I remembered it."

"Sir, I do not say that Swift is not a genius," contends Steele, turning to Addison; "I say he is not good. The man is the climax of arrogance and the sink of all that is selfish. Has he not bewrayed one poor girl, that Esther Johnson whom he calls 'Stella'? Does he not now seek the disgrace of a little Dutch maiden, a Vanhomrigh, who lives in Bury street, not a door from my own? I wonder not that Harley likes him. The creature's innate egotism, invincibly cruel, makes him the most perfect Tory born."

"You think good of good women?" observes Congreve, taking up Stella and the Vanhomrigh.

"Sir, I think good of all women," replies Steele, his eye lighting finely with a theory, in utter forgetfulness of his careless practice. "I condemn an ill woman, true, but only for her work. What we call an ill woman may be very good of herself, yet evil in her effect. This last, most often, is the helpless fruit of an accidental environment acting on nature. Sir, we revere chastity in woman; yet chastity is not an attribute, but a condition. It is well, however, for we can deal only with acts, and sternly hold humanity to what it does. Thus we would say of women: The ill are employed in communicating scandal, infamy and disease like furies; the good distribute benevolence, friendship and health like angels. The ill are damped with pain and anguish at the sight of all that is laudable, lovely and happy; the virtuous are touched with commiseration toward the guilty, the disagreeable and the wretched. There are those who have abandoned the very memory, not only of innocence, but of shame. There are those who never forgive, nor could ever bear being forgiven. There are those, also, who visit the beds of the sick, lull the cares of the sorrowful and double the joys of the joyful. Such is the destroying fiend, such the guardian

angel, woman. Thus I speak, I say, educated in the conventions of men. Yet I do woman this injustice; I do not distinguish between act and attribute, I forget that it is the world, rather than the woman, who furnishes the seed of ill."

"Fore gad, sir!" cries Garth, beating enthusiastically on the table, "fore gad, sir, you preach like twenty bishops! The Church lost much when you took to *Tatlers* and *Spectators*, and wrote 'The Crisis,' when you should have been writing a sermon."

"I am your servant, doctor," retorts the husband of poor Prue, beamingly. Then he wipes his brow beneath the curls of his wig, for his oratory has not failed to warm him. "Sir, I am your servant for such praise. But the hour reminds me that I am called to the Kit Kat. Marlborough and Montagu want to talk of Addison's play. They fear a riot of ruffianism on the part of the offended Tories, who will hate the patriotism it spells. Will you go with me, Addison? It is their desire to see you."

"I give them my play," observes Addison, imitating a weary air of jaded unconcern; "what more can I do? I cannot guard its production; and so to the Kit Kat I will not go."

Addison is on thorns and nettles as to the town's reception of his tragedy. Yet, afflicted as he is by what Dr. Johnson, a half-century later, calls "the despicable cant of literary modesty," he finds it necessary to pretend a lofty and careless patronage of his own play, as though it were some slight thing. And, too, Addison is quietly resentful of the exclusive Kit Kats, at the sign of the Cat and the Fiddle in Shire Lane. Its noble frequenters have not as yet adopted himself and Steele and Congreve and Van Brugh and Garth and others of "Addison's little senate" into its distinguished membership.

"Fore gad, sir!" interjects Garth, at the close of Addison's remarks, "I believe, Dickon, I will bear you company myself, as I desire to see Marlborough. I hear he meditates a trip

to Bath, and says he will drink this new quackery, snail water. I must warn him against such poisons. Sir, think of the hero of Blenheim, the first soldier of Europe, to be slain by a snail at last!"

II

It is a heavy old house, with an over-jutting front. The frugality of its neighbors on either side has bricked up their windows to escape the Whig window-tax; a measure which the Tories, lately come to power, have not, Government being poor, as yet dared to repeal. The house we look on, however, retains its windows. We might argue therefrom the easy opulence of its master. Did we do so, we should go far astray. He who lives therein is most numerously indebted among Englishmen. He owes every man who will give him credit; and he never pays. Of him, it is to be later told that he—

From perils of an hundred jails
Withdrew to starve and die in Wales.

And who abides here? It is the home of Richard Steele, in Bury street, "honest Richard Steele," "the best-natured fellow in the world."

The small back drawing-room is haunted of dim shadows thrown on wall and floor by the wavering, dull, heavy-burning candles. Sad of eye, yet patient through experience, sits Prue, beautiful in her middle age. The two guineas are in her work-basket, and Mrs. Todd has despatched the night-gear to our merry master Richard. Also, Prue did not send for him, and therefore has not made him ridiculous.

There are three visitors with Madam Steele. One is a gentleman, tall and strong, square-jawed and manly, of years about thirty-five, grave, not gay, luxuriantly wigged and richly clad. The second, his wife new-made—a runaway match, over which the lady's father, that bold Pierrepont, lately Marquis of

Dorchester, fumes and smoulders—is a girl of twenty-two. We may see that she is of those rare folk at once beautiful and wise. Like *Penelope*, in Pope's "Homer," peculiarly is she

A woman loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect and complete in mind.

The third is a heavy man of thirty-nine; his face is the seat of wisdom and force, with, however, no fine honesty and much that is coarsely vulgar. He is dressed rustily, but wiggled and in the mode, yet with the air of him who has much on his mind besides coats, waistcoats and ruffles. This is Robert Walpole, of the Whigs. The others are Edward Wortley, a Parliament man, and his bride, the celebrated Mary Wortley Montagu. And since politics in this last year of Queen Anne dominates even the ladies, they are all Whigs together.

"We are guests of Mrs. Steele," the Lady Mary is saying to Walpole, who has just arrived. "To-morrow I go back into the country and leave Edward to Parliament, politics and you."

"I heard of him as here at Tom's coffee-house," says Walpole, "and came to steal him from you for a few hours. We want him at the Kit Kat. Harley and his Tories are plotting to mob our great Whig play of 'Cato,' and we must counterplot and plan for its defense. It's this Irish parson, Swift, who urges Harley to violence; he is all for a phalanx of bully-boys and Mohocks to pitch Drury Lane inside out, and the Whigs and their play into the street."

"You may have my husband for just two hours," says the Lady Mary, with an arch pat on that worthy gentleman's hand; "then he must return. How is Dolly? I hear she is to marry Townshend, just back from the Hague."

"True; and lucky for her!" replies Walpole, with a sour grin. "When she fled from my house to the Whartons' she could not be said to have helped her reputation."

"You should not have left Dolly to the talons of your wife," retorts the Lady Mary, with spirit. "To be sure she ran away. I encouraged her myself."

"Between you both," says Walpole, "you surely selected a most reputable refuge. Edward," turning to Wortley, "you know the Whartons? She is the most careless wife, and he the greatest rake, of London town!"

"Sir, you should reflect," observes Wortley, mildly. "The innocence of my wife and your sister was not aware of that."

"Doubtless," responds Walpole, drily. "At least, I trust you are right. And as to Dolly," turning to Lady Mary, "she has a dozen matters to unfold when next you meet. Standing as she does, within the shadow of awful matrimony, Dolly grows grave. She proposes a crusade, I think, against those twin feminine monstrosities, the fashion in hoops and the fashion in hair. Dolly desires your help."

"She shall have it," says Lady Mary, warmly. "The hoop of today is a scandal. 'It's as though one inhabited a tent and carried it about. Moreover, the cost! gold and silk, twenty guineas!"

"And as for our hairdressing," remarks Madame Steele, with a grave, wise interest; "it is worse than barbarous; it is disgusting. To go about with hair done in the *commode* or *fontange*—a tower of black wool, wire and pins, and one's own hair stretched and held thereon as on a rack of torture! And to be done, or rather undone, only once in nine weeks! Horrors! What would we say if a savage did it?"

"Truly," observes Wortley, with a smile, "you talk quite like one of your husband's *Spectators*."

"By the way," says the lively Lady Mary, whose heart is not to be held too long by dreams of a dress reform, "how is my wicked friend Congreve? She speaks to Walpole."

"Well, I take it."

"The equally wicked Van Brugh," goes on Lady Mary, "we saw at York?"

He was deeply attentive to Mrs. Yarbarrow; you know Van dotes on ruins. The old Yarbarrow—poor virgin!—couldn't believe that with such a scarcity of gentlemen a whole one had actually fallen to her share. When she finally realized it her joy was awful. However, go forth to Whiggery and the Kit Kat, you two. Mrs. Steele and I will somehow support our loneliness. Edward," she whispers, as she kisses her husband, "come back early. I shall not sleep until I see you."

III

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Walpole and Wortley come in.

Besides Tonson, they find Marlborough, gray and war-worn. Also the great Whig leader, Charles Montagu, soon to be Lord Halifax, known widely as "Mouse" Montagu, because of that poem which he joined with Prior in writing, "The City Mouse and the Country Mouse." Modern England is to owe to this man the law of copyright, the Italian opera, the House of Hanover, the Bank of England and the public debt.

Walpole and Wortley join Marlborough and Montagu. Chancellor Somers is hard on their heels, the virtuous Somers of whom the younger Walpole will write: "He was one of those divine men, who, like a chapel in a palace, remains unprofaned, while all the rest is tyranny, corruption and folly." Steele and Garth arrive almost with Somers.

"It was a blow to me," Montagu is saying, "when, five years ago, old Buckhurst died. I would stay all hours while he warmed with wine and told his tales of Villiers, Wilmot, Sedley and the second Charles. Do you recall the joy of old Buck to relate how the pretty Gwynn would tease her kingly lover with the news that he was her Charles the third, Buckhurst being her Charles the second, and Hart, the player, her Charles the first? I would give much for Buckhurst back. He was almost the last of a far day."

Marlborough is grave and wordless. He does not like to be reminded of times when he builded his fortunes on the admiration of a royal duke for his sister, added to the admiration of a king's favorite for himself. Walpole interrupts in excellent order to shift discussion.

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"Nothing could be more hopeful," replies Steele. "Sir, 'Cato' is a play—grand beyond words and of as lofty a tone as the peal of an organ! And such nobility of thought! Sir, it will make a stir. Booth, Cibber and the Oldfield go into it with spirit."

Dorchester, fumes and smoulders—is a girl of twenty-two. We may see that she is of those rare folk at once beautiful and wise. Like *Penelope*, in Pope's "Homer," peculiarly is she

A woman loveliest of the lovely kind,
In body perfect and complete in mind.

The third is a heavy man of thirty-nine; his face is the seat of wisdom and force, with, however, no fine honesty and much that is coarsely vulgar. He is dressed rustily, but wigged and in the mode, yet with the air of him who has much on his mind besides coats, waistcoats and ruffles. This is Robert Walpole, of the Whigs. The others are Edward Wortley, a Parliament man, and his bride, the celebrated Mary Wortley Montagu. And since politics in this last year of Queen Anne dominates even the ladies, they are all Whigs together.

"We are guests of Mrs. Steele," the Lady Mary is saying to Walpole, who has just arrived. "To-morrow I go back into the country and leave Edward to Parliament, politics and you."

"I heard of him as here at Tom's coffee-house," says Walpole, "and came to steal him from you for a few hours. We want him at the Kit Kat. Harley and his Tories are plotting to mob our great Whig play of 'Cato,' and we must counterplot and plan for its defense. It's this Irish parson, Swift, who urges Harley to violence; he is all for a phalanx of bully-boys and Mohocks to pitch Drury Lane inside out, and the Whigs and their play into the street."

"You may have my husband for just two hours," says the Lady Mary, with an arch pat on that worthy gentleman's hand; "then he must return. How is Dolly? I hear she is to marry Townshend, just back from the Hague."

"True; and lucky for her!" replies Walpole, with a sour grin. "When she fled from my house to the Whartons' she could not be said to have helped her reputation."

"You should not have left Dolly to the talons of your wife," retorts the Lady Mary, with spirit. "To be sure she ran away. I encouraged her myself."

"Between you both," says Walpole, "you surely selected a most reputable refuge. Edward," turning to Wortley, "you know the Whartons? She is the most careless wife, and he the greatest rake, of London town!"

"Sir, you should reflect," observes Wortley, mildly. "The innocence of my wife and your sister was not aware of that."

"Doubtless," responds Walpole, drily. "At least, I trust you are right. And as to Dolly," turning to Lady Mary, "she has a dozen matters to unfold when next you meet. Standing as she does, within the shadow of awful matrimony, Dolly grows grave. She proposes a crusade, I think, against those twin feminine monstrosities, the fashion in hoops and the fashion in hair. Dolly desires your help."

"She shall have it," says Lady Mary, warmly. "The hoop of to-day is a scandal. 'It's as though one inhabited a tent and carried it about. Moreover, the cost! gold and silk, twenty guineas!'"

"And as for our hairdressing," remarks Madame Steele, with a grave, wise interest; "it is worse than barbarous; it is disgusting. To go about with hair done in the *commode* or *fontange*—a tower of black wool, wire and pins, and one's own hair stretched and held thereon as on a rack of torture! And to be done, or rather undone, only once in nine weeks! Horrors! What would we say if a savage did it?"

"Truly," observes Wortley, with a smile, "you talk quite like one of your husband's *Spectators*."

"By the way," says the lively Lady Mary, whose heart is not to be held too long by dreams of a dress reform, "how is my wicked friend Congreve?" She speaks to Walpole.

"Well, I take it."

"The equally wicked Van Brugh," goes on Lady Mary, "we saw at York?"

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"What do you learn of intended disturbance by our Tory friends?" asks Montagu.

"There will be a riot, sir," replies Walpole. "We must have two hundred good, stark, armed men that night, or Harley's fellows will mob us from the theatre and stop the play. They plan it, sir; it is the suggestion of the Irishman, Swift."

"Aye, let an Irishman alone for trouble!" observes Somers. "That Swift is to be Dean of St. Patrick's and go to Dublin next month. I suppose he will promote a Jacobin riot in Drury Lane, cause the killing of a few Whigs, and ask the Stuarts to credit him with the murders on account. I do not wonder the Bishop of York said of him to Anne, 'Your Majesty should be sure you are appointing a Christian.'"

"I understand," says Montagu, "the Inquisition burned his pamphlets in Lisbon."

"It would have been better," remarks Walpole, "and left us in their debt, had they burned him."

"And thereby saved us Whigs some knocks in the *Examiner*," breaks in the rotund Garth. "'Fore gad, sir, that fellow Swift throws rocks like a catapult."

"Why do you not set our own knights of the quill against him?" asks Marlborough of Montagu. "The monster has a weird hatred of women, too. He attacks my duchess; and you remember how he tossed Lady Somerset in his 'Windsor Prophecy.'"

"Aye, the little Somerset, 'Carrots,' as he calls her, defeated him of a bishop's place to pay for it," comments Somers.

"I've asked our people," observes Montagu, in answer to Marlborough, "to attack this Parson Swift. But Burnet is afraid of him; and Steele here is smothered into silence by his friend Addison, the author of our great play; and so not a blow can we induce them to strike."

"Sir, you are certain," says Wortley to Walpole, "that these Tories are to make war on the play?"

"Armed war, sir," declares Walpole; "there will be bloodshed."

"Then there lies but one course," retorts Wortley, grimly; "we must send our swords to the grindstone and prepare to shed blood for blood."

"That is my thought," observes the vigorous and decisive Montagu. "We must meet force with force. We must not yield an inch. Sir, strength is so evenly balanced between Whig and Tory that we cannot afford the smallest grain of encouragement to the Stuart side. Anne may die to-morrow; and the Pretender is in France—nearer, vastly, than our George of Hanover. We must not lose a point. Any spark of error or failure might kindle civil war. It comes to this: at every hazard we must protect our play in its performance."

"There shall be bristling preparation to that end," observes the grave Wortley.

"Yet is it not strange," comments Steele, as he prepares to return to Addison at Button's, "that the stage and the drama, which Cromwell and his Puritans condemned, must now be called on to defend their work?"

"'Fore gad, sir," says Garth, who is panting to explode his favorite oath; "'fore gad, sir, that is a question for philosophers rather than statesmen."

"And why, sir?" asks Marlborough, with a twinkle—the soldier and the doctor are warmest cronies—"why do you invidiously distinguish between philosophy and statecraft?"

"'Fore gad, sir," sputters Garth, "I but send a grist to its proper mill. Philosophy and statecraft are no more alike than you and Dickon there. Philosophy is a rigid pursuit of truth; statecraft is the science of slipshod circumstance."

"Garth, you will make an epigram yet if you are not watched," says Steele. "Come, now, let us for Button's again."

"One word to our great blade," cries Garth, "and I am with you." Then with mock pompousness to Marlborough, "'Fore gad, sir, I

speaking as your physician—avoid snail water. It will put you to more peril than ever you were in while pounding away at Blenheim, Ramillies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet. 'Fore gad, sir, a snail is more dangerous than a Frenchman."

IV

LET us go to the Bell in King street, that street where Spenser starved and Dryden's brother had a grocery. It is not distant, and as if seeking the rain, the moon shines out. Let us follow Pope in among the Tories; doubtless we will hear their plans for killing "Cato" and succoring the Stuart cause.

The rooms of the October Club are not so pleasant as the Kit Kat's. But your Tory is not so pleasant as your Whig. Little Pope is already there; with him are Harley, recently gilded into the peerage as Lord Oxford, and St. John, a keen, grim, fine-featured, learned man, later to be elevated as Bolingbroke. These two latter hate one another, and are friends only as a question of convenience. A huge, ill-clad figure, with black, bushy brows and watery blue eyes, pent under overhanging forehead, stalks up and down. He is Swift, whose "Tale of a Tub" shocked England and pleased Voltaire, who almost ruined Swift with his approval. Near Harley, and a trifle to the rear, sits a smallish man, with a good brow, a deep, bright eye, a high nose, full of enterprise, and a little chin like the chin of a cat. Once he was a tavern bar-boy and drew spirits for the guests. Anon he is to be ambassador to France. Just now he is a Tory writer—Prior, the poet, once laborer with Montagu in that satire of Dryden's "Hind and Panther," adverted to as their common work, which gave to Montagu his name of "Mouse."

Prior does not love "Mouse" Montagu as in an older Cambridge day, and has turned Tory to be apart from him. The vivacious Montagu studies

mathematics with Sir Isaac Newton, and love with Sir Isaac's niece. Prior is indifferent to his friend's passion for Euclid and his infatuation for the niece. Montagu declares for the Whigs. Prior is willing to be a Whig with him. Prior cares nothing for mathematics, nieces and politics. He is not disturbed when Montagu makes the niece—a Mrs. Barton, by the way—rich by his will. Prior even applauds, for he does not care for money. But Prior is a poet, with the vanity of a poet; and when Montagu seizes the credit of their joint verse, and is dubbed "Mouse," Prior, full of jealous spleen, rancorously turns his back. Thus do the Whigs lose and the Tories win a turgid pen.

Over against the wall is a smug, sly, monkish-seeming man. He is a priest who comes with messages from the Stuart over seas; and will carry messages from the Tories and from the Queen when he returns. And lastly, there sits quietly next to St. John a man of fifty years. Here is his description from a State paper that offers money for his arrest: "He is a middle-sized, spare man, of a brown complexion, and dark-brown colored hair, but wears a wig; a hooked nose, a sharp chin, gray eyes, and a large mole near his mouth; was born in London, and for many years was a hose-factor in Freeman's Yard, Cornhill." It is Daniel Defoe. Harley, who took him out of Newgate nine years before and made a Tory of him, is asking Defoe a question.

"And what think you, then, of politics, my good Defoe?" Harley is ever conciliatory and suave.

"Why, sir, I think this," responds Defoe; "sir, I have been in trade, in debt, in want, in print, in Newgate, in the pillory and in politics. Sir, I assure you that the last, of all of them, is the least moral and the least clean."

Defoe is to be in Newgate again. Then he is to give up politics and write "Robinson Crusoe."

A shrill voice is lifted—it comes from Swift, stalking up and down—and it carries a high scolding note,

like the cry of an osprey or an angry woman. Swift, apropos of nothing, puts this to the Catholic priest:

"Sir, why does the Catholic Church use pictures and images, while the Church of England does not?"

"That is because we are old house-keepers, while you are new ones," quietly retorts the priest.

Swift scowls at this. He is about to make reprisal for what he deems the churchman's impertinence, when St. John draws him away.

"Swift, how do you render this?" asks St. John, passing the big Irishman a written slip. "It is the motto of a tradesman, newly a knight."

"*Eques haud male notus!*" reads Swift. "Better known than trusted!" Then he tosses the slip on the table and again stalks up and down.

Pope is complaining to Harley of Addison. "He is jealous of me," says Pope; "he hates me. That I could abide; but, sir, he is unfair. He speaks slightly of my 'Rape of the Lock'; and now that I am hammering Homer into English, he, too, must translate him. The whole town knows it, though he seeks to deceive and lays his translation to Tickell."

Swift is caught by the name of Addison, whom he loves most of men, and pauses in his strides. "I was away at that time," says Swift, "but when Addison published the death of his 'Sir Roger de Coverley' I was moved to tears. There died the most graceful character in literature. Why was Addison cruel?"

"Why, sir," says Defoe, "Addison was absent, and that same Tickell, of whom Pope complains, was asked to write one of the *Spectators*. Being a low fellow, he straightway places *Sir Roger* in company with a common wench of the streets. The disgrace of it so infuriated Addison that he killed old *Sir Roger* in the next De Coverley paper."

"*Sir Roger* was drawn," says Harley, "from the life. He is a picture of Sir John Pakington of Worcester—a fine old gentleman was Sir John."

"Sir, there can be no fine *old* gentlemen," observes Swift, fiercely. "If the man had either a mind or a body worth a farthing it would have worn him out before one might call him old."

"What do they say at Button's and the Kit Kat," asks St. John of Pope, "of Addison's tragedy? I suppose the Whigs look to turn the world upside down with it."

"Sir, I believe Montagu and the others," replies little Pope, "do expect it to strengthen the Whig cause. I have been to a rehearsal, and, I confess, I was deeply moved."

"Don't go to its production," observes Harley, with a gleam. "Sir, I hear there will be swords drawn. What! does Montagu—does Walpole think the whole Tory party is to be insulted with this 'Cato,' and no resentment shown? Let them look to themselves!" And a frown succeeds the smile on Harley's handsome face.

Swift turns and looks at Harley and then at St. John. Abrupt to the point of insult, the coming dean suddenly conveys them both to a corner beyond earshot of the others. St. John and Harley make no demur; they are well used to Swift. The latter speaks rapidly and earnestly in whispers. Harley and St. John appear surprised. St. John's face comes quickly to an expression of pleased agreement, however, as one who smells a triumph in what is proposed. A dubious shadow clouds the brow of Harley.

"It is to save your friend Addison," says Harley, doubtfully.

"Sir, it is to save you!" roars Swift.

V

It is a week later. Great is the crush and mighty the struggle at the doors of Drury Lane. The house is thronged by five o'clock—the curtain does not rise till six. It is the opening night of "Cato," the great Whig tragedy.

Colley Cibber, behind the scenes, is dressing for *Syphax*. His delight is measureless. Colley is one of the

Drury Lane lessees, and Addison, declining profit of his play, gives all to the theatre.

As one's eye roves from box to box, it would seem as though the nobility of England had come to the play in a body. The Tories match the Whigs in numbers; that was to be expected where a riot is the plan. In one box sits Marlborough with "Queen Sarah," the latter grim and dominant. Across is Wortley and the lovely Lady Mary, who has come in from the country to see her pet poet's play. Lady Mary kisses her hand to the grim Queen Sarah, who smiles because they are fast friends. Then Queen Sarah confers a forbidding look on her second daughter—whom she loves not—the Countess of Sunderland, present in a near-by box, who is known as "the little Whig," wearing her patriotic patches on the right side of her face, in scorn of Sunderland ladies, who wear theirs on the left. St. John has a box, Harley has a box, Walpole has a box, Montagu has a box, while the noble rosters of both the Kit Kat and the October Clubs can be counted in this and that part of the house. Steele is in the pit at the head of a valorous claque ready to applaud a sentiment or fight a Tory. Sir Gilbert Heathcote, a most forward Whig, sits behind Steele, while all about him are two hundred armed patriots, zealous for Whiggish principles and Jacobin blood.

Now the play is on, and Booth, as *Cato*, has the stage. Steele, Heathcote and their fighting men draw themselves closely. It is here they anticipate the first fury of Tory war. And it occurs.

The rude, ungainly Swift, who has command of the Tory forces, and is seated in front of Steele, at the earliest sentence that smacks of patriotism and liberty gives a signal. It is obeyed. A tempest of Tory applause bursts on the amazed Whigs.

Steele and his merry men recover quickly with what coolness they may, and add their encomiums to the vociferous plaudits of their foes. The

Tories call up their reserve, and with added applause overwhelm the Whigs. And so all through; the Tories strive with the Whigs, and each lays claim to every noble sentiment. It is a battle, not of sword and cudgel, but of approval; and truth concedes that the Tories have fairly the better of it.

Steele, delighted for the sake of Addison, sore for the sake of party, is in several minds. For the most, however, the Whigs, at the unexpected conduct of their enemies in thus claiming "*Cato*" to themselves, are in such daze that it comes well toward being a rout. Heathcote and his truculent two hundred are clearly shaken and confused. Perceiving this, the Tories, with joyful shouts, roll forth their loudest thunders. The play may scarce proceed amid this clamor of a double acceptance.

The cunning Tories make a grand point. The curtain is down on an act. St. John rises in his box and calls for Barton Booth. The Tories cheer; the Whigs look puzzled. The player appears, and the noble St. John makes a speech. He thanks Booth for his presentation of a lofty patriotism in his rôle of *Cato*, and then presents him with a mighty purse of guineas "for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator." As St. John says this last, he turns a stern eye on Marlborough, who is seeking to have himself declared commander-in-chief for life. The hero of Blenheim flushes wrathfully beneath the bronze of his campaigns. Altogether, it is a tremendous night for the Tories, who wax ever jubilant as Whigs wax sour.

You are curious as to Addison. He is, as Pope tells us, "sweating behind the scenes with concern." To be particular, he lodges in a furthest corner of the green-room, white and sick, and aquake with apprehension. A Tory hiss would stab him like a dirk. There is a friend to run as messenger between Addison and the public, and bring the poet the verdict word by word. All goes more than

well; and Addison's torn soul at last puts away that triple-terror which is rending it, and composes itself.

Thus is the commonplace made brilliant; thus is a bad play made good; thus does the crafty Tory overflow the Whig—avoid a blow and deal one. "Cato" runs thirty nights, and Tonson—he of the Kit Kat—publishes it, and "at Shakespeare's Head, against Catherine street, in the Strand," sells ten thousand copies in a day.

"Swift," says Harley, at the October Club, after the play, "Swift, we owe all to you. I will leave it to you, hereafter, to go about a Whig's flank." And Harley shakes one of the Mad Parson's hands, while St. John shakes the other.

"Sir, you do me too much honor," replies Swift. "Addison has already thanked me; and now, since both sides thank me, I may believe my work well done. Eheu! A compliment has turned aside a sword!"



THE LOST BALL

STANDING one day on the golf-links,
I was weary and ill at ease;
And I baffed and fozzled idly
Over the whins and tees.
I know not what I was dreaming,
Or where I was rubbering then;
But I swiped that ball, of a sudden,
With the force of two-score men.

It sped through the crimson twilight
Like a shot from a ten-inch gun;
And it passed from my fevered vision
To the realm of the vanished sun;
It chasséed over the bunker,
It caromed hazard and hill;
It went like a thing infernal—
I suppose it is going still.

It shied each perplexing stymie
With infinite nerve and ease;
And bored right on through the landscape
As if it were loath to cease.
I have sought—but I seek it vainly—
That ball of the strenuous pace,
That went from the sole of my niblick
And entered into space.

It may be some blooming caddy
Can sooner or late explain;
It may be that only in heaven
I shall find that ball again.

LAURA SIMMONE.

AS ANY WOMAN WOULD

By Nellie Cravey Gillmore

SPOFFORD studied the glowing end of his cigar reflectively for several minutes, then laid it on the table beside him and crossed his knees. The thin fingers of his long left hand interlaced the thin fingers of his long right hand as he raised his eyes to the face of the girl just passing the threshold of the library door.

"Alone, dear?" she asked, with a pleased smile, coming toward the vacant chair that stood near him.

Spofford stared at her coldly for a moment, then nodded his head in a curt little way.

Valérie paused, a half-surprised, half-anxious light showing in her eyes. His tone was unusual. After a moment's awkward silence the other spoke.

"So you have at last come back? I was not aware before," he began, in a curiously harsh voice, "that you were in the habit of visiting that man."

The girl bit her lip and turned away, lest he see the dull crimson flush that spread to the roots of her hair. After a moment's hesitation she replied: "As far as I can see, there is no reason why I should not go there. As to visiting that man, as you express it, that is begging the question. I have always been in and out of the house since childhood. It is just the same now as then." Her voice trembled on the last words and a hurt look came into the soft gray eyes.

Spofford lifted one hand in protest, part incredulous, part contemptuous.

"But you are not a child now, Valérie. You are a woman, with all a woman's weakness and—charms,"

he finished, patronizingly, his eyes resting with an air of conscious proprietorship on the graceful form and fair face of his fiancée.

Valérie colored and took a step forward. "I wish you wouldn't, Dick. What makes you say such unpleasant things?" She spoke gently, even the note of reproach in her voice conveying little less than a caress.

Her companion had risen and now stood close beside her, his gaze fixed on the sweet, flushed face, in an ardor of passion. A thick red showed under his clear, dark skin, and the curve of his lips was anything but agreeable as he spoke.

"I can't see that there is any necessity for explanation," he said, coldly. "You are a beautiful woman, while Holman is simply a mortal man, and—loves you. Furthermore, as your guardian and future husband, I expressly desire that you remain away from his house. Your going there just encourages the fellow in his presumption. It is folly, madness."

At this Valérie laughed outright, to smother the painful catch in her throat that seemed choking her.

"Why, Dick," she cried, reprovingly, "I should think you would be ashamed of such sentiments. Poor Jack Holman is in a dying condition even now; the doctors say he cannot possibly live two months."

"Then all the more reason why you should stay away from him; let him go to meet his God in peace."

The girl's eyes filled with tears. "Don't, dear; don't be unkind. Think of the difference between our life and his—the one so bright and full of promise, the other just on the brink

of eternity. Think of everything: our life together just opening on a glorious future; his lonely existence so near the end of its earthly journey."

Spofford's face clouded, but he crushed back the sneering words that rushed to his lips. For several moments he remained in moody silence. Then he looked, half-tenderly, into the pleading gray eyes, and changed his tone.

"Just as you say, little girl; only, above all things, you must not give me cause for jealousy. I—I could not brook it, Valérie."

The girl glanced brightly up into the dark, fine-looking face above her, and a feeling of intense pride stirred her heart. She thoroughly admired this lover of hers, the man she had chosen from among all others to be the future guardian of her heart and home.

He drew her down on a sofa beside him, and took one small, rounded hand in both his own. For a while neither spoke. Spofford was the first to break the silence.

"I love you, child—you know that; and whatever happens, you will not go back on me?" He spoke almost fiercely, his voice tremulous with ill-concealed passion.

Valérie stared at him wonderingly, a shade of reproach creeping into her wide, gray eyes at his question. Then, after a second, she laughed happily and smiled up into the face that bent above her.

"You don't deserve a bit of an answer," she said, banteringly.

A shade of annoyance crossed the man's face, but he made no reply. Valérie saw the look, and it worried her; she sought his eyes with her own, half-anxiously.

"You are a very silly boy," she forced herself to say lightly, despite the strange uneasiness suddenly tugging at her heart.

Spofford watched her face curiously for several moments, his own gradually assuming its former expression of studied placidity.

"At any rate," he said, after a time, "you will respect my wishes, Valérie?

Never go there—that is all I ask. Promise me that."

The girl was silent for a long time. The color faded slowly from her face, leaving it white and tired. She looked up at him presently, a little, subdued light in her eyes.

"Are you really in earnest about this, Dick?" she asked, thoughtfully.

"I never was more so in my life." A disagreeable frown drew his brows together. "On my word," he continued, testily, "one would think you cared more for that fellow than for your future husband—you take things so to heart!"

The girl glanced at him quickly, half-indignantly, and again a flush burned in her cheeks. Then her eyes fell and she averted her head from his gaze—somehow it seemed to hurt her.

"Come now, Valérie," Spofford resumed, in a conciliatory tone, "don't be foolish. I take that back; you've always been as true as steel—always will be, I know. Suppose we drop the subject and call it square?"

Valérie's face brightened visibly at his words, and a tremulous little smile chased the recent cloud from her face, in spite of the strange dullness that still lay heavy on her heart. But she resolutely put aside her own feelings and forced bright words to her lips.

"We can't afford to quarrel, dear, can we?—especially over trifles. We—we love each other far too much for that, do we not?" She slipped both her hands into his, and he involuntarily drew her nearer to him.

"Yes," he replied, gently, stooping to kiss the pale-gold waves of hair that lay above her white forehead, "we love each other too much for that."

A pale, mellow light gleamed softly through the rose-colored skirts of the candles and filled the room with a delicious sense of cozy warmth.

Valérie leaned her head back against the chair-rest with a contented little sigh, glancing up from time to time at the Delft clock ticking

busily away on the mantel. Presently she got up and walked to one of the low French windows and looked eagerly out into the darkness. After a few minutes a familiar form appeared on the wide, white avenue, and she turned hastily toward the entrance door, a glad red dyeing her cheeks as she turned the knob and peeped out.

Spofford pushed open the door with playful force, and stooping, kissed the smiling mouth raised to his.

"I'm so glad you've come at last," she said, her face dimpling all over with pleased satisfaction. "The time has been so long since you went away, and I have been so lonely!"

He passed his arm about her, and together they went into the sitting-room.

"A man ought to be very happy with such a dear little wife to look after him," he said, fondly, drawing her down to a seat beside him. After several moments' pause he spoke again:

"We are all in all to each other, Valérie, are we not? There is nothing—you have never kept anything from me?"

The girl leaned forward and quietly scanned his face for a moment. The blood flamed over her own, tipping even her ears with crimson.

Spofford noted this, and his own face flushed darkly. "What is it?" he asked, abruptly. His voice was several notes harsher than usual. Valérie's heart started painfully at the sound. She lifted her eyes, full of trouble, to his for an instant; then looked away.

"I never told you," she said, slowly, "because I was afraid. I hesitated—to—give you pain."

"That was, to say the least, unwise on your part. Between a man and his wife there should be perfect confidence. There is no real happiness without it."

"But I—"

Spofford interrupted her. "Tell me now," he said, coldly.

Valérie glanced at him, a trifle resentfully. Then her face softened and she spoke.

"There's very little to tell, after all," she said, thoughtfully. "When Jack Holman was dying, just a few months before our marriage, you remember—" She paused, seeking words. Her husband was studying her face narrowly.

"Well?" he asked, a note of impatience in his voice.

Valérie went on, absently: "When he was dying his mother sent for me. He—he wanted me to marry him before—before—" Her voice broke, but she quickly recovered herself and resumed: "You see, he had a great deal of money—more than he knew what to do with—and he thought that perhaps if I—that he might leave it to me—as his wife."

Spofford listened with breathless interest while she was speaking, an odd, half-eager light in his eyes. When she had finished he bit his lips to keep back the quick words that leaped to them. After a moment's stress of silence, he spoke:

"And you did it, Valérie? You married him?" he asked, hurriedly, fighting hard to make his tone seem commonplace.

Valérie glanced up at him, a look of wonder showing on her face.

"Why, Dick!" she cried, reproachfully; "no, of course not. Do you think I could so far forget my honor, my promise to you?"

The tense expression deepened in Spofford's eyes as they sought hers with a feverish persistency.

"And the money—what became of that?" he questioned, sharply.

"Oh, that! I never heard. I suppose it all went back to his mother. There was no one else, you know."

She slipped her hand into his, and mechanically his fingers closed over hers. But there was no warmth in the pressure. It stung the girl, and she drew back. Spofford pushed her from him, almost roughly, and rising, walked over to the window and stared out into the night.

The minutes passed by in silence. For a long time Valérie sat where he

had left her, a hurt look on her face. She glanced dully toward the tall, moody figure by the window, and a little spasm of pain contracted her heart at the thought that she had unwittingly wounded him. After a while she rose softly and passed over to his side, lifting penitent eyes to the face above her. With a pleading little gesture she laid one small hand on his coat-sleeve.

"I'm sorry, dear. I know now that I should not have kept it from you. Are you so very vexed because I did not speak of it at the time? Won't

you forgive me, Dick? I thought only to spare you pain."

Spofford shook her hand off, impatiently. He wheeled about with strange abruptness and fixed his eyes, in which was a peculiar glitter, on his wife's face.

"I was just thinking," he replied, with a smile that was half-sneer, "that you had it in your power to make us both independent for life, and—you threw away the opportunity, as any silly woman would!"

He laughed shortly, and turning, left the room.



A BEECH TREE

I STAND beneath a towering beech,
Its trunk is mottled light and dark,
And try to find our long-past work,
Our names cut in the bark.

Green velvet moss and lichen gray
Have swathed the mummy of dead days;
And strangers' names have crossed ours out,
And hid them in a maze.

I cannot find the names we carved
That time our pathways met and crossed;
Those names are like the lives we planned,
First plainly seen, then lost.

The tree has grown above our names,
Its branches look on wider views,
Just as our lives have grown away
From those we once would choose.

I'll let the moss and lichen stay
And hide our names beneath their sheen,
As immortelles upon a grave,
To keep a memory green.

W. C. LANGDON.



A QUESTION

"MY father weighed only four pounds at his birth."
"Good gracious! Did he live?"

PÊCHE MIRACULEUSE

Par Émile Hinzelin

IL n'y a que les farces bêtes qui amusent les gens d'esprit. . . .

On pourrait, sur l'enveloppe, dessiner un poisson, comme dans "Quo Vadis." Oui, certes. Cela est innocent comme l'ablette qui vient de naître!

C'est par ces propos vagues que deux ou trois vagues jeunes gens, professeurs au lycée de Clermont-sur-Yonne, s'encourageaient à jeter une lettre à la poste. Ils relurent cette lettre composée avec l'aide d'une machine à écrire:

MONSIEUR LE PROFESSEUR JEAN HANNEZO:

J'ai appris que vous avez fait récemment certaines études de chimie appliquée où la tannerie peut sans doute trouver profit. Si vous êtes de loisir demain, dimanche, je vous prie de dîner avec moi. Nous serons en famille. J'espère que ce mot n'est pas pour vous effrayer.

Votre bien dévoué,

ÉDOUARD BRESLAU.

La lettre fut lentement glissée à la poste. Et de rire! Une mystification se savoure une seconde fois, dès qu'on peut en imaginer la marche.

Le lendemain matin Jean Hannezo ouvrit l'enveloppe. Il pâlit de telle sorte que son visage devint plus blanc que l'ivoire à travers les touffes irrégulières de sa barbe brune. Le pauvre professeur de physique et de chimie de Clermont-sur-Yonne se sentit envahi par un accablement délicieux.

On devine bien que ce qui le troublait, ce n'était pas la prose de Monsieur Édouard Breslau, riche tanneur et président du tribunal de commerce. Jean Hannezo n'avait pas l'âme naturellement sensible

aux millions. Quand on lui disait que Breslau était au nombre des plus importants capitalistes de la région, il répondait sans façon: "Si un honnête tanneur trouve une toison d'or au fond de ses cuves, cela est bien fait!" et il n'y pensait déjà plus. Mais, à cette phrase, "Nous serons en famille," Jean Hannezo s'était représenté Mademoiselle Suzanne Breslau, l'enchantement lointain de ses rêveries!

Il l'avait encore aperçue, le matin même. Une robe bleu sombre, un corsage à fins boutons d'or, à légers parements rouges, une cravate bleu clair nouée à un col droit, un chapeau canotier garni de bleu gris, tout son costume heureux la faisait ressembler à l'image la plus contemporaine de la petite Fée printemps. Et comme tout ce bleu s'harmonisait à la nuance de ses yeux si bleus, bleus de tous les bleus, et si profonds qu'ils semblaient violets! Son joli visage était rose comme un matin pur. Visage délicat, mais ferme, mais vaillant et même un peu téméraire! Souvent les yeux de Mademoiselle Suzanne Breslau avaient rencontré ceux de Jean: ils y avaient lu la piété de l'admiration et de la tendresse.

Aussi bien, chaque fois qu'elle sortait, soit avec son père, soit avec une vieille servante—ayant, toute jeune, perdu sa mère—elle était sûre de trouver sur son chemin ce jeune homme qui semblait soudain s'écarter d'elle, tant son respect était sincère, mais qui, de cette rencontre espérée, emportait une raison de vivre.

Ce dimanche-là, à sept heures précises, Jean sonnait à la porte de Monsieur Breslau.

Si ému, il n'avait pas remarqué, au coin de la rue, les silhouettes flâneuses de ses vagues collègues.

Un domestique apparut et lui dit tout d'abord que Monsieur Breslau n'était pas à la maison. Cette réponse n'étonna pas Jean. Monsieur Breslau avait dû faire défendre sa porte. Jean tendit sa carte et ajouta: "Monsieur Breslau m'a écrit pour me prier de venir à cette heure-ci."

Quelques minutes après Jean était introduit dans le cabinet du puissant industriel. Monsieur Breslau le salua courtoisement, tout en relisant la carte qu'on lui avait remise:

JEAN HANNEZO

Professeur de physique et de chimie

Entre les deux hommes la conversation s'engagea sur les progrès de la chimie, et sur ses applications industrielles. Ce début était bien dans le sens de la lettre reçue par Jean. Le sujet intéressait Monsieur Breslau, qui peu à peu s'anima.

Très grand, très gros, alerte cependant en ses vêtements larges, de visage presque imberbe, face carrée, sourire fin, cheveux ras, prunelles très myopes mais très perspicaces sous un lognon, Monsieur Breslau était une sorte de géant brusque et avisé. Dans la ville ses décisions promptes non moins que ses retentissantes colères étaient illustres.

L'entretien avait parcouru tous les sujets scientifiques. Il s'alanguissait maintenant et traînait. Jean se demandait pourquoi son hôte n'abordait pas plus vite le sujet spécial qui avait motivé l'invitation. Monsieur Breslau faisait réflexion que ce professeur en visite ne grouillait guère. Une question lui vint aux lèvres:

"J'avais cru comprendre, monsieur, que vous parliez en entrant d'une lettre adressée par moi."

"Oui," dit Jean.

"Une lettre! Je serais curieux de la voir."

Jean présenta la lettre. Déjà, un flot de désespoir et de honte noyait son cœur, battait son front, aveuglait ses yeux.

"Ah!" fit Monsieur Breslau, "c'est une mystification, une innocente mystification."

Mais, tout à coup, dans sa lecture un mot l'arrêta net.

"En famille," murmurait-il, "en famille! qu'est-ce que ce mystificateur a voulu dire?"

Peu à peu, la mémoire lui revenait. Ce visage angoissé qu'il avait devant lui était de ceux qu'il apercevait le plus fréquemment sur le passage de sa fille.

"Monsieur," dit-il, "je vous plains d'avoir des amis qui sont des maîtres sots."

"Il est possible que je sois à plaindre, monsieur, mais croyez bien que ceux qui m'ont tendu ce piège ne sont nullement mes amis. Veuillez me rendre cette lettre et agréer mes excuses."

Ces mots furent prononcés d'une voix si nette et si âpre que Monsieur Breslau tressaillit. Dans les yeux de Jean étincelaient la douleur et l'indignation.

Monsieur Breslau se connaissait en hommes. Il se leva.

"À mon tour de m'excuser. La sottise me fâche beaucoup plus que de raison! Il convient de donner une leçon aux maîtres sots. Je gagerais qu'ils sont en ce moment dans le voisinage à guetter votre sortie. Faisons leur croquer le marmot et soupçons ensemble."

Jean fit un geste de refus. Monsieur Breslau comprit ce qu'il y avait là de délicatesse fière.

"Nous serons seuls," dit-il. "Ma fille dînera avec certaine vieille tante qui nous est venue voir."

À la fin Jean accepta.

Le repas se prolongea fort avant dans la soirée. Monsieur Breslau, en ses heures de loisir, savait goûter la belle chère et les beaux vins. D'ailleurs, comme assaisonnement, il savourait la surprise de rencontrer un compagnon instruit, judicieux, clairvoyant, lequel, par une coïncidence agréable, avait sur les choses essentielles de la tannerie les idées exactes de Monsieur Breslau lui-même.

Jean avait fait naguère un voyage

en Allemagne. Il y avait étudié l'état de la nouvelle industrie où la chimie fait fermenter tous les progrès avec une puissance que rien n'égale. Il avait visité des usines, analysé des produits, recueilli des formules. Il avait même vécu avec des contre-maîtres et des ouvriers. Sa curiosité vive avait un charme de cordiale loyauté, auquel les gens de science ou de métier ne résistaient pas.

Et cette sûreté de méthode! Et cette virilité d'aperçus! Et surtout cette façon rapide de pénétrer les théories et de les traduire en pratique! Monsieur Breslau ne reconnaissait plus le petit professeur gêné et timide de tout à l'heure. Sur son terrain véritable l'homme vrai se dégageait.

Monsieur Breslau n'y tint plus: "Voulez-vous me permettre une question? Comment se fait-il que vous restiez professeur? Oh! je ne conteste pas la dignité de cette fonction. Mais, pour un homme actif, n'est-ce pas une besogne un peu morte?"

Jean secoua la tête. Il songeait à l'engrenage qui, depuis les bancs où il était bon élève, l'avait amené à la chaire où il était bon maître. Ce que lui disait Monsieur Breslau correspondait trop bien au secret de ses pensées. Il se tut.

La conversation reprit, moins personnelle. Il arriva un instant où, sur l'emploi de certains acides dans les tanneries saxonnes, Jean émit un avis tellement juste que Monsieur Breslau ne put retenir un geste d'amitié.

"Voilà!" dit-il. "Si je m'appelais Jean Hannezo, je planterais là tous les petits collégiens du monde, je sacrifierais mes droits à la retraite sur

l'autel de la patrie—et je me jetterais la tête la première dans le grand courant industriel qui emporte notre vingtième siècle. . . . Ah! pourtant, avant tout, j'écritais mon nom de Jean Hannezo au bas d'un traité que Monsieur Breslau rédigerait."

"Je signe," dit simplement Jean.

"Conclu! Vous partez demain matin pour l'Allemagne. Vous y reprenez, à frais nouveaux, les études que vous avez commencées. Ce traité qui nous lie sera, comme il sied, daté du premier avril. C'est, ma foi, une honnête date!"

Monsieur Breslau sonna. "Priez Mademoiselle Suzanne de descendre.

"Ma chère enfant, voici Monsieur Jean Hannezo. Il est attaché à notre maison. Il va passer quelque temps en Allemagne. Souhaite-lui bon voyage et bon succès."

La jeune fille avait rougi. Les regards de Jean brillaient d'une passion si franche, si chaste, si divine, qu'ils commandaient l'amour rien qu'en l'implorant.

Suzanne offrit sa main.

L'amour de Jean, sans que rien l'eût trahi, enveloppait Suzanne d'une vaste caresse, exaltant jusqu'à l'infini la beauté de son visage, de ses yeux, de sa bouche, de tout son corps svelte et précieux.

Quelque temps après son premier retour d'Allemagne Jean Hannezo fut fiancé à Suzanne Breslau. Le mariage eut lieu le premier jour du mois suivant.

Il y a donc tel poisson d'avril qui peut devenir, à lui seul, toute une pêche miraculeuse.



KEPT

"KEEP your distance!" said Affluence, haughtily.
"Oh, thank you!" murmured Poverty, with becoming humility. "It is so nice to be allowed to keep something!"

AN ANGEL'S TEARS

By Marvin Dana

THE angel bending looked from heaven
Adown the starry space,
And the soft splendor of a tear
Shone sadly from his face—
The holy bliss of angels his,
Yet a tear lay on his face.

About him floated perfumed airs
With color-change inwrought;
Low sounds of melody entwined
New harmonies to him brought;
But still the angel's eyes were wet
For that his heart still sought.

His gaze went wandering adown
The maze of endless deeps,
Beyond great blazing glories thronged,
Where sun or comet sweeps,
To where the little earth of man
Its tiny orbit keeps.

The angel longing looked far down
Into the heart of man,
And saw the troubled tide of blood
That gushed thereout and ran
In riot of passion and wild desire,
As ever since time began.

The angel looked, and saw the soul
Of man in love's mad stress,
Its storms of wrath, of woe, of hate,
Its beauty of tenderness,
Its gamut of passions—evil or good—
Passions that torture or bless.

And the angel longed to quaff love's cup,
Joy-filled to its jeweled brim,
Its bubbles of bliss, its dregs of grief—
With tears his eyes were dim:
Peace, and splendor, and power were his,
Yet heaven wearied him.

BRAUSER'S SÉANCE

By Edward Breck

I SEEMED to have no luck at all that semester. I might have got out of it with the usual batch of unpaid bills if I had not had four duels during the first five weeks, just when I was flush. Five *Mensur-Kneipen* eat up a man's allowance in no time; so instead of paying up last term's little indebtedness, I had soon to borrow money for running expenses.

Worse than that, I was rooming just opposite Brauser; and Brauser, who already stood in his seventh semester and still showed no signs of beginning serious work, was only too well known in Leipsic for his devotion to *Wein, Weib und Gesang*, that is to say, beer, beauty and mine uncle. The first two he cultivated most assiduously as long as his cash held out; then he transferred his attentions to the last.

My particular flame that semester was little Käthchen, the plump, blue-eyed damsel who presided over the cash-box at the Café Central. Käthchen attended to the sentimental side of my heart, and when once sentiment gets its hand on a man's pocket-book there's no telling what a fool he will make of himself. Käthchen loved flowers and the theatre, and was therefore somewhat expensive, but I had a generous heart, especially when "uncle paid," as Brauser said.

But the worst of it was that uncle would not continue to pay. Let me say at once that I do not now refer to that morganatic relative into whose heterogeneous collection so many of my belongings had wandered, but to my own father's brother, a simple and rustic widower of some property,

who lived with his only child, a daughter—bless her heart!—in a small place not far from Brunswick. He had always been a good uncle to me, the kind of which a student dreams—what Germans call a "gold uncle." But now, alas! either his patience or his bank-account seemed at an end. His recent letters contained many a bitter reproach and indignant protest, but no cheques. Finally, my most appealing epistles had remained unanswered.

This was frightful, for I had two notes rapidly coming due, the holders of which were Shylocks, and already my life had become a game of hide-and-seek with my creditors. It is true that a traditional inheritance from an aunt was to fall to me at some vague time in the future, but that could be of no avail in this crisis of the present.

When at last the police stepped in and seized everything I possessed for debt, and lay in wait to place my very person in durance, I fled for refuge to Brauser, who concealed me in his rooms, giving out that I had left town. There I remained a prisoner, a fugitive from justice. One last, touchingly appealing letter to my uncle brought no reply. Even Brauser, the optimistic, began to reflect seriously, for the last few *thalers* of his own allowance were fast disappearing, and the month was not yet two weeks old.

Yet most I feared what my pretty little cousin, Gretchen, would think of me, for Gretchen was my sweetheart. And Käthchen? you question. Ah, that was quite different! Gretchen was the *eine eben*; Käthchen was but

one of the *viele daneben*! But I have no time to go into the psychology of student life. Enough that deep down in my heart I loved Gretchen, and I blushed at the thought of her disapproval. Her letters, too—little innocent ones on tinted, perfumed paper—about the birds and the cats and the last village engagement, stopped coming, probably at the command of her father.

Oh, yes, it was a fearful time. We had to cut down our quantum of beer to five litres a day. Think of it!

One afternoon, Brauser, after sitting for some time in a brown study, suddenly jumped up and executed a war-dance all over the room, then bolted. For the next week he was in aggravatingly good spirits, and finally confessed that he had himself written to my uncle, and in such terms that a reply would surely be forthcoming.

I shook my head. "No hope there, my boy. I know him. His heart is a rock against which the staff of Moses would break."

A ring at the door interrupted.

"Great heavens, my creditors!" I gasped.

But the door opened, and the postman appeared with a registered letter addressed to Brauser. A second later he had torn it open and was swinging a cheque for a thousand *thalers* round his head. I cried for joy.

But suddenly my eye caught sight of the envelope; it was edged with a deep border of black. My heart stood still.

"Gretchen!" I cried. "Oh, if——"

"Console yourself, my boy; your Gretchen was never better in her life, at least physically. But I grieve to say that somebody else has gone the way of all flesh."

"For heaven's sake, who? Do I know him?"

"Oh, exceedingly well. But read that; it will explain all."

I took my uncle's letter and read as follows:

MY DEAR HERR BRAUSER:

It will hardly be possible for you to imagine the consternation and grief into which your letter of the sixth instant

has plunged my daughter and myself. Gretchen is utterly prostrated, and has not yet ceased to weep, and I myself now begin to realize for the first time how dear to me my poor nephew was. For the present I thank you sincerely for all your trouble and devotion in nursing the poor boy and in paying him the last sad honors. I enclose a cheque for one thousand *thalers*, the costs, as per your letter, of the interment. Although I am far from grudging this, it nevertheless seems to me an extremely large sum for the purpose. As both my daughter and myself need a change, we shall start immediately for Leipsic in order to visit the grave of my beloved nephew. We shall then have an opportunity to thank you in person for your great kindness.

I remain, etc., your sorrowing

GOTTLIEB MÜLLER.

For an instant my brain refused to act, and I sat staring at the letter like one paralyzed. At last I stammered, "What does it mean?"

"It means, my dear boy, that you are dead."

"I dead?"

"Dead, stone-dead; defunct, deceased, departed, gone; and now, I trust, resting in peace."

"My uncle and Gretchen think I'm dead?"

"And buried! Oh, we gave you a great send-off, I can tell you! Cost me a thousand *thalers*. Here they are!"

He made the cheque crackle in his hand and let out an ear-splitting "*Juchhe!*"

"You don't mean to tell me, Brauser, that you had the infernal audacity, the cold heartlessness, to swindle my good uncle and perhaps break my poor little cousin's heart!"

"Awfully sorry, old man, but it had to be done. Needs must when the devil drives! One of us had to die, and as you had the richer uncle, of course it had to be you. Death loves a shining mark, you know. I admit it's too bad to cut off a promising and talented chap like you in the bloom of his youth, and I humbly apologize for the assassination, but——"

"Brauser, I'll thank you to quit

joking! I don't mind a lark, even a pretty wild one, you know that well enough; but this kind of thing seems to me more like blackguardism, and if you imagine for one moment that I'm going to give it my sanction, you're vastly mistaken, that's all!"

"Repose, repose, indignant ghost! Remember that you are dead and buried. Here is your death-certificate; I got it out of the Nicolai church when the sexton's back was turned. Lucky there are so many Müllers in the world. I had only to scratch out the first name and the date, and write in others. You died on the third!"

The billows of my anger were rising higher and higher, and I was on the point of bursting into a very tornado of righteous indignation, when a sharp rap at the door startled me into silence, and Brauser had just time to push me into the bedroom and close the door before an official from police headquarters entered the study. Through a keyhole I overheard the following conversation:

"*Mein Herr*, traces of the delinquent Friedrich Müller lead directly to your door."

"*Mein hochverehrter Herr Beamter*, your surmises are correct. The good Fritz was even for a time my guest."

"Where is he, then?"

"I don't know."

"Well, in that case I shall have to arrest you."

"My dear sir, you are too late. Müller is wanted for debt. Certain persons are causing his arrest, but these persons will all be satisfied to-morrow, and I shall do the paying. Here, sir, is the money. If the notes are not all liquidated by to-morrow noon you are quite at liberty to arrest me. Until then I beg for grace."

The official examined the cheque. "Very well; if the charges are not withdrawn by to-morrow noon I shall come for you."

"Good day, *Herr Beamter*," replied Brauser, and as the door closed, "May the devil go with you!" he added. Then, softly: "Fritzchen!" I appeared on the threshold. "Did you

hear what the *Herr Beamter* said?"

I nodded in a mute despair.

"Very well then, my beauty, you see we are in for it. In any case, I fail to perceive the slightest reason for tragics. What will happen? Nothing, except that in a week or two your uncle and sweetheart will arrive, visit your grave and water it plentifully with their tears. You will lie low while I pull the old boy's leg to the extent of your extra debts, and perhaps a few of mine, too. Then we shall contrive to let Gretchen into the secret, and when the psychological moment arrives you fall at the old man's number elevens, make a clean breast of it and do the penitence act. If he's a sport, of course he will forgive, you will proceed to take a brace, pass your examination in a year, and in eighteen months I'll be strung up if you're not Gretchen's *Herr und Gebieter*!"

I walked the length of the room with uneasy steps. I began to feel that Brauser's audacious plan might not be so bad after all, and yet I had the gravest misgivings.

"There's that inheritance from my aunt," I began. A guffaw of contempt shut me up on that subject. I tried a still more specious argument:

"Brauser, I tell you my conscience won't allow me to do such a thing!"

Brauser roared. "Your conscience! Where was your conscience when you make your good old uncle pay three big apothecary's and doctor's bills within two months, every one of them made out and signed by yours truly? Where was your conscience when you had that bracelet for Mizzi Tolle made into a bill for Plutarch's 'Morals,' and duly presented to your good old uncle for payment? Conscience! You ought to write a book called 'Müller's Immorals'!"

"Shut up, Brauser! Don't talk to me about those women!"

"Neither will I, if you'll listen to reason. Why, my dear fellow, I am giving you a chance not only for the reorganization of your finances, but for the regeneration of your ethics. Heaven only knows which more needs reform! Besides, haven't you had

about enough of imprisonment, even with me as jailer? Just look out and see how brightly the sun shines and how the trees are all a-budding. And look, Fritz, just see that perfect little dear of a girl, all in black, tripping along beside her old father!"

A pretty girl! Involuntarily interested, I went to the window. The first glance made my flesh creep and my hair stand on end. "Great heavens!" I cried; "my uncle and Gretchen!"

Consternation and confusion reigned. What was to be done? Without doubt they were coming directly to Brauser's rooms, for they had a *Dienstmann* with them, evidently to help them find the address. Gretchen was dressed in mourning and my uncle had crêpe round his arm and a weed on his hat. They were already at the house-door, and neither of us had yet got his wits together sufficiently to form any sort of plan. At last Brauser cried, hoarsely, "Get into the bedroom and lock the door. Whatever happens, don't stir. I'll go out and stay till they've got sick of waiting and gone away. By that time I shall have found Kalinsky and decided on some plan of action."

So saying he seized his hat and disappeared down the stairs, while I, catching up a few tell-tale objects, took refuge in the bedroom, locking and bolting the door behind me. As I did so, ominous sounds in the outer hall told me that Brauser had been too late, and in a moment all three entered the study. Brauser was plainly in a state bordering on imbecility.

"Why, don't you recognize us?" asked my uncle. But all Brauser could get out was, "*Ach, Gott! Ach, Gott!*" and presently he burst into the worst imitation of sobbing and sighing that ever I heard.

"Oh, well, don't take on so, my boy; it can't be helped now," said my uncle, in unsteady accents. At this moment Gretchen caught the contagion of Brauser's simulated tears, fell into a chair and sobbed in good earnest. This was too much for the old

man, and in a trice all three were sobbing and sighing and snuffling in the most heart-breaking manner, Brauser's bass fairly drowning the other two.

Finally my uncle questioned: "T—tell us h—how he d—died!"

"*Ach, Gott!*" howled Brauser, "*ach, Gott! ach, Gott!* The duel, you know, and—*ach, Gott!* Oh, oh!"

"Yes, yes, you mentioned that in your l—letter. But h—how did it b—begin?"

But Brauser was so near a state of total collapse as completely to lose his usual brilliant talent for fiction. He made one more heroic effort and failed.

"Oh, I—I c—can't tell you now! I—I have j—just come from—from his grave!" And with a most atrocious "boohoo!" he grabbed his hat and fled incontinently down the stairs, while Uncle Gottlieb and Gretchen stared after him in astonishment.

"Poor lad!" said Uncle Gottlieb, "he was poor Fritz's best friend! Come, child, we'll go out and get a bite to eat and then come back. The young man will have calmed down and returned by that time, and we can converse more rationally."

And out they went, Gretchen looking bewitchingly pretty in her new mourning gown. The black set off splendidly two cheeks that refused obstinately to part with their roses, despite the tears. Only a strong effort kept me from rushing out and hugging her.

Brauser had evidently been watching for their exit from some adjacent ambush, for hardly had they disappeared round the corner when he entered and released me from my bedroom cell. He was evidently excited.

"Fritzchen!" he cried, "I nearly spoiled the whole business, but I am going to make good. My brain has given birth to one of those epoch-making, road-breaking ideas that found empires and paralyze the universe!"

"Oh, cut it! You'd better do something to get us out of this beastly scrape; and do it soon, too,

for they are coming back in a few minutes. We'd better run for it."

"What! desert the stricken field after the first skirmish? Nonsense! Outposts driven back a little, that's all. Sit down there, Fritzchen, my lad, and try to get that stagnant brain of yours a bit vitalized. Listen. There is an old saw that is found in all the ancient and modern languages, which was really the invention of Adam himself, to the effect that one might as well be killed for a sheep as for a lamb. Fritzchen, we're in for it, and the only question is how much we can get out of the situation before it becomes tragic. In other words, how can we pull the old boy's leg to the very limit of ductility?"

"Brauser!"

"Now or never, old chap. Just this once, and then we'll reform. Such a chance may not come again in a hurry. Now, unless I am mistaken, I have heard you say that your good uncle is interested in spiritualism."

"Perfect crank on the subject; never went to a séance, but always threatened to."

"And right he is. It's a very interesting science. We will give the old boy an opportunity to-night."

"To-night?"

"Even so. Perhaps you don't know that we have, right here in the house, one of the best mediums in the empire."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Kalinsky."

"Kalinsky! Nonsense!"

"You underrate our worthy factotum, for I call him a medium advisedly. You must have observed, more than once, that he has fallen into a deep trance when some kind of work was to be done. Oh, as a trance-medium he has few equals."

"Well, what of it? Hurry up. They'll be back directly."

"What of it? Just this. Nothing could be more consoling to the wretched mourners than to have direct spiritual conversation with the dear departed. The celebrated medium, Professor Kalinsky, is engaged

for the purpose, and a séance is held this very evening."

"Where?"

"Where? Why, here, you bunch of obtuseness! Do you see that speaking-tube leading into the hall? Well, it is laid through the bedroom, and we'll tap it there — understand? Lights turned down low; gauze over door; you answer when called up in the spirit, and say you unfortunately died so suddenly that you had no time to tell your uncle half of what your devoted friend, Alexander Humboldt Brauser, had really done for you; that you were still owing him fifteen hundred *thalers* and were doomed to walk round like the ghost of *Hamlet's* father, making things unpleasant for yourself and other people, until your conscience was eased by the payment of the money. Of course you needn't put it just like that, but your usually turgid brain will clarify at the moment of tension, I trust. At the end, if the old boy demands it, you will materialize in the doorway with a sheet on. If that doesn't make him exude *thalers*, I give up the business of working sympathetic gold-uncles."

The long and short of it was that I was bullied and coaxed into becoming a party to the audacious scheme. With Kalinsky we had no trouble. He had been on the stage once himself, and though he never got further than "Melud, the carriage waits!" he nevertheless considered himself, like some others I know, an ill-treated and misunderstood genius, and was eager to show us the full extent of his histrionic powers. It was arranged that after the maximum hard cash had been extracted from my unsuspecting relative we should all three decamp to some place where the beer was good and the living cheap, until such time as it might seem safe to venture on a plan of mollification.

No time was lost. Kalinsky was instructed to get a shave and appear on the scene as soon as possible, clad in his one respectable black frock-coat, a present from a former employer. He was given certain information in

regard to a number of deceased members of the Müller family and dismissed with admonitions to be cautious and impressive.

It was rapidly growing dark, and we had just time to get the speaking-tube in order and so to arrange the dark gauze over the bedroom door that it would show the upper half of a human figure, when my uncle and Gretchen returned. They found Brauser sitting in a most dejected manner at his study table, on which were two candles. His apologies for his flight were followed by some general conversation, and then, to our horror, Kalinsky knocked and entered before Brauser had had time to broach the subject of spiritualism. But the two were equal to the occasion.

"Ah, it is you, professor!" began Brauser. "And what can I do for you?"

"But to-night, I think," answered the solemn Kalinsky, who had made up in a most unworldly manner, "is the date of our proposed séance."

"True indeed, professor; I had forgotten. But I fear we shall have to postpone it, for we have suffered a very sad loss in the death of my friend, this gentleman's nephew, and are hardly in a mood for scientific experiment, especially communion with the spirits of the dead."

My uncle pricked up his ears. "What's that?" he asked.

"Professor Schwillinsky is no less a personage, sir, than the celebrated Dresden spiritualistic medium."

"Schwillinsky? Schwillinsky?" my uncle queried. "I believe I have heard of him." Kalinsky bowed with dignity.

"Most assuredly you must have, sir," answered Brauser, "if you are at all interested in spiritualistic phenomena. Well, professor, I greatly regret that we must postpone our séance, for—"

"But why?" asked my uncle, eagerly. "Why postpone it? Do not the spirits of the dear departed appear at such séances?"

"We are often able to receive communications from them, and under

favorable circumstances they will even materialize—for instance, the spirits of the lately deceased."

"Oh," sobbed poor Gretchen, "perhaps dear Fritz would come and talk with us, uncle."

"Mr. Brauser," said my uncle, "let us by all means hold the séance."

"Very well, sir; if the professor is willing."

"As you please, gentlemen," acquiesced Kalinsky, solemnly.

In a trice the four were seated round a small table that was cleared for the purpose. One candle was extinguished and the dim light of the other thrown toward the bedroom door by means of a screen. Kalinsky began to go into the most outrageous and fantastical contortions, grasping the table in a spasmodic manner, rolling up his eyes and groaning most horribly. His histrionic talent was running away with him. He was overacting his part woefully. Suddenly he stared wildly before him and shouted.

"Ha! A spirit approaches. She says she is Emma—Emma Schmidt, of Merseburg, and she hopes that her dear cousin, Gottlieb Müller, is well and happy."

"My cousin Emma!" exclaimed my uncle; "why, she's been dead these twenty years."

"The spirit says that dear Friedrich is with her, and that he never ceases to speak of Gottlieb Müller and of his kindness; also of the touching loyalty of his friend, Alexander Humboldt Brauser, and he regrets only that his death, coming so unexpectedly, prevented his paying back to his friend all the money he owes him."

My uncle's eyes opened in wonder, while Brauser gave only a hypocritical snifle. Other dear, departed spirits appeared, and all had the same tale to tell of the vast sums owed to Brauser by my wretched self. But our trump card was now to be played. The professor in his most sepulchral voice announced that he would make the attempt to cause the spirit of Friedrich Müller to materialize.

"One moment, sir," interrupted my uncle. "Can you inquire whether the spirit of Baroness Clara von Satow is present?"

This question astonished me, for the baroness was none other than that aunt who had married a rich landowner away off in Silesia, and had rather kept aloof from her plebeian relatives ever since. It was about her that Brauser and I had so often joked when speaking of my chances of becoming her heir. Kalinsky was evidently puzzled, as he had not been instructed as to her, but Brauser gave him a negative sign, being sure that my shrewd uncle was trying to trip the professor, for at last accounts the old lady was in perfect health. Kalinsky invoked the spirit of the *Frau Baronin* repeatedly in the most solemn manner, but finally announced that the high-born shade was not present, a declaration that visibly caused my uncle some kind of emotion, which we interpreted to ourselves as chagrin.

Kalinsky then proceeded to the raising of the spirit of Friedrich Müller by mumbling certain incantations that I took to be mostly bad Polish, after admonishing those present to sit perfectly still and not frighten the shade away by rising from their chairs. This was my own idea, for I confess I was apprehensive lest poor little Gretchen, on catching sight of me, should rush for the door and throw herself into my arms.

"And now, O shade of Friedrich Müller," spoke the grimacing Kalinsky, "if thou art present with us here, I conjure thee resume thy human shape for a brief space, that those who loved thee may once more look on thy features and hold communion with thee!"

So saying, he got up and assumed the attitude of *Faust* when conjuring up *Mephistopheles*, whereupon I gradually rose from the floor, where I had been waiting, and seated myself on a box in front of the bedroom door, so that head and breast were visible. I was draped in a white window-curtain, and Kalinsky had made me up

in the most ghastly manner with chalk and lamp-black. At sight of me poor Gretchen gave a suppressed scream and caught her father by the arm, which was a compliment to our histrionic skill; but the apparition did not seem to make a very strong impression on the old gentleman himself.

"Is that you, Friedrich?" he queried, in a very matter-of-fact voice.

"Yes," I replied, as sepulchral as I could.

"Humph!" said my uncle, eying me fixedly.

"Do you wish to ask him anything, sir?" demanded the professor.

"I do," answered my uncle, in a grim voice.

"Are you quite sure you are dead, Friedrich?"

I was startled, but elected to make no reply to this sacrilegious question.

"Friedrich, is the spirit of your aunt Clara von Satow not with you now?"

I shook my head solemnly, though I was somewhat disturbed by the question.

"Well, Friedrich, I have taken for granted that your aunt went to heaven. I trust that you are not residing anywhere else?"

My knees wobbled. My aunt really dead, then, and I perhaps her heir! I could see Brauser's jaw fall a foot.

"All I want to say to you, Fritzchen," continued my uncle, "is what you of course know already, for I suppose they have the most improved methods of news-gathering up, or down, where you now reside. We only regret that you had such a hard time while here in this vale of tears. It seems so unnecessarily cruel that a young man whose college life was one dreary grind, an abject slavery to his humdrum duties, a desperate fight with poverty, should be cut off in the very moment when he falls heir to half a million!"

Brauser gave a snort and Kalinsky nearly fainted, while I myself got so dizzy I was positively afraid that I

should end the séance then and there by a precipitous plunge through the gauze in front of me.

"Of course," proceeded my uncle, "it will be a source of the keenest satisfaction to you that I am your heir, as nearest of kin, and that I shall therefore be able to repay your devoted friend here the sums he so kindly advanced you during your sad, unfortunate life on earth."

The cool, unctuous, gloating tone of the old gentleman exasperated me almost beyond endurance.

"Have you any other wishes in regard to the manner in which I shall invest the money?" he went on. "Of course I shall see that you have an elegant tombstone and that your grave is kept green."

Human nature could stand no more. Anger took the place of confusion and mortification, and tearing the curtain from my head, I walked through the flimsy gauze across the door, to the astonishment of Brauser and Kalinsky, and to the terror of poor little Gretchen, who could make neither head nor tail out of the whole proceeding.

"Boys," I exclaimed, "I've had enough of this! Uncle Gottlieb, I'm not dead at all! It's all a joke!"

"What do you mean, sir? Not dead? What right have you, sir, not to be dead, I'd like to know! You are dead; I've got your death-certificate in my pocket!" And he pulled out and flourished the counterfeit certificate that Brauser had given him.

"You can be dead or not, as you choose, sir, but legally you are as defunct as Nebuchadnezzar, and I am your heir! Mr. Brauser, let me know how much my poor nephew died owing you. Come, Gretchen, let's get out of this and have some dinner. A dozen oysters and a glass of champagne will put us all right again!"

And so saying, he dragged the hysterical Gretchen out of the room and down the stairs, while three baffled conspirators stood in a state of flabbergasted stupefaction, limbs palsied and cerebration paralyzed.

Brauser was the first to recover.

That mean, tantalizing reference to dinner was what did it. Oysters and champagne! We hadn't tasted either for six weeks.

"For heaven's sake, Fritz, are you going to let the old boy run off with half a million like that? After him, lad! Bring him back at all hazards!"

"I can't go out like this, you idiot! Follow them yourself. Tell Uncle Gottlieb I'll do anything he says, only he must forgive us and let me have Gretchen."

Grabbing his hat, Brauser rushed down-stairs like an avalanche. I busied myself with renovating my person and the room, but it seemed an age before Brauser reëntered the study—alone.

"Well?"

"Victory; but with severe conditions. Look!"

I snatched the paper he held out. It was an agreement between my uncle and myself to the effect that he was to forgive all my foolish pranks and give me his daughter in marriage on the following conditions:

First: No beer for six months.

Second: My signature to a cheque for twenty thousand *thalers*, that being approximately the amount of several sums advanced me by my uncle during my college career—plus interest (at about fifty per cent., I should say).

Third: My signature to another cheque in favor of my uncle for fifteen hundred *thalers*, to be paid over to Alexander Humboldt Brauser, that being the sum mentioned by the spirits as owed that gentleman by me. (Brauser never lent me a hundred *thalers* in his life.)

Fourth: I was to take my degree within a twelvemonth, on pain of forfeiting all these sums and Gretchen to boot.

Hard as were these conditions, I grasped a pen and signed the document, and Brauser then departed to deliver it to my uncle.

As I heard his boots merrily ricocheting down the wooden stairs a harrowing thought struck me:

Was I the victim of a conspiracy?

A ROYAL COMPROMISE

By Ruth Milne

THE Queen was unmistakably in a bad humor—an event improper enough in any woman, and especially so in a sovereign whose signature to a State paper is a matter of immediate necessity. Yet the Queen absolutely declined to give any paper the sanction of her signature. The prime minister had urged his weightiest arguments, had adduced reason after reason to no avail, and had finally bowed himself out in deep disgust, with a glance of reproach at the King, who had taken no part in the discussion, except that of drumming on the table with his fingers. The Queen threw herself back in her chair, and the King looked at her admiringly.

"I wonder if you know how becoming it is to you to be vexed," he said, inquiringly.

"Nonsense," said the Queen, flushing a little.

"I like to see you blush," said the King. "It reminds me——"

"Of the time when you first knew me, I suppose," said the Queen, tartly.

The King smiled. "Doubtless it does remind me of that, now you mention it," he said. "I was going to say, however, that it reminded me of a dairymaid I used to know." The Queen bit her lip, and the King went on, reminiscently: "She was a very charming young woman. She lived on a farm near the Summer palace; had a wonderful foot and ankle, and a most attractive way of saying 'Don't!'"

"Did she often have occasion to say it to you?" inquired the Queen, haughtily.

The King smiled again. "Not

often," he said. "In fact, I don't think she ever said it to me."

The Queen's frown relaxed.

"Dairymaids are not in the habit of saying 'Don't!' to ruling princes," he added, meditatively.

"And yet you declared you loved me," said the Queen, with apparent irrelevance.

The King lifted his eyebrows. "Are you quite sure of the word?" he said. "There are so many ways of saying—almost that."

The Queen flushed again. "You said," she replied, tremulously, "that you didn't marry me for reasons of State—but because—you wanted to."

"There were the State reasons, though?" inquired the King, mildly.

"They told me so," said the Queen.

"And you married because of them," said the King, with the air of one who asserts an indisputable fact.

The Queen hesitated, almost assented, and then lifted a pair of tearful eyes to the King's face—she was very young. "No," she said, bravely, "I didn't. You made me think you loved me."

"Think, sweetheart!" cried the King, as he lifted her hand to his lips. "You know I do."

Five minutes later the Queen said, repentantly:

"Was I very bad about the paper?"

"Pretty bad," said the King, indulgently.

"You acted as if you didn't care whether I signed it or not," she said, with reproach in her tone. The King laughed.

"Would you have signed it if I had acted as if I cared?" he inquired.

The Queen, too, laughed deprecatingly.

ingly, and then added, again irrelevantly:

"You shouldn't have looked at the ambassadress so much last night."

"Which ambassadress?" asked the King.

"Will it be too late if I sign the paper now?" said the Queen.

The prime minister bowed himself into the royal presence in an unenviable humor. A self-willed prince had already given him trouble enough; but a young and unreasonable queen was a burden to which his back was not fitted. Women, he thought, even queens, should submit to the masculine decision on all points. The prime minister was unmarried.

He glanced round, cautiously. The Queen's place was vacant; the King was alone. He sighed as the King spoke.

"Her Majesty and myself have ar-

ranged a compromise," the King said, with a little smile.

The prime minister shrugged his shoulders, dubiously.

"The matter is hardly one that admits of compromise," he said, with a second sigh. "It seems a pity that affairs of State necessitate such a very young queen."

"Precisely," said the King, still smiling. "You will have the papers here in half an hour—for the signatures."

The prime minister stared, bewildered.

"And the compromise?" he queried.

"Her Majesty and myself have arranged the compromise," said the King, gravely. "You may go."

The prime minister, still bewildered, bowed himself out, as the King added, meditatively:

"She really is a very young queen."



POWERLESS

THOUGH Cupid try his keenest dart,
No impress will he show
If, aiming at a young girl's heart,
He uses an old beau.

GEORGE BIRDSEYE.



A WONDERFUL WOMAN

REPORTER—Mrs. Coddington-Fish had nothing to say.

CITY EDITOR—Oh, I understand that; but what did she say?

REPORTER—She said she had nothing to say, and didn't say anything.

CITY EDITOR—Remarkable woman! Go back at once, and if you can persuade her to say something she will have something to say.



A MAN loves a woman for what he thinks she is—a woman loves a man for what she knows he isn't.

ABOUT AN ACTOR

By Herbert Dansey

THE princess sighed as she lay back in her victoria.

"I did not at all care to lift the veil from his past," she said. "I have lifted so many veils that I am getting tired of peeping at the skeletons beneath them."

"But isn't the process an instructive one?" the chronicler ventured to suggest.

"It might be, and it might not," she answered. "But so often when one looks into people's pasts one must say good-bye to looking at the people themselves in the future! At all events, I never thought for a moment of asking who he was or where he came from! He was useful and helped me amazingly at *trente-et-quarante*, and what more can one require of anyone at Monte Carlo! The Marchese di Castelvora—it was a nice title; and if it was not a real one, well, as I said to Paul, at least it was a pretty one, and showed that the man was a man of taste."

"I heard that he was paying you a great deal of attention."

"I have told you," she went on, "that he was a man of taste; besides which, we were his rock of safety, Paul and I, his walled castle. Did we not know him? I feel guilty sometimes when I see how much our knowing people seems to entail. If only the world understood how little it means to us! We see so little of the real people."

"Naturally, he put himself in the best light for you and Paul."

"Certainly, he never did an awkward or gauche thing in the whole course of our acquaintance."

"And how did you first know him?"

"Oh, he was at our hotel, and we had been meeting at lunch day after day. There were so many ugly people—and he was nice to look at; one could not help—shall we say, recognizing the fact? Well, one day, at the tables, he called my attention to the fact that an Austrian countess was stealing my money. She put her gold on the same numbers that I did, and when I put down two or three pieces she would draw one of them toward her—unconsciously! It was nice of him. I thanked him, and we had a little talk. The next day I bowed to him at lunch. Paul was rather angry, so of course I bowed all the more. It always amuses me to see Paul getting prudish. That evening I spoke to him again at the tables. I won a lot; quite enough to order a new dress, and I felt so grateful for his suggestions that I asked him to join our table. Paul's face was a study, but by the time that we were at the second course he had thawed, and when coffee arrived the two men were talking of a drive to Beaulieu. Paul's scruples are really only just what remains to the family after so many centuries of Summer sales. Of course Paul and I knew he was an impostor, but, as I have said, he was a pleasant impostor. Afterward, poor fellow, we learned all about him. He had been a young actor in one of the many strolling companies of our poor, beautiful land; and he had so often acted the *Duc de Bligny* and *Loris Ypanoff* and parts of the sort that he had grown to look his rôle. It had become a necessity to him to be

one of these parts even off the stage. Have you ever seen one of our actors in a drawing-room?"

"Yes, and doing the gentleman there."

"Well, this poor boy had a stroke of luck, and it was his undoing. He won 10,000 francs in the lottery. He dreamed that his grandmother had brought him a basket of plums—grandmother is eighteen, plums seventy-six, a dead person thirteen. He put in five francs on these numbers and got the 10,000 francs. A sensible person would have put his money in the bank, but an actor seems ever to be the most improvident of improvident people. He had his notes changed into gold, he dyed his hair a dark brown, he had a big marquis's coronet painted on his luggage—and came to Monte Carlo. The man was no fool, and Sardou, Dumas and Ohnet had filtered into him—they were the old jokes, the witty speeches that one had heard before, but he got them out at opportune moments."

"And what can one ask more at Monte Carlo?" echoed the chronicler, in the princess's own words.

"Exactly. And now tell me, would it not have been barbarous of us to spoil the poor youth's good time and make things unpleasant for him? We just let him go on, and never put any disagreeable questions to him. Even if we had he would have been equal to them. He never spoke of himself, which is the first lesson people who don't want to be spoken of ought to learn. One is generally the most efficient contributor to gossip about one's self. Well, when we took him up, of course even the most supercilious old English matron invited him; and as for the many *nouveaux riches* who swarm at Charlie's Mount, they literally beamed when he smiled on them after smiling on us.

"But the day of retribution came at last, even for poor Castelcora, and it came in the shape of an American girl. I do not revel in Americans as most of us do in Rome, but I took an immediate liking to Bessie Sortis. She was really nice, and the old

father was a curious oddity, but rather pleasant. He was very jovial, and chaffed us about our tables, and asked me what pope we were descended from. He was a real American—I mean what an American ought to be; took a healthy pride in his native land, and had a veneration for George Washington that knew no bounds. From the very first I saw that those two children were taken with each other. They wouldn't eat at lunch, and they wouldn't look at each other in public or speak to each other, and they had a different kind of voice when they did—all made of little catches—and the music on the terrace quite finished them. Why, even I am touched by the band on the terrace at Monte Carlo by moonlight. I always have to think of my bill at Worth's to pull myself together. In a fortnight those two poor creatures did not know whether they were standing on their heads or their heels.

"At last, one day, old Sortis came to me, and this is what he said:

"Now look here, princess, what is to be done? Why on earth doesn't this man speak? He's gone on her and she's gone on him, and I'll tell you what, he shall have a dollar or two to build up the old castle. I'd have preferred her to marry one of her own countrymen, but she shall marry as she likes. Do you think, perhaps, his people would mind her father's being in trade? It's honest money, honestly made, thank God!—no poor widow's money stolen in Wall street. Lord bless you, I should not have fallen in love with him myself; but he seems good at heart, and it's the core of the fruit that gives the promise for the future. Do you think I should speak to him myself? Is that what is expected of me on this side of the water?"

"What was I to say? I answered that perhaps it would be just as well—I did not know what mightn't happen. So old Sortis asked the man why he didn't propose, and told him he'd be only too glad to give him his daughter and a couple of million down.

"Poor boy! That night they were dining with us, so after dinner I sent the two out in the garden while I beat old Sortis at piquet. During the game I sounded him. I asked him whether he would have minded very much if his daughter had married a nobody. He said he would have preferred it. There was always room in the States for a clean man. You see, I had a notion that I could put things right for them all. When we called them, an hour later, poor Bessie came in looking radiant—she still felt his kisses on her hair. He was as white as death. I knew the agony he was going through, but I could not help him then. Besides, I thought he well deserved a little confusion. When he went away he kissed my hand more warmly than he had ever done, and as for Bessie, her tears

of joy really ruined my dress, poor child! I told the lover to come to me next day. I had a notion of sending him to the Transvaal, to come back a hero and marry Bessie, who should wait for him. I love playing fate, but fate this time was playing for itself.

"Next morning Castelvora was found dead in his bed. Poor, poor fellow! Old Sortis wept over him, more almost than Bessie did.

"'Why, I'd have bought him the titles, poor boy,' he said, when I told him the story. 'I'd have made him a duke if he had wanted it.'

"And I verily believe he would!"

"And the moral of the tale?"

"Oh, I suppose—that the lottery is a wicked institution. But tales nowadays don't need either a moral or morals," quoth the princess.

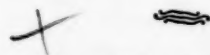


WASHINGTON'S OLD GRAY COACH

ITS silken curtains hang in shreds,
 Its dusty cushions, too,
 With ancient colonies of moths
 Are eaten through and through;
 Its color and its lumbering build
 Look strangely out of date,
 The old gray coach in which he rode
 In presidential state.

But when upon the dreaming world
 The moon its glory pours,
 Perhaps a powdered head may nod
 Within those faded doors;
 Lace ruffles in the breezes wave
 And silver buckles gleam,
 As a ghostly coachman cracks his whip
 Above a ghostly team.

MINNA IRVING.



LIKE THE REAL THING

BRIDE—Now, let's act so that everybody will think we have been married a long time.

GROOM—All right. You beg me for money, and I won't give it to you.

THE GATES OF PARADISE

THERE is in the world a Paradise
 That no man enters alone,
 For only the light of a woman's eyes
 Can make the pathway known.
 A sudden gleam, then a tender glow—
 Behold! he has seen the way,
 And he leads her forth to the Joyful Gate
 That opens this Land of May.

To her the very rocks lean close
 And thrill to his love-words sweet,
 And to him the dust is glorified
 Because it has touched her feet.
 Nothing is false in Paradise,
 Nothing is common or mean;
 All blacker clouds float far away,
 And show but a silver sheen.

But there is a gate of passing,
 And be it or soon or late,
 The two who wander through Paradise
 Will come to the sorrowful gate.
 The barren land of Reality
 Lies ever beyond the walls,
 And on, straight on, 'mid its stony hills,
 The path of the wanderers falls.

But the two who came through Paradise
 Hold in their souls its charm;
 Its perfume clings to their garments still,
 And their hearts are soft and warm.
 And as long as they journey hand in hand
 They find neither hill nor stone
 So steep or sharp as those they trod
 While yet each toiled alone.

VENITA SEIBERT.



HIS DOWNWARD COURSE

FIRST MONKEY—And man was once our equal?

SECOND MONKEY—Yes, but look at him now. Long ago he lost his tail,
 and he frequently loses his head.

THE POINT OF VIEW

By Charles Edward Barns

THE bride was in tears. With the artistic abandon that conceals art, Gwendolyn succumbed to the ample embrace of the brocaded arm-chair at the foot of the laden damask, letting fall that shimmering coronal of rich bronze brown on her encircling arms. Bride, forsooth! In her native Central Park West she would have lost that amiable sobriquet some months since. In the suburbs, however, they perpetuate these amenities on newly wedded newcomers with patronizing irony, even unto the third and fourth generation of the St. Charles spaniel and the prize Angora—that is, if nothing more worthy of homage intervenes.

He came very soon, however. She knew he would. Best whipped-in of commuters, Hiram Thoms caught the very same train each day, just like the conductor, fireman and other people who are paid to do likewise. He entered quietly at the sound of the cathedral chimes from the tall clock in the corner, and without pass-key, for they never use pass-keys in Bryson-by-the-Sea till 10 P.M. and later, when nobody is ever out save burglars and theatre folk. Hanging his cinder-blown tile on the third peg, sacred to the lord of the manor, he stepped from rug to rug on tiptoe across the hall, traversing the cozy drawing-room, penetrating the dining-room, where reigned an ominous silence.

As Hiram advanced toward that fleckless expanse of whiteness, with its dotting of duplicate wedding silver and cut-glass, he peered through the mellow effulgence of shaded

candle-light, beholding there the glory and pride of his arduous days, and there came over his earnest countenance an expression of pain, as well as one of somewhat bored inquiry.

The weary commuter makes a ten-mile journey out of the turmoil of tenements and things for something more than to absorb other people's troubles, even those of one's scriptural fifth rib, in whom one is more than well pleased. Softly then he walked about the table, laying his hand rather superiorly on the bowed head, but in a sort of benedictive silence, returning afterward to his place at the head of the table. There he sank with a soft sigh of contentment.

After a time she looked up and greeted him with a smile that was as scant of mirth as a magazine sonnet is of poetry, yet quite as faultless. When he murmured, "Trouble, dear?" showing some sympathy, with her usual hyperbole she answered, in the accents of the wronged woman at the climax of the third act, "Trouble? No, my dear. A tragedy!"

The bridegroom lifted his chin and sniffed, as a pointer scents game, then filled his glass with stale hygeia. The manner in which he quaffed it off was worthy of a pious pilgrim at the pools of Bethesda, or of a defeated candidate the morning after election. "The same old tragedy," he purred, with a tinge of sarcasm, "or a new one?"

"New," she answered, with a gasp; "new as a hot penny or a Parisian atrocity. The Bryson Golf Links have organized, and I, if you please,

have *not* been asked to be one of the charter members."

Hiram buttered a roll and crammed it full into his throat that he might not speak without due deliberation. Thoms always did have great respect for other people's points of view—he seemed to have a new one of his own every day on the same subjects as experience combated him.

Gwendolyn straightened with disappointment in defeat. "Perhaps, then," she taunted, "that does not appear to you in the nature of a tragedy at all?"

Hiram shrugged, driving his oyster fork into an olive. "Tragedies, my dear, are only various aspects of common phenomena," he observed. "For instance, this morning I saw a man who had thrown himself from a fifth-story window; to the young ambulance surgeon it was not the least bit of a tragedy—merely an episode, a case. Later I saw a woman go into hysterics over a missing button. Her—something or other was slipping down; the car didn't stop long enough for me to see—"

"And of course you stared audaciously, horrid man!"

"Well, you know I am always on hand to render assistance in distress. But there are times when, with the best intentions, a man cannot offer his services to a lady."

"I should say not!"

"At any rate, dearie, as I said before, tragedies are only divers aspects of the veriest commonplace. That suicide did not cause the young surgeon even to shift his pepsin gum, while that missing button turned a good Sunday-school Puritan into an inspired Duse. Now, to be asked to become a charter member of the Bryson Golf Club might to some be a tragedy indeed—"

"What? The sons and daughters of a bevy of retired iron-puddlers and tallow-chandlers? No, indeed—mere boredom!"

"While not to be asked—that's martyrdom. Blessed consistency!"

Gwen clasped her hands and contemplated her rings woefully. "Oh, it is

no such martyrdom, perhaps, as sister Julie's, who married papa's gardener, and was driven unforgiven into the sleet of an April night, that swallowed her up forever after. Doubtless, after all, she has suffered. The Bryson Golf Club affair—" She halted; her indignation returned to philippics. "But oh, the arrogance of these suburban folk! Here am I, lineal descendant of one of the honored signers of the Declaration of Independence—"

"With whose principles of social equality you entirely disagree."

"—a woman with the blood of four earls and a duke in her veins—"

"Commuters are always of best blood."

"—with a father worth nine millions—"

"And a second wife, former hospital nurse, with two grown sons in politics—adepts in the spoils system."

"You are exasperating!" The bride twisted in her arm-chair like a beetle impaled. She scanned the dainty arabesques along the wall, snapping a tattoo with her nails on the arms. "And after all that," she resumed, brushing away the horrid vision, "I must be content to be a mere guest at the Bryson Golf Club house."

"Oh, there are compensations. At least, you will avoid dues."

"Mercenary!" Gwen set her mouth mutinously. "These your aristocratic suburbs!" she cut in, like the swish of a rapier. "Asylums for metropolitan mismates, decayed gentility and people with problems! Bah!"

"Well, people with problems are like others with carbuncles on their necks; they are too absorbed in their own point of view to find much time for staring either to the right or left."

"And in what category do you place me, pray—mismatch, decayed gentility or—?"

"Oh, the problem class, of course. To marry a poor man for love, leaving the glories of a metropolitan butterfly career for a cot by the raging surf, with flowers and trees and birds and, above all, the divine consciousness of following out your own destiny as

God gives you to see it, including an occasional snub from your inferiors. Now, isn't that a problem?"

"No; simply because I don't parade it."

"Then it would no longer be a problem. A problem paraded is no longer a problem; it's a pose. Now, I can imagine no one further from the *poseuse*, dearest."

"Thanks. Then I do possess one virtue?"

"No; merely you are dispossessed of a modern fault."

"And marriage with you was merely a step in these amiable dispossess proceedings?"

"No mere step—a whole leap, my love, but not altogether in the dark. I long ago came to the conclusion that the really high-bred woman becomes the consummate *poseuse* through the sheer artificiality of her environment. But once brought into the sphere of perfect naturalness, by that same virtue of adaptation she becomes transformed into something superior, sometimes even exalted and majestic, just as many a flirt, once flagged and held up, becomes the ideal wife and mother. The chief glory of lovely woman is to be tenderly and intelligently ruled, while still preserving in her the precious illusion that she is ruling herself—and him, too."

Gwendolyn sniffed, sardonically. "You are the only man I ever knew who could grow subtle on stale hygeia. Shall I ring?"

"Wait! Before we abandon this point of differentiation in tragedies let me tell you something that occurred to-day. I have not been chief worker in the settlement guild for ten years without encountering, on the right hand and the left, the kind of tragedies that make or break whole generations, yet never become history. Still, I have had my compensations," he added, gratefully; "among other rich blessings, yourself." He threw down the shimmering damask a look of ineffable pride.

"And yet," answered the bride, growing retrospective, "we are seldom seen on errands of mercy to-

gether, as in those dear old Lenten days of our betrothal." Then, archly,

"Perhaps my slum work at the Bartholomew Mission, to which we owe our first meeting, remember, was also a pose."

"Certainly, and mine was the worse pose of the two, for I let you see only those things that a young girl ought to see, sparing you the rest. And now——"

"Now that I am your wife, you deny me even these."

"Certainly, again. You observe, I did not marry you to make you a co-missionary among the poor. I married you that I might have somewhere aside and apart a bright, blithe spirit to whose shrine I could make a daily pilgrimage of devotion and love; in whose blessed presence I could forget all the tragedies and problems of the torturesome, squalid underworld. I married you for your very unlikeness to myself—most unlike of any woman I ever knew, and the loveliest, too. Ah, you do not know what a joy it is to feel in my heart all through the storm and stress of the day that when the evening has come I may trudge out of the hell of strife into a home of peace and calm and enduring loyalty—an Eden where I may sit before the hearth-fire, clasping your hand and forgetting things, eradicating sad images, cruel episodes. You are barred from charter-membership of the Bryson Golf Club. That is a tragedy. Very well. Here is another in which your husband played an insignificant part to-day. Shall I tell it to you?"

The aspect of boredom left the clouded brow, and the calm brown eyes brightened with new interest.

"It was an anonymous letter—you know, I seldom notice them—but this one struck me with its evident sincerity. It told me simply that at No. 641 Suffolk street there were a mother and two little ones dying by slow starvation, that food had been tendered by kind neighbors almost as poor as themselves, but an unaccountable pride forbade the sufferer to accept help. Now, as I reverence a cer-

tain amount of pride in both the high and the lowly, I took a first opportunity to seek out the rear tenement eyrie of these very superior mendicants. Well, I found their home, and their physical condition was simply unspeakable.

"I am not going to harrow you, dear, with any of the dread realism of that awful hovel, with its shreds and tatters of decayed opulence, for there were marks here and there of the comforts and even wealth of other days. But that haggard little mother—God! I shall never forget her face as she rose from a bed of straw, staggering a little from the weakness of hunger. With all the grace of one born to a better fate, she refused my bounties and bowed me out like a princess in exile. My heart leaped with pity, and yet there was something so heroic, so splendid about it all that I resolved to look further into the case.

"I learned that the little martyr's husband was in the consumptive ward of Bellevue. A little later I went there. On a bench in the yard I saw the very woman again. In her lap was one of the shivering babies nibbling at a crust, at her feet was another playing with the pebbles, while beside her, hunched up within a shawl, like a wounded Indian, sat the most frightful apparition that ever bore semblance to human form. I was stunned by the picture. Suddenly, to my amazement, perceiving us for the first time, the poor wretch thrust something under his coat, and his eyes fell with an aspect of guilt.

"The superintendent was with me, and in a tone of quiet authority addressed the sick man. 'What have you there, sir? Show it to me.'

"Never shall I forget that look of terror mingled with appeal unutterable. 'It is bread, sir,' he answered, weakly, drawing forth the half-loaf and tendering it in his shrunken and quivering hand. 'I saved a little from each meal and hid it, sir, to keep my wife and children here from starving. Was it wrong? I am very sorry.'

"The superintendent stood aghast, blinking; then signaled to an orderly. 'Take these people to the North Hall,' he commanded, 'and give them the best to be found in the superintendent's mess. As we went on he turned to me and added, 'Angels and ministers of grace! Talk of the unwritten histories of the martyrs, Thoms! What do you think of the heroism of this dying wretch, starving himself day after day in order to feed his wife and little ones on the city's bread? Can you beat that for tragedy?'

"'No, superintendent, I cannot,' I replied. But then you know, dear, I had not heard of the Bryson Golf Club—"

"Don't—don't!" broke in the trembling murmur from the foot of the table, as the bride covered her face with her hands.

"By the way," continued the settlement worker, "while this episode was going on I took time to make a snap-shot of the principal characters, quite unseen. The boys printed a copy for me. Here it is. Will it interest you?"

Gwendolyn shook her head negatively. The picture, however, was deftly flung under her very eyes, so that she could but see. For a moment she stared at the little print without seeming to realize, then she stiffened as if wounded to the heart. Her face became colorless, and she drew her taut fingers twice across her drawn brow. Her lips began moving without speech, eyes blinking as in a nightmare. Then came the rally, and with a gulp the bride laid the picture aside, face down, and touched the bell. "It is all very interesting," she said, composedly. "I think, dear, I will accompany you to-morrow when you pay your compliments to this—this little heroine of Suffolk street. Jane, you may bring the coffee."

"It proves again that blood is thicker than water," mused Thoms, after the long pause, during which he was watching the drama with intense admiration, "even among superior people."

A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING

By Charles W. Westron

'NOT at home, sir."
As I passed the low French windows opening on the garden I had caught a glimpse of a dark head that reminded me strangely of Ulrica. The matter was clearly one in need of investigation; besides, I had a duty to perform, so I walked unannounced into the drawing-room.

Ulrica and a Persian cat were curled up on the hearth-rug. The rug was gray and fluffy, and the cat was gray and fluffy, and Ulrica's frock was a gray frock and fluffy in parts; so that it was really difficult to know where Ulrica left off and the cat began. Two facts, however, emerged from the situation with convincing clearness. One was that Ulrica was looking remarkably pretty; the other, that the cat was far more at ease than I.

"I hate deceit," I said, in a deep, low voice. It was the voice of a strong man repressing emotion.

I allowed a reasonable time for the announcement to penetrate, but, as it seemed ineffective, I abandoned the deep, low voice, and repeated, in sonorous tones, that I hated deceit.

"Everybody hates deceit," said Ulrica, carelessly. "How did the parish concert go off?"

But I had no intention of changing the subject. I had meant my remark to be the impressive opening to an impressive conversation, and Ulrica's refusal to recognize the opening was absolutely no reason for abandoning the conversation. Rather than do that I would conduct the whole of it myself, so I proceeded to my charge without delay.

"I was at a dance on Tuesday," I

said, and if Ulrica had only looked into my eyes she would have seen a world of meaning there.

"I, too, was at a dance," she said.

"There was a girl——"

"There were lots of girls."

"—a girl in a black frock with bits of red let in," I continued, "and there was a conversatory."

"There is always a conversatory," she murmured.

"It was almost dark in the conversatory."

"There was a beautiful light," she interrupted, perversely.

"A lot of those ridiculous little lights had gone out, and it was almost dark," I insisted.

"When I say that there was a beautiful light, I mean——" Ulrica paused.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean that it was almost dark," she said, with a smile.

"When there are two things," I remarked, with severity, "it is unwise to say one and mean the other."

Now Ulrica had, of course, meant precisely what she had said. Perhaps that was why I took up the brass poker and looked gloomily at the cat. I felt an unaccountable desire to do something vigorous.

"I was strolling through the conversatory," I continued, taking up the thread of my discourse, "and I saw, sitting under the big palm where the light was most beautiful——"

"Where the light was darkest," she conceded, graciously.

"I saw——"

"A girl in a black frock with bits of red let in."

"There was a man, too."

"Tall?"

"Tallish."

"Dark?"

"Yes."

"Good-looking?"

"Probably," I answered, sulkily.

"I suspect it was Mr. Lurgan," said Ulrica, meditatively.

"I'm sure of it," said I. Then I gazed at Ulrica sternly, and continued: "As I looked, the girl—" I hesitated. The situation was critical.

"The girl?" repeated Ulrica, encouragingly.

"Embraced—" I said.

"I thought it was dark."

"It was not dark enough for that."

"It was quite dark enough for that," she said, with a little sigh.

"Besides, I heard—" I continued. The little sigh had annoyed me.

"Heard?" ejaculated Ulrica.

"The embrace," I explained, brutally.

Silence reigned for a minute. Then Ulrica said, with a decision that was almost startling: "That was most indelicate, Mr. Crispe."

"That's a very harsh view to take of it," I remonstrated.

"Most indelicate," she repeated.

"A very harsh view," I rejoined.

"It was almost dark, and, after all, you didn't know anyone was about."

There was a still longer silence. I quite expected that Ulrica would rise to her feet—she was still sitting on the rug—and proceed to crush me. I was mistaken in my forecast as to her behavior—not for the first time. When she moved, it was only to come a little nearer. Presently she looked up and said: "You believe everything I say, don't you, Joe?"

"Approximately," I answered, diplomatically.

"Implicitly."

"There were one or two slight——"

"Implicitly," she insisted.

"Very well, implicitly."

"You are quite sure?"

"Absolutely certain."

"Then if I were to admit that I *did*?"

"That would be the end of it," I said.

Ulrica came nearer still. In fact, her head was almost touching my knee.

"And supposing I were to say I didn't," whispered Ulrica.

"That would be the beginning of it," I said, promptly, slipping my arm round her waist. "And you do say so. You will be a nice girl and say so, won't you?"

"Yes," she answered, demurely.

I was very pleased. I am aware that to say I was very pleased is to indulge in no passionate language, but it exactly expresses my feelings—I was very pleased. To look at things in their worst light, the mere fact of Ulrica endangering her immortal welfare on my account was flattering in the extreme. I leaned back in my chair and deliberated. The question I had to decide was this: Should I now propose to her once again, or leave the matter to the future? On the one hand, her attitude toward me was distinctly encouraging; on the other, it is unwise to build on Ulrica's attitudes, and there was a curious gleam in her eye that seemed ready to repel so solemn an attempt.

I decided to propose to Ulrica. It was, strangely enough, at just the identical moment when I came to this momentous decision that she rose gracefully from the rug, and remarked:

"I said I didn't, didn't I?"

The expression may seem somewhat elusive, but there was really no need to mistake her meaning.

"You did," said I.

"When I said I didn't," she remarked, with deliberation, "I did not say *he* didn't!"

"I don't quite understand," said I. I really did not quite understand.

"When I said I did not embrace Mr. Lurgan, I did not say that Mr. Lurgan did not embrace me."

So this was Ulrica's revenge!

I took my hat and walked to the door, without saying a word. And yet, injured though I felt, I did not want to go. I even took a last look, in the hope of finding signs of penitence, but Ulrica had returned to her old occupation of spoiling the cat. I

therefore concluded that the remnants of my self-respect ought to be preserved, and I shut the door after me with, perhaps, more decision than was absolutely necessary.

I met Lurgan as I was going down the drive. I concluded it must be for my sins. Lurgan is undoubtedly tall and dark, and for that matter a decent chap, but I did not yearn for him in the hour of his triumph. I attempted to slip by him with a nod, but the attempt was a failure.

"You look a bit down in the mouth," was his cheerful greeting.

"You don't," said I.

He grinned all over his face, comprehensively, offensively. "I'm not," said he. "The fact is, I'm engaged—"

So the last, lingering doubt was removed.

"He strikes twice who strikes quickly," I muttered.

Lurgan stared at me. I imagined his look to be one of resentment.

"I congratulate you," I said, hastily.

"—to absolutely the sweetest girl," said he.

"In a black frock with bits of red let in," I interjected.

Lurgan stared harder. "I don't know where you get your information," he said, "but you happen to be quite right—there were bits of red."

"I saw you," I explained.

Lurgan looked uncomfortable for a moment. Then he shouted with laughter.

"I suppose you are going up to the house," I said.

"I'm going to call," said he. "I think I shall mention it to Mrs. Dene."

"It is usual, certainly," I answered.

Why at that particular moment a flash of light should have illuminated my thick wits I do not know. Possi-

bly the bewildered expression on Lurgan's face had something to do with it.

"Look here," I gasped, "what's her name?"

Lurgan patted me soothingly on the back and told me I would soon be better.

"You might tell me her name," I said, plaintively.

"My dear fellow, you know her name."

"Her Christian name!" I implored; "all her names!"

He told me her name. It was the name of a most uninteresting girl. It was not Ulrica's name!

I grasped his hand with fervor.

"I congratulate you over and over again," I gushed. "Sweet girl! charming girl! But you can't go up to the house."

"Not go up to the house!" he repeated, incredulously.

I felt that this was no time for indecision. "The fact is," I said, "I've got something very important to say up at the house."

"It must be very important—"

"Awfully."

"—for you to forget it when you were there," said Lurgan; but he walked down the avenue all the same, and I walked up.

By good luck Ulrica was still alone when I burst into the drawing-room.

"I've come to apologize," I said.

"Where there are two girls," she remarked, with admirable distinctness, "and you say one and mean the other—"

"I'm awfully sorry," I said, penitently.

"Epigrams are like chickens," she observed.

"And curses," I remarked, emphatically.

"They come home to roost," said Ulrica.

SOMETHING IN HIS NAME

"WHAT'S in a name?"

"Well, Barker is leading a dog's life."

THE AMBIGUOSITY OF HEREDITY

"THERE is a widely prevailin' belief that heredity tells," said the Sage of Kohack, in his usual acrid way, "and that the marked traits and characteristics of the ancestors are bound to pop up into prominence in the descendants. I agree with the theory that heredity tells, and all that, but it 'pears to me that its tellin' is 'most generally couched in such ambiguous and circumlocutory language that nobody can translate its remarks with any degree of certainty. We undoubtedly inherit our most prominent characteristics from our ancestors, but it seems to me that the guilty parties are usually so hidden in the mists of antiquity and ambiguity, so to express it, that it is next-door to impossible to fix the responsibility where it properly belongs.

"When you come to think about it, your ancestors were no small and insignificant gang. You had two parents, four grandparents, eight great-grandparents, sixteen great-great-grandparents, thirty-two for the fifth remove, sixty-four for the sixth, 128 for the seventh, 256 for the eighth—and to make a long story short, 16,384 for the fourteenth, 1,048,576 for the twentieth, 33,554,432 for the twenty-fifth, and 1,073,741,824 for the thirtieth; makin', only that short distance, as it were, down the line, a grand total, includin' the various removes I have omitted, of 2,147,483,648—a sum fully equal to the number of different ways that the average small boy will twist himself out of shape in his seat in church on a hot Sabbath mornin', when he fancies that the minister has gone to sleep standin' up and forgotten to stop

preachin', and knows good and well that the perch and sunfish are bitin' with delightful credulity down in the dimplin' pool by the old Turtle Rock. And it strikes me that the task of tracin' the origin of any particular trait in a person's character clear back through the ramifications of his ancestral relationship would make a fool of such a job as huntin' for the sixteenth of an inch of a small-sized needle in a whole field full of haystacks.

"By the way, we are, even to this day, livin' under the shadow of a mighty narrow escape from not bein' here at all. Suppose Mother Eve had declined to live up to her manifest destiny and had refused to accept Adam—and she certainly came within one of it! Also, it is somewhat dizzyin' to think of who or what I, or you, or any of us might be now if a few of our ancestors had happened to marry other persons than the ones it was predestined that they should marry. Suppose, for instance, that my own father and mother had each wedded some person other than each other, the offspring of which of the two unions would I now be—and, if so, why? And again, what relation would the offspring of the other union bear to me? Suppose my father had married another woman and my mother had wedded another man, and to one couple had been born a son and to the other a daughter—which one of 'em would I have been? Suppose, too—

"No; suppose instead we attend to our own immediate business in the right-now—that'll keep us busy enough."

TOM P. MORGAN.

IN public life it is almost impossible to gain a reputation without first losing one.